

AMERICAN

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

MAY AND JUNE, 1839.

Embellishments:

A FOREST JOUST, ENGRAVED ON STEEL BY DICK, AFTER R. A. LANDSEER.
TROUT FISHING, ON STEEL BY DICK, AFTER COOPER, R. A.

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THIS NO. CONTAINS EIGHT SHEETS, OR ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES.
VOL. X. 17

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

So much interest has been expressed for the success of this Magazine, and the Editor has received such substantial tokens of the favor with which it is regarded by its readers, that it may not be improper for him to state that it is "in the full tide of successful experiment." He is most proud and happy further to acknowledge, that considerable accessions to the subscription list have been received of gentlemen who are also subscribers to his weekly journal—the "Spirit of the Times." Still, in order to carry out successfully the plan laid down for the publication of the "Register"—to render it both in matter and appearance all its friends could wish it to be, an additional number of subscribers is absolutely necessary. The expense laid out upon the mere Engravings with which each number is embellished amounts to near the whole cost of the work as formerly published, and we are daily receiving assurances that the beauty of its typographical execution and the extent and variety of its contents leave little room for material improvement. Our readers must understand, however, that we know how to estimate such encomiums, which of course, are but the flattering expression of indulgent and partial friends. But we are determined to merit the good opinion of our readers, if possible, and if fairly supported, they may rely upon receiving with the utmost punctuality the most splendid Sporting Magazine in the language; our Correspondents are multiplying to such a degree that we make no doubt of being enabled in a few months to render the original contents of the work in all respects unequalled. Is it, asking too much of our readers, among the breeders and turfmen, to desire them, in their intercourse with their friends, to explain the character and object of the work, and to enlist their support as subscribers and correspondents?

With the present double number we are enabled to complete the series; and with the number for July will commence the regular monthly publication of the work, which will appear punctually on the first of each month. The July number will be embellished with a superb portrait of DON JOHN, the winner of last year's St. Leger, engraved on steel by PRUD'HOMME, expressly for this work. The publication of the ENGLISH RACING CALENDAR FOR 1839, which will be given entire, will be commenced in the July number, extracted from the London Sporting Magazines; we have delayed commencing it before, having preferred to copy from the magazines rather than the sporting journals, and in the former it is commenced in the May number. As an appropriate accompaniment to the English Calendar, costly portraits of the winners of the Derby, the Oaks, and the St. Leger, will also be given.

The match contemplated between *Vashti* and *Steel* fell through; the one made between *Willis* and *Vashti* has been drawn.

Stranger, a brown horse, 8 years old this spring, was got by Imp. Valentine out of a mare by *Revenge*.

"B." says, "Would it not be as well to use a different color for the cover? If you don't, I know there are people in the country with such prejudices that they cannot tolerate a close imitation of English works, however perfect or elegant they may be." We were not aware until thus apprised of the "close imitation" of the color of our cover to any English magazine; the truth is we selected the best article we could find in the market at the time; but the cover of the present number, we venture to say, is no imitation of a magazine either foreign or native, and when either the one or the other presents a more costly or tasteful one we will try again; as the devices cost us upwards of a hundred dollars, and the paper ten dollars per ream, we venture to hope our subscribers will "see nothing green" about either.

Erratum.—In an article on "Salmon Fishing in Canada" in this number, the elegant author had cited a part of the well known line

"Volvitur et volvetur in omne volubilis ævum."

In printing the article, the "Albion" proof-reader accidentally allowed *ævum* to be changed to *cærum*. Our own compositor in re-printing from that journal, being satisfied that "cærum" could not be correct changed the word to "cælum," and the error was not discovered until the form had gone to press.

Col. HETH paid \$5000 for *Jack Kremer* in his 3 yr. old form. Col H. is now abroad.

Mr. MINOR's imported *Nell Gwynn* is by Tramp, out of a Beningbrough mare; she was imported in 1835, and is thirteen years old this spring.

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FLY FISHING.

ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ENGRAVING ON STEEL, BY DICK, AFTER COOPER, R. A.

With the disciples of Izaak Walton, the months of May and June are emphatically the most delightful of the year. The gun may now be deposited in its case, there to remain until the first of September again invites the Sportsman to his arduous but exciting pursuit; these are the months especially devoted to the "royal and aristocratical branch of the angler's craft." We had intended in this number to have accompanied Dick's beautiful engraving with an article upon our favorite pastime, but "Piscator" has one so eloquent and spirited upon the "Salmon Fishing in Canada," that we are induced to postpone it until another month. Moreover, our hale and hearty old friend "G.," with whom we have lately shaken hands for the first time, though we have long enjoyed the pleasure of his acquaintance as an esteemed correspondent, is now displaying his consummate skill and proficiency in the art, beside the chrystal limestone streams of Pennsylvania, and we would fain indulge the hope that a paper from his elegant pen will be forthcoming when, after casing his rod and closing his fly-book for the season, he shall resume his official station at the seat of government.

From the sources of the Delaware and the Susquehanna to those of the Kennebec, and in the thousand mountain streams flowing into the St. Lawrence, Trout-fishing may now be enjoyed in the utmost perfection. We have dreamed, or have somewhere heard say that it is not until the cowslip has shed its golden smiles over the meadows, and your ears are saluted with the vernal notes of the reed-sparrow; when the "ephemera" or May-fly is seen (courting its destruction) giddily to wanton over the surface of the stream, which only a few hours before brought it into existence; that trout are "initiated into condition," and rise freely to the fly. You may now see them lurking in every direction in the ponds of New England. While on Long Island, he that cannot kill twenty brace at the close of a summer afternoon, or before the sun gets up, should not be allowed to wet a line. The grey and green drake; which the nearest resemble the May-fly, succeed it in their season, and are equally welcomed by Johnny Trout. The *palmer* family follow in order, and may be used throughout the season with success. But there is, during the still evening of midsummer, a minute black gnat which riots in myriads over every stream, and we have seen trout in a continued state of excitement for above an hour, in carping at these gnats. We confess our entire disbelief in a doctrine considered orthodox by many—that each season and stream has its peculiar and appropriate flies; and we have arrived at this conclusion, after as much practical experience as many Waltonians who have attained the age of four-score. Since we were stout enough to wield a rod, our "constant custom of an afternoon" has been to put it to use, if, by hook or by crook, we could; for the which innate propensity many is the birchen one we have had applied to our shoulders. And we are free to say, that our experience

goes to prove, that with three flies well matched, there is very little necessity of cumbering one's hook with an infinite variety. Give us a red or brown hackle for the end of our leader, with a black midge for the first dropper, and a light salmon colored butterfly not larger than your thumb-nail, for the second, and we can raise from his cool retreat the craftiest trout that ever gorged a grasshopper, or turned up his nose in scorn at the bungling efforts of a green horn.

[For the Turf Register.]

A WEEK IN THE WOODLANDS ;
OR SCENES ON THE ROAD, IN THE FIELD, AND ROUND THE FIRE,
BY FRANK FORESTER.

DAY THE FIRST.

IT was a fine October evening, when I was sitting on the back stoop of his cheerful little bachelor's establishment in — street, with my old friend and comrade Henry Archer—many a frown of fortune had we two weathered out together, in many of her brightest smiles had we two revelled—never was there a stauncher friend, a merrier companion, a keener sportsman, or a better fellow, than this said Harry ; and here had we two met three thousand miles from home, after almost ten years of separation, just the same careless, happy, dare-all do-no-goods as we were when we parted in St. James's street,—he for the West, I for the Eastern World—he to fell trees, and build log huts in the back-woods of Canada,—I to shoot tigers and drink arrack punch in the Carnatic. The world had wagged with us as with most others ; now up, now down, and brought us up, at last, far enough from the goal for which we started—so that, as I have said already, on landing in New York, having heard nothing of him for ten years, whom the deuce should I tumble on but that same worthy, snugly housed, with a neat bachelor's menage and every thing ship-shape about him,—and, in the natural course of things, we were at once inseparables.

Well, as I said before, it was a bright October evening, with the clear sky, rich sunshine, and brisk breezy freshness, which indicate that loveliest of the American months,—dinner was over, and with a pitcher of the liquid ruby of Latour, a brace of half-pint beakables, and a score—my contribution—of those most exquisite of smokers, the true old Manilla cheroots, we were consoling the inward man in a way that would have opened the eyes with abhorrent admiration, of any advocate of that coldest of comforts—cold water—who should have got a chance peep at our snuggery.

Suddenly after a long pause, during which he had been stimulating his ideas by assiduous fumigation, blowing off his steam in a long vapory cloud that curled a minute afterward about his temples,—“What say you, Frank, to a start to-morrow?” exclaimed Harry,—“and a week's right good shooting?” “Why as for that,” said I, “I wish for nothing better—but where the deuce would you go to get shooting?”

"Never fash your beard, man," he replied, "I'll find the ground and the game too, so you'll find share of the shooting!—Holloa! there—Jim, Jim Matlock"—and in brief space that worthy minister of mine host's pleasures made his appearance, smoothing down his short black hair, clipped in the orthodox bowl fashion, over his bluff good-natured visage with one hand, while he employed its fellow in hitching up a pair of most voluminous unmentionables, of thick Yorkshire cord. A character was Tim—and now I think of it, worthy of brief description. Born, I believe—bred, certainly, in a hunting stable, far more of his life passed in the saddle than elsewhere, it was not a little characteristic of my friend Harry to have selected this piece of Yorkshire oddity as his especial body servant; but if the choice were queer, it was at least successful, for an honest, more faithful, hard-working—and withal, better hearted, and more humorous varlet never drew curry-comb over horse hide, or clothes-brush over broad-cloth. His visage was, as I have said already, bluff and good-natured, with a pair of black eyes, of the smallest—but at the same time, of the very merriest—twinkling from under the thick black eye-brows, which were the only hairs suffered to grace his clean-shaved countenance,—an indescribable pug nose, and a good clean cut mouth, with a continual dimple at the left corner, made up his phiz; for the rest, four feet ten inches did Tim stand in his stockings, about two-ten of which were monopolized by his back, the shoulders of which would have done honor to a six foot pugilist,—his legs, though short and bowed a little outward, by continual horse exercise, were right tough, serviceable, members, and I have seen them bearing their owner on, through mud and mire, when straighter, longer, and more fair proportioned limbs were at an awful discount.

Depositing his hat then on the floor, smoothing his hair, and hitching up his smalls, and striving most laboriously not to grin till he should have cause, stood Tim, like "Giafar awaiting *his master's* award!"

"Tim!" said Harry Archer—

"Sur!" said Tim.

"Tim! Mr. Forester and I are talking of going up to-morrow—what do you say to it?"

"Oop yonner?" queried Tim, in his most extraordinary West-Riding Yorkshire, indicating the direction, by pointing his right thumb over his left shoulder—"Weel, Ay'se nought to say aboot it—not, Ay!"

"Well—then the cattle are all right, and the wagon in good trim, and the dogs in exercise, are they?"

"Ay'se warrant um!"

"Well, then, have all ready for a start at six to-morrow,—put Mr. Forester's Manton alongside my Joe Spurling in the top tray of the gun case, my single, and my double rifle in the lower,—and see the magazine well filled—the glass gunpowder, you know, from Moore and Baker's. You'll put up what Mr. Forester will want, for a week, you know—he does not know the country yet, Tim;—and hark you, what wine have I at Tom Draw's?"

"No but a case o' claret."

"I thought so, then away with you! down to the Baron's, and get two baskets of the Star, and stop at Fulton Market, and get the best half

hundred round of spiced beef you can find—and then go up to Starke's at the Octagon, and get a gallon of his old Farentosh—that's all, Tim—off with you!—No! stop a minute!" and he filled up a beaker and handed it to the original, who, shutting both his eyes, suffered the fragrant claret to roll down his gullet, in the most scientific fashion, and then, with what he called a bow, turned right about, and exit.

The sun rose bright on the next morning, and half an hour before the appointed time, Tim entered my bed-chamber, with a cup of mocha, and the intelligence that "Measter had been up this hour and better, and did na like to be kept waiting!"—so up I jumped, and scarcely had got through the business of rigging myself, before the rattle of wheels announced the arrival of the wagon. And a model was that shooting wagon—a long, light-bodied box, with a low rail—a high seat and dash in front, and a low servant's seat behind, with lots of room for four men and as many dogs, with guns and luggage, and all appliances to boot, enough to last a month, stowed away out of sight, and out of reach of weather; the nags, both nearly thorough-bred, fifteen-two inches high, stout, clean-limbed, active animals; the off-side horse a gray, almost snow-white—the near, a dark, nearly black, chesnut, with square docks setting admirably off their beautiful round quarters; high crests, small blood-like heads and long thin manes, spoke volumes for Tim's stable science—for though their ribs were slightly visible, their muscles were well filled, and hard as granite; their coats glanced in the sunshine—the white's like statuary marble; the chesnut's like high polished copper—in short the whole turn out was perfect. The neat black harness, relieved merely by a crest, with every strap that could be needed, in its place, and not one buckle or one thong superfluous; the bright steel curbs, with the chains jingling as the horses tossed and pawed impatient for a start; the tapering holly whip; the bear-skins covering the seats; the top coats spread above them,—every thing, in a word, without bordering on the slang, was perfectly correct and gnostic. Four dogs—a brace of setters of the light active breed, one of which will out-work a brace of the large, lumpy, heavy-headed dogs,—one red, the other white and liver, both with black noses, legs and sterns, beautifully feathered, and their hair glossy and smooth as silk, showing their excellent condition—and a brace of short-legged, bony, liver-colored spaniels—with their heads thrust one above the other, over or through the railings, and their tails waving with impatient joy—occupied the after portion of the wagon. Tim, rigged in plain gray frock, with leathers and white tops, stood, in true tiger fashion, at their heads, with the fore-finger of his right hand resting upon the curb of the gray horse, as with his left he rubbed the nose of the chesnut, while Harry, cigar in mouth, was standing at the wheel, reviewing with a steady and experienced eye the gear, which seemed to give him perfect satisfaction. The moment I appeared on the steps, "In with you, Frank—in with you," he exclaimed, disengaging the hand-reins from the territs into which they had been thrust,—“I have been waiting here these five minutes. Jump up, Tim!”—and gathering the reins up firmly he mounted by the wheel, tucked the top-coat about his legs, shook out the long lash of his tandem whip and lapped it up in good style,—“I always drive

with one of these"—he said, half apologetically, as I thought—"they are so handy on the road for the cur dogs, when you have setters with you—they plague your life out else. Have you the pistol-case in, Tim, for I don't see it?" "All roight, Sur," answered he, not over well pleased, as it seemed, that it should even be suspected, that he could have forgotten any thing—"All roight!"

"Go along, then," cried Harry, "and at the word the high bred nags went off, and, though my friend was too good and too old a hand to worry his cattle at the beginning of a long day's journey—many minutes had not passed before we found ourselves on board the ferry-boat, steaming it merrily towards the Jersey shore!

"A quarter past six to the minute," said Harry, as we landed at Hoboken.

"Let *Shot* and *Chase* run, Tim, but keep the spaniels in till we pass Hackensack.

"Awa wi ye, ye rascals," exclaimed Tim; and out went the blood-ed dogs upon the instant, barking and jumping in delight about the horses—and off we went, through the long sandy street of Hoboken, leaving the private race course of that staunch sportsman, Mr. Stevens, on the left, with several powerful horses taking their walking exercise in their neat body clothes.

"That puts me in mind, Frank," said Harry, as he called my attention to the thorough-breds, "we must be back next Tuesday for the Beacon Races—the new Course up there on the hill; you can see the steps that lead to it from here—and now is not this lovely," he continued, as we mounted the first ridge of Weehawken, and looked back over the beautiful broad Hudson, gemmed with a thousand snowy sails of craft or shipping—"Is not this lovely, Frank? and, by the bye, you will say, when we get to our journey's end, you never drove through prettier scenery in your life. Get away Bob, you villain, nibbling, nibbling at your curb! get away lads!" and away we went at a right rattling pace over the hills, and past the cedar swamp; and passing through a toll-gate stopped with a sudden jerk at a long low tavern on the left-hand side.

"We must stop here, Frank; my old friend Engles, a brother trigger too, would think the world was coming to an end if I drove by—twenty-nine minutes these six miles," he added, looking at his watch, "that will do! Now, Tim, look sharp—just a sup of water! Good day, good day to you, Mr. Engles; now for a glass of your milk punch"—and mine host disappeared, and in a moment came forth with two rummers of the delicious compound, a big bright lump of ice bobbing about in each, among the nutmeg.

"What, off again for Orange county, Mr. Archer? I was telling the old woman yesterday, that we should have you by before long; well, you'll find cock pretty plenty, I expect; there was a chap by here from Ulster—let me see what day was it—Friday, I guess—with produce, and he was telling they have had no cold snap yet up there! Thank you, sir, good luck to you!" and off we went again, along a level road, crossing the broad slow river from whence it takes its name, into the town of Hackensack. "We breakfast here, Frank"—as he pulled up beneath the low Dutch shed projecting over half the road in front of the neat tavern,—“How are you, Mr. Vanderbeck—we want a beef-

steak, and a cup of tea, as quick as you can give it us : we'll make the tea ourselves ; bring in the black tea, Tim—the nags as usual."

"Aye! aye! sur"—"tak them out—leave t' harness on, all but their bridles"—to an old gray-headed hostler. "Whisp off their legs a bit ; I will be oot enoo !"

After as good a breakfast as fresh eggs, good country bread—worth ten times the poor trash of city bakers—prime butter, cream and a fat steak could furnish, at a cheap rate, and with a civil and obliging landlord, away we went again over the red-hills,—an infernal ugly road, sandy, and rough, and stony—for ten miles farther to New Prospect. "Now you shall see some scenery worth looking at," said Harry, as we started again, after watering the horses, and taking in a bag with a peck of oats—"to feed at three o'clock, Frank, when we stop to grub, which must do *al fresco*—"my friend explained—"for the landlord, who kept the only tavern on the road, went West this summer, bit by the land mania, and there is now no stopping place 'twixt this and——," naming the village for which we were bound. "You got that beef boiled, Tim?"

"Ay'd been a fou'il else, and aye so often oop t' road too," answered he with a grin, "and t' moostard is mixed, and t' pilot biscuit in, and a good bit o' Cheshire cheese! wee's doo, Aye reckon.—Ha! ha! ha!"

And now my friend's boast was indeed fulfilled ; for when we had driven a few miles farther, the country became undulating with many and bright streams of water ; the hill sides clothed with luxuriant woodlands, now in their many colored garb of autumn beauty ; the meadow-land rich in unchanged fresh greenery—for the summer had been mild and rainy—with here and there a buck-wheat stubble showing its ruddy face, replete with promise of quail in the present, and of hot cakes in future ; and the bold chain of mountains, which, under many names, but always beautiful and wild, sweeps from the highlands of the Hudson, west and southwardly, quite through New Jersey, forming a link between the white and green mountains of New Hampshire and Vermont, and the more famous Alleghanies of the South.

A few miles farther yet, the road wheeled round the base of the Tourne mountain, a magnificent bold hill, with a bare craggy head, its sides and skirts thick set with cedars and hickory—entering a defile through which the Ramapo, one of the loveliest streams eye ever looked upon, comes rippling with its chrystal waters over bright pebbles on its way to join the two kindred rivulets, which form the fair Passaic ! Throughout the whole of that defile, nothing can possibly surpass the loveliness of nature ; the road hard, and smooth, and level, winding and wheeling parallel to the gurgling river, crossing it two or three times in each mile, now on one side, and now on the other—the valley now barely broad enough to permit the highway and the stream to pass between the abrupt masses of rock and forest, and now expanding into rich basins of green meadow-land, the deepest and most fertile possible—the hills of every shape and size—here bold, and bare, and rocky—there swelling up in grand round masses, pile above pile of verdure, to the blue firmament of autumn. By and bye we drove through a thriving little village, nestling in a hollow of

the hills, beside a broad bright pond, whose waters keep a dozen manufactories of cotton and of iron—with which mineral these hills abound—in constant operation; and passing by the tavern, the departure of whose owner Harry had so pathetically mourned, we wheeled again round a projecting spur of hill into a narrower defile, and reached another hamlet, but far different in its aspect from the busy bustling place we had left some five miles behind. There were some twenty houses, with two large mills of solid masonry, but of these not one building was now tenanted; the roof-trees broken, the doors and shutters either torn from their hinges, or flapping wildly to and fro; the mill wheels cumbering the stream with masses of decaying timber; and the whole presenting a most desolate and mournful aspect. "Its story is soon told," Harry said, catching my inquiring glance—"a speculating, clever, New-York merchant—a water-power—a failure—and a consequent desertion of the project; but we must find a berth among the ruins!" and as he spoke, turning a little off the road, he pulled up on the green sward; "there's an old stable here that has a manger in it yet! now Tim, look sharp!" and in a twinkling the horses were loosed from the wagon, the harness taken off and hanging on the corners of the ruined hovels, and Tim hissing and rubbing away at the gray horse, while Harry did like duty on the chesnut, in a style that would have done no shame to Melton Mowbray!

"Come, Frank, make yourself useful! get out the round of beef, and all the rest of the provant—it's on the rack behind; you'll find all right there. Spread our table-cloth on that flat stone by the waterfall, under the willow; clap a couple of bottles of the Baron's champagne into the pool there underneath the fall; let's see whether your Indian campaigning has taught you any thing worth knowing!"

To work I went at once, and by the time I had got through, "come, Tim," I heard him say, "I've got the rough dirt off this fellow, you must polish him, while I take a wash, and get a bit of dinner. Holloa! Frank, are you ready?" and he came bounding down to the water's edge, with his Newmarket coat in hand, and sleeves rolled up to the elbows, plunged his face into the cool stream, and took a good wash of his soiled hands in the same natural basin. Five minutes afterwards we were employed most pleasantly with the spiced beef, white biscuit, and good wine, which came out of the waterfall as cool as Gunter could have made it with all his icing. When we had pretty well got through, and were engaged with our cheroots, up came Tim Matlock.

"T' horses have got through wi't' corn—they have fed rarely—so I harnessed them, sur, all to the bridles—we can start when you will." "Sit down, and get your dinner then, sir—there's a heel-tap in that bottle we have left for you—and when you have done, put up the things, and we'll be off. I say Frank, let us try a shot with the pistols,—I'll get the case—stick up that fellow-commoner upon the fence there, and mark off a twenty paces."

The marking irons were produced—and loaded—"Fire—one—two—three"—bang! and the shivering of the glass announced that never more would that chap hold the generous liquor—the ball had struck it plump in the centre, and broken off the whole above the shoulder—for it was fixed neck downward on a stake.—"It is my turn now,"

said I—and more by luck, I fancy, than by skill, I took the neck off, leaving nothing but the thick ring of the mouth still sticking on the summit of the fence—"I'll hold you a dozen of my best regalias against as many of Manillas, that I break the ring."

"Done, Harry!"

"Done!"

Again the pistol cracked, and the unerring ball drove the small fragment into a thousand splinters.

"That's fatched 'um!"—exclaimed Tim, who had come up to announce all ready—"Ecod, measter Frank, you munna vager i' that gate wi' measter, or my name beant Tim, but thou'lt be clean bamboozled."

Well—not to make a short story long—we got under way again, and with speed unabated, spanked along at full twelve miles an hour, for five miles farther. There, down a wild looking glen, on the left hand, comes brawling, over stump and stone, a tributary streamlet—by the side of which a rough track, made by the charcoal burners and the iron miners, intersects the main road—and up this miserable looking path—for it was little more—Harry wheeled at full trot—"now for twelve miles of mountain, the roughest road and wildest country you ever saw crossed in a phaeton, good master Frank." And wild it was, indeed, and rough enough in all conscience—narrow, unfenced, in many places, winding along the brow of precipices without rail or breast-work, encumbered with huge blocks of stone, and broken by the summer rains—an English stage coachman would have stared aghast at the steep zigzags up the hills—the awkward turns on the descents—the sudden pitches; with now an unsafe bridge, and now a strong ford at the bottom—but through all this, the delicate, quick fingers, keen eye, and cool head of Harry, assisted by the rare mouths of his exquisitely bitted cattle, piloted us at the rate of full ten miles the hour!—the scenery, through which the wild track ran, being entirely of the most grand and savage character of woodland—the bottom filled with gigantic timber trees, cedar, and pine, and hemlock, with a dense undergrowth of rhododendron, calmia, and azalia, which, as my friend informed me, made the whole mountains in the summer season one rich bed of bloom. About six miles from the point where we had entered them we scaled the highest ridge of the hills, by three almost precipitous zigzags, the topmost one paved by a stratum of broken shaley limestone; and passing at once from the forest into well cultivated fields, came on a new and lovelier prospect—a narrow deep vale scarce a mile in breadth—scooped as it were out of the mighty mountains which embosomed it on every side—in the highest state of culture, with rich orchards, and deep meadows, and brown stubbles, whereon the shocks of maize stood fair and frequent—and eastward of the road—which diving down obliquely to the bottom, loses itself in the woods of the opposite hill-side, and only becomes visible again when it emerges to cross over the next summit—the loveliest sheet of water my eye has ever seen, varying from half a mile to a mile in breadth, and about five miles long, with shores indented deeply with the capes and promontories of the wood-clothed hills, which sink abruptly to its very margin.

"That is the Greenwood Lake, Frank, called by the monsters here

Long Pond!—"the fiends receive their souls therefore," as Walter Scott says,—in my mind prettier than Lake George by far, though known to few except chance sportsmen like myself! Full of fish—perch of a pound in weight, and yellow bass in the deep waters, and a good sprinkling of trout, toward this end—Ellis Ketchum killed a five-pounder there this spring!—and heaps of summer-duck, the loveliest in plumage of the genus, and the best too, *me judice*, excepting only the inimitable canvass-back. There are a few deer, too, in the hills, though they are getting scarce of late years. There, from that headland I killed one, three summers since—I was placed at a stand by the lake's edge, and the dogs drove him right down to me; but I got too eager, and he heard or saw me, and so fetched a turn; but they were close upon him, and the day was hot, and he was forced to stet. I never saw him till he was in the act of leaping from a bluff of ten or twelve feet into the deep lake, but I pitched up my rifle at him—a snap shot,—as I would my gun at a cock in a summer brake—and by good luck sent my ball through his heart! There is a finer view yet when we cross this hill—the Bellvale mountain—look out, for we are just upon it—there! now admire!"—and on the summit he pulled up, and never did I see a landscape more extensively magnificent—Ridge after ridge the mountain sloped down from our feet into a vast rich basin ten miles at least in breadth, by thirty, if not more, in length, girdled on every side by mountains—the whole diversified with wood and water, meadow and pasture land, and corn-field—studded with small white villages—with more than one bright lakelet glittering like beaten gold in the declining sun, and several isolated hills standing up boldly from the vale!

"Glorious indeed! most glorious!" I exclaimed—

"Right, Frank," he said—"a man may travel many a day and not see any thing to beat the vale of Sugar-loaf—so named from that cone-like hill, over the pond there—that peak is eight hundred feet above tide water.—Those blue hills, to the far right, are the Hudson Highlands; that bold bluff is the far-famed Anthony's Nose—that ridge across the vale—the second ridge I mean—are the Shawangunks—and those three rounded summits, farther yet—those are the Kaatskills!—but now a truce with the romantic, for there lies — and this keen mountain air has found me a fresh appetite!"

Away we went again, rattling down the hills, nothing daunted at their steep pitches, with the nags just as fresh as when they started, champing and snapping at their curbs, till on a table-land above the brook, with the tin steeple of its church peering from out the massy foliage of sycamore and locusts, the haven of our journey lay before us. "Hilloa, hill-oa ho! whoop!—who—whoop!"—and with a cheery shout, as we clattered across the wooden bridge, he roused out half the population of the village.

"Ya ha ha!—ya yah!"—yelled a great woolly-headed coal-black negro—"Here 'm massa Archer back agin—massa ben well, I spect"—

"Well—to be sure I have, Sam"—cried Harry—"How's old Poll—bid her come up to Draw's to-morrow night—I've got a red and yellow frock for her—a h—l of a concern!"—

"Yah ha! yah ha ha yaah!" and amidst a most discordant chorus

of African merriment, we passed by a neat farm-house shaded by two glorious locusts on the right, and a new red brick mansion, the pride of the village, with a flourishing store on the left—and wheeled up to the famous Tom Draw's tavern—a long white house with a piazza six feet wide, at the top of eight steep steps—with a one story kitchen at the end of it—a pump with a gilt pine-apple at the top of it, and horse-trough—a wagon-shed and stable sixty feet long, a sign-post with an indescribable female figure swinging upon it, and an ice-house over the way!—Such was the house, before which we pulled up just as the sun was setting, amongst a gabbling of ducks, a barking of terriers, mixed with the deep bay of two or three large heavy fox-hounds which had been lounging about in the shade, and a peal of joyous welcome from all beings, quadruped or biped, within hearing—"Hulloa! Boys"—cried a deep hearty voice from within the bar-room—"Hulloa Boys—walk in! walk in!—What the eternal h—l are you about there?"—Well—we did walk into a large neat bar-room, with a bright hickory log crackling upon the hearth-stone—a large round table in one corner, covered with draught-boards, and old newspapers, among which showed pre-eminent the "Spirit of the Times"—a range of pegs well stored with great-coats, fishing-rods, whips, game-bags, spurs, and every other stray appurtenance of sporting, gracing one end, while the other was more gaily decorated by the well furnished bar, in the right-hand angle of which my eye detected in an instant, a handsome nine pound double barrel—an old six foot Queen Ann's tower-musket, and a long smooth-bored rifle—and last, not least, outstretched at easy length upon the counter of his bar, to the left hand of the gang-way—the right side being more suitably decorated with tumblers, and decanters of strange compounds—supine, with fair round belly towering upward, and head voluptuously pillowed on a heap of wagon cushions—lay in his glory—but no! hold! the end of a chapter is no place to introduce—Tom Draw!"

ON TRAINING.

ILLINOIS, MARCH, 1839.

DEAR MR. P.—I see by the writings of many of your correspondents, that there is by far too much expense attending the training of their "young things," and that many are deterred, by that cause, from doing so; and consequently sell off their colts and fillies at a very low price (although the most promising) without a trial, very much to their pecuniary disadvantage, as well as to the injury of the *business* (which has now become a very laudable one)—of training and improving that animal, which to man, is the most valuable of all others.

What else can be expected? There must be at *this day*,—first, the Gentleman Trainer (who has a "gentlemanly abhorrence of work"); second, the Rider (who must do nothing but ride and lead the horse); third, one, if not two, consequential Rubbers, who would consider it quite beneath their dignity to turn a hand to any thing else, although their services with the nag will not occupy more than two or three hours in the day; and fourth, (and perhaps not least), several supernumeraries as waiters to the Gentleman Trainer and the others.

This train must not only be fed but paid ; and thus attended, the master Trainer will swell about with all the airs of consequential authority, at the same time stating that all this is in reality necessary, and that no horse was ever in order for the turf without it ; and further, that he is in possession of secrets of training (known only to the initiated), which make common people stare and almost believe there is some witchcraft to be used to fit a nag for a race. Indeed, I once thought these fellows very "*knowin*," and commenced training on the same "enlarged views" as themselves.

Well, friend P., I have stated that I once commenced training horses for racing ; I am almost sorry I said so, but as I have "said it," I will endeavor to give you a little of "*my experience*" on the subject.

Many years back I had a stable of horses in training, in which there was one favorite ; and to that I put two rubbers. To a moderate favorite, I put but one rubber ; and to those I thought still less of, I said, let your riders rub you, or rub yourselves. At it all hands went, and it was rub ! rub ! I soon discovered that those that were rubbed the most, were those that in their strong exercises sweated the least ; and their skins were hot, and dried up too soon. For this I thought there must be a cause, but could not discover it. However, while theorizing on the subject, I recollected that when I used my saddle horse in my sulky shafts, that the hair on his back which was covered the day preceding by the saddle, would be dry, while there would be a *general* perspiration ; and vice versa, when I used him under the saddle, the collar mark would be hot and dry, while every other part of my horse would perspire freely.

From this hint I concluded that I had not only rubbed down, compacted, and almost obliterated, the pores of the skin, but perhaps had also inflamed the skin in such a manner as partially to close the mouths of the exhalent vessels, and thereby prevented a free perspiration—which opinion I still entertain. Although these days were not the time of "*certain experiments*," still I was induced to make one. I said to my rubbers, "hands off if you please, *gemmen*," and by the light use of the curry-comb and brush, (after the nags were slowly "walked cool" with thin clothing) the dandrif and dirt were extirpated from the skin and hair, and the after treatment continued as before ; the horses' skins soon became more pliant and loose, and within the space of ten days they perspired as freely and as generally as any others in the stable. This practice I have persevered in up to this time, and have never had cause to regret it. I have never since that time employed a rubber, and I do honestly believe they do more hurt than good. Neither am I alone in this belief. The most successful trainer in Kentucky kept no rubber in his stable, even when he had many horses in training at a time. One negro man did all the cleaning and brushing for the whole troop, and the riders washed and rubbed their legs.

There is no witchcraft necessary in fitting a horse for a race ; it is a plain matter-of-fact business, within the reach of any one who can tell "a hawk from a handsaw." The main indications are, to keep the bowels right—give no more work than the constitution or appetite of the horse can bear, and all exercise should be performed on soft ground. I believe no horse ever broke down *without some previous inflammation*, and that is pretty generally produced by hard tracks, perhaps only a

few days before the race, when every body's horses have tramped the course as hard almost as a cart road, with the exception of a little light dust on the top. Hence, in my opinion, the propriety of having a training track, railed in on the inside of the running track—for it is impossible to have a track fit for training and running at the same time. Most tracks have an inside railing, and what a small piece of work it would be to form a first rate training track on the inside of this railing, and how easy it would be to keep it in complete order—But I am digressing.

I do abominate the watering of horses in a ring immediately after exercise. Last spring I was so situated that I was forced to have my horses trained from home. The last day of March was very warm—(thermometer at 87 degrees)—my horses, with others, had walked (blanketed) nearly an hour; they must have walked, say four miles—then were taken immediately to the watering ring, and although only a few swallows were allowed at a time, two of them came off stiffened and lame.

It is not so much the *quantity of grain or water*, that injures a horse, as it is the heated state he is in when he takes it. For a horse that is, from a heated state, foundered by grain, scarcely eats up his mess; so it is the first few swallows that does it. In my opinion, more than half of the stiffness of the fore legs, heat of the hoofs, and shortness of gallop, which we so often see in horses during training, is produced by this watering in the ring immediately after exercise.

No man or horse ever injured themselves by drinking when in a cool state. Mind me, I mean by drinking *water*. But perhaps you will say, old Napoleon does it; well, suppose he does—Napoleon has his Talleyrand, and he is a host, and one who well knows when to water his nags.* Not so with other trainers, who go more by *rule* than *reason*, and no one rule will answer for two horses, in every respect. Some will bear, and must have, more work, food, and drink, than others. By the bye, I think the old rule of forty swallows three times a day, the very best guide for a horse's drink. A horse that drinks a great deal of water is thereby rendered fleshy, similar to one that is kept on succulent, or too wet food. My practice is, to let a horse cool off, while led by the rider on a slow walk; then let him be taken to the stable to be curried and brushed (and nothing will keep open the pores of the skin and make a horse sweat freely, so well as the free use of the brush); then brought out and walked a little (under clothing suitable to the weather); have the legs washed, *and then give* forty swallows of water; return him to the stable, feed him, and let his rider rub his legs lightly with a soft cloth, until they are dry. I believe in rubbing legs (because the skin of a horse's leg is very little porous, as a proof of which, a horse never sweats below his houghs or knees): it keeps up the action of the absorbent vessels in the legs, prevents puffing, and keeps the skin loose over the joints and bones.

The above are a few outlines of my practice of training, (for particulars I refer to some of the first volumes of the Turf Register,) and I may say, in support of it, that it is not materially different to the celebrated Kentucky trainer above spoken of. And what nag ever went

*In part as a test (as far as it went) I will state that these two systems of training have several times met even with "Napoleon's" horses, and it always terminated in favor of my simple plan.

out of his hands that made so good a race as when with him? I answer, none. And more in *honor* of the above *plan* than of myself, I can say the same (without the fear of contradiction) of the horses that have passed from my hands to the hands of others. And further, have not horses of my training, on this simple plan, run some of the best horses in the United States at all distances? Now, why will not gentlemen breeders train these "young things" themselves? Divest their stables of all the common *mystery* and two-thirds of the expense, and let *the riders* do what little work there is to do. To oversee them would be a pleasant recreation and a healthful exercise, and certainly an *employment by no means beneath the character of a country gentleman breeder*: so much to the contrary, it should be considered rather an honor for a farmer or breeder to fit his produce for the market. [I hold that thus fitting a colt or filly for the Turf, and exhibiting it in a race at its best pace, is only putting it in the market for inspection, or for a premium.] Was a man so "guid" as to be termed by Burns one of the "unco righteous," and had he a horse for sale that was a fine walker, would he not exhibit him on that gait? or, if a first-rate racker, would he not show him off in his best style on that pace? or, if a good trotter, would he not be sure (even if by accident) to let him out at his utmost rally. Then why not allow others to exhibit their stock (before purchasers) on their best paces, even if it should be a run, without denouncing them as workers of iniquity, disturbers of the peace, and fitting themselves and others for the abode of Satan.

When I was a "youngster," the Agricultural Society gave a silver cup to the team that could plough a quarter acre of ground in the quickest time; and upon this the most pious could look (without any heart-burnings) as a praise-worthy action, although I saw many *bets* then lost and won on the issue, and as much distress to the beasts as ever I witnessed on a race track. And while on this subject I would call to mind the open, enlarged, and generous views of the Reverend Mr. C——, of Kentucky, and how resplendently does he shine when compared with the nervous minded fanatics of the day. He thinks it not beneath religion to praise the handy-work of his Maker, in the formation of that noble and generous animal which is second to none but man. And what a towering description does he give of him when bounding over the plain, with streaming mane and expanded nostrils, in all the conscious pride of speed and strength. How I revere that man. He is a strong pillar in society, and an honor to the country that gave him birth. But here I am again digressing. Let breeders try the "Experiment" of training, themselves.

The subject is worthy of a trial, and it is almost sure of success. Why, it is almost an insult to common sense to state that men were capable of judiciously breeding and rearing blooded colts, and could not train them. They have nothing to do but to exercise their common sense in the matter, together with their book information, to make it complete with a very little experience. And how much better is this than the common set rules of ignorance and obstinacy without one ray of *thought* or *theory*.

However, I would not wish to detract any thing from the well merit-

ed fame of many able and well informed trainers in our country ; but they are beyond the reach of any but the rich and powerful.

EXPEDITION.

DEER STALKING.

The beautiful engraving of a Forest Joust which forms one of the ornaments of this number of the Register, is from a picture of EDWIN LANDSEER, painted to illustrate an elaborate work upon "The Art of Deer Stalking" by WILLIAM SCROPE, Esq. The volume is a large royal octavo of four hundred and fifty pages, published in London, in the highest style of art. The wealth and the concentration, so to speak, of English sportsmen, are such as to encourage and reward works of this description, so that England, with the luxury of Field Sports pursued in all their variety and on the most princely scale, unites a literature devoted peculiarly to the subject, and illustrated by men of the highest note in literature and art. The work before us, and to which we are indebted for the extracts which follow, is embellished with a great number of spirited and delicious pictures, presenting the incidents of Deer Stalking (or Hunting as we should call it) in their most attractive aspects. Save the one which has been engraved for us by DICK, in a style only inferior to the original, the illustrations are upon stone, but printed in three colors, according to an improvement in the art of Lithography, recently invented by Mr. HARDING. It is not probable that the prospect of a sale of the work in America will ever authorize its publication here, whilst the high price of the English edition will keep it out of general circulation. On this account we have indulged our taste in selecting from it with more freedom than we should have done, were the book likely to be much known. So finished is the style, and so general the interest of the whole,—blending, as it does, free disquisitions upon the habits of deer and the breeds of dogs, with descriptions of scenery and full details of the actual sport the author has enjoyed,—that the reader would readily have forgiven us had we gone still further into extracts.

But to give the reader an adequate idea of the work is almost impossible by mere extracts, though we have made the attempt, assisted by a paper in the London Quarterly, which alone of English periodicals, has done it justice. With this acknowledgment we shall, without reserve, connect the extracts which we may make, with the remarks of the Reviewer where they may suit our purpose. It may be proper to satisfy the curiosity of the reader as to the author of the work, and his opportunities for pursuing the sport of Deer Stalking, before entering upon the book itself.

Mr. SCROPE, to whom we owe the first satisfactory description of this noble diversion, is an English gentleman of high birth and extensive fortune, whose many amiable and elegant personal qualities have been commemorated in the diary of Sir WALTER SCOTT. Mr. SCROPE, the representative and heir of the Lords SCROPE of Bolton—to whose peerage also, we believe, he is fully entitled—is well known, among other things, as an amateur painter, second only (if second) to the late Sir GEORGE BEAUMONT. Like Sir GEORGE, he has also cultivated literature throughout life with zeal and success; in some departments, indeed, especially Italian poetry, he has not many rivals. From youth upwards he has combined with these pursuits such an enthusiastic perseverance in the sports of the field, as may well entitle him to be classed with the classical prototypes of the Yorkshire graduate. Sir HUMPHREY DAVY did not go beyond him in skill as a fisher, nor does Sir FRANCIS CHANTREY as a fowler; but his circumstances have enabled him to carry on these amusements in a style of magnificence which neither of them ever dreamt of; and he has added consummate mastery in a more rare and difficult department. He is allowed, we understand, *nem. con.*, to be the first gentleman deer-stalker now extant.

It may give some notion of Mr. SCROPE's style of proceedings to state that, some ten or twelve years ago, he was tenant at one time of three noble residences and two boxes besides, in different parts of Scotland, all for sporting purposes. Yet wherever he might be found, an ample library was sure to be found under his roof, and some splendid picture was in progress. One of these fixtures was Bruar Lodge,





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within the forest of Atholl, and it is to his experience, acquired there during ten successive seasons, that we owe his elegant work.

The first extract we shall make is a vivid illustration of the scene so beautifully drawn by LANDSEER, and called by Mr. SCROPE the "Forest Joust." It describes the habits of the Deer when in season.

It is remarkable for how short a time deer continue in season in the cold climate of the north, owing to the backward vegetation, and the causes already alluded to. In warmer climates they come in sooner; and we are informed by Aristotle that, in Greece, the rutting season commenced in the beginning of August, and terminated about the end of September.

In Scotland this season varies slightly, according to the weather; if mild and warm, the deer do not rut so soon; but, if the weather is cold and frosty, the harts are brought forward earlier; indeed, it is quite surprising what a few cold nights will effect in this way.

About the end of September, and the first week in October, the harts swell in their necks, have a ruff of long wiry hair about them, and are drawn up in their bodies like greyhounds. They now roll restlessly in the peat pools till they become almost black with mire, and feed chiefly on a light colored moss, that grows on the round tops of the hills, so that they do not differ so entirely from the rein-deer in their food as some naturalists have imagined.

In this state of rutting they are rank, and wholly unfit for the table. Such deer a good sportsman never fires at; but many may be found at this time, not so forward, but perfectly good; and they are, of course, easily distinguished. This is a very wild and picturesque season. The harts are heard roaring all over the forest, and are engaged in savage conflicts with each other, which sometimes terminate fatally. When a master hart has collected a number of hinds, another will endeavor to take them from him; they fight, till one of them, feeling himself worsted, will run in circles round the hinds, being unwilling to leave them; the other pursues; and, when he touches the fugitive with the points of his horns, the animal thus gored, either bounds suddenly on one side, and then turns and faces him, or will dash off to the right or the left, and then at once give up the contest. The conflict, however, generally continues a considerable time; and nothing can be more entertaining than to witness, as I have often done, the varied success and address of the combatants. It is a sort of wild joust, in the presence of the dames, who, as of old, bestow their favors on the most valiant. Sometimes it is a combat *à l'outrance*, but it often terminates with the effect of the horn of Astolfo. In solitary encounters, there being no hinds to take the alarm, the harts are so occupied, and possessed with such fury, that they may be occasionally approached in a manner that it would be vain to attempt at any other time. From the summit of a mountain, in Atholl forest, I once saw two harts in fierce contention, in a mossy part lower down the hill. I came into sight at once, not expecting to see deer in the situation in which these happened to be. I could neither advance straight forward nor retreat, without danger of giving the alarm. One possibility alone was open to me; this was to get into the glen to their right, when I should be entirely hidden from their view, and then come up, concealed by the hill, as nearly opposite to them as possible. I was certainly a very considerable

distance to the north of them, but my position was so bad that I looked upon my chance as a mere nothing. I lay down, however, flat on my back, amongst the rugged and loose stones of Cairn-marnac, with a rifle in my hand; Thomas Jamieson, with the other rifles, placed himself behind me in the same uncomfortable position. We had a full view of the deer for some time, so that with their ordinary vigilance they would undoubtedly have seen us; the stones, however, formed an uneven outline, which was in our favor, and thus we did not absolutely attract their notice. Whilst the stags were fiercely engaged, we worked our way down on our backs, looking askance: when they rested for a space—and sometimes they would do so on their knees, from mere exhaustion—we moved not a limb; and in this manner we wormed ourselves gradually into the glen, not without certain uncomfortable bruises. Then being out of sight, we sprang up, and made the best of our way to the point immediately below them; and moving cautiously up the hill, which was sufficiently steep for our purpose, we came all at once in full view of one of the combatants, who was then alone; he sprang off at full speed, but all too late for his escape, for my ball struck him dead on the spot. His antagonist, I imagine, had been beaten off. I expected to have killed them both. A conflict of this savage nature, which happened in one of the Duke of Gordon's forests, was fatal to both of the combatants. Two large harts, after a furious and deadly thrust, had entangled their horns so firmly together that they were inextricable, and the victor remained with the vanquished. In this situation they were discovered by the forester, who killed the survivor, whilst he was yet struggling to release himself from his dead antagonist. The horns remain at Gordon Castle, still locked together as they were found. Mezentius himself never attached the dead body to the living one in a firmer manner.

We have not space to go further into the habits of the Red Deer, as they are so admirably described by Mr. SCROPE, than to extract the following passage, which is a key to the whole art of Stalking.

Deer, except in certain embarrassed situations, always run up wind; and so strongly is this instinct implanted in them, that if you catch a calf, be it ever so young, and turn it down wind, it will immediately face round and go in the opposite direction. Thus they go forward over hill tops and unexplored ground in perfect security, for they can smell the taint in the air at an almost incredible distance. On this account they are fond of lying in open corries, where the swells of winds come occasionally from all quarters. I have said that deer go up the wind; but, by clever management, and employing men to give them their wind, (those men being concealed from their view,) they may be driven down it; and in certain cases, they may easily be sent, by a side wind, towards that part of the forest which they consider as their sanctuary. It is to be noted, that on the hill-side the largest harts lie at the bottom of the parcel, and the smaller ones above; indeed, these fine fellows seem to think themselves privileged to enjoy their ease, and impose the duty of keeping guard upon the hinds and upon their juniors. In the performance of this task, the hinds are always the most vigilant, and when deer are driven, they almost always take the lead. When, however, the herd is strongly beset on all sides, and great boldness and decision are required, you

shall see the master hart come forward courageously, like a great leader as he is, and, with his confiding band, force his way through all obstacles. In ordinary cases, however, he is of a most ungallant and selfish disposition; for, when he apprehends danger from the rifle, he will rake away the hinds with his horns, and get in the midst of them, keeping his antlers as low as possible. There is no animal more shy or solitary by nature than the red deer. He takes the note of alarm from every living thing on the moor,—all seem to be his sentinels. The sudden start of any animal, the springing of a moor-fowl, the complaining note of a plover, or of the smallest bird in distress, will set him off in an instant. He is always most timid when he does not see his adversary, for then he suspects an ambush. If, on the contrary, he has him full in view, he is as cool and circumspect as possible: he then watches him most acutely, endeavors to discover his intention, and takes the best possible method to defeat it. In this case he is never in a hurry or confused, but repeatedly stops and watches his disturber's motions; and when at length he does take his measure, it is a most decisive one: a whole herd will sometimes force their way at the very point where the drivers are the most numerous, and where there are no rifles; so that I have seen the hill-men fling their sticks at them, while they have raced away without a shot being fired.

When a stag is closely pursued by dogs, and feels that he cannot escape from them, he flies to the best position he can, and defends himself to the last extremity. This is called going to bay. If he is badly wounded, or very much over-matched in speed, he has little choice of ground; but if he finds himself stout in the chase, and is pursued in his native mountains, he will select the most defensible spot he has it in his power to reach; and woe be unto the dog that approaches him rashly. His instinct always leads him to the rivers, where his long legs give him a great advantage over the deer-hounds. Firmly he holds his position, while they swim powerless about him; and would die from cold and fatigue before they could make the least impression on him. Sometimes he will stand upon a rock in the midst of the river, making a most majestic appearance; and in this case, it will always be found, that the spot on which he stands is not approachable on his rear. In this situation he takes such a sweep with his antlers, that he could exterminate a whole pack of the most powerful lurchers, that were pressing too closely upon him in front. He is secure from all but man; and the rifle-shot must end him. Superior dogs may pull him down when running, but not when he stands at bay.

We must extract the pith of one day's actual operations; but we feel that the reader cannot, after all, enjoy Mr. SCROPE's text in perfection, unless he has the engravings also before him. These are done from drawings, some by the author, some by Mr. EDWIN LANDSEER, some by his brother CHARLES—which is the best it is hard to say; and Mr. HARDING's new invention of the colored lithography gives a striking richness of effect. But to our book. *Tortoise*, be it observed, is Mr. SCROPE's own *nom de chasse*—alluding, we believe, to occasional visitations of gout against which surely no man ever struggled more gallantly:

Tortoise and Peter Fraser now laid down their rifles on the heather, put their caps in their pocket, and crept forward on their hands and knees to a large granite block; then cautiously peering over its summit, they began to examine the ground with their telescopes steadily poised upon it.—“Well, Peter, I can see nothing but those

eternal hinds on the Mealowr, and not a good hart among them ; the ground is quite bare ; so jump up, and let us get round the east of the Elrich, and see if there is any thing in the Corrie.—Maclaren, what are you glowring at ?”

“Why, as sure as deid, I had a blink of a hart lying in the bog by the burn under the Mealowr. But my prospect is foul ; he is lying beyond that great black place in the bog, joost in a line wi’ thae hinds wha are on the scalp of the hill aboon.”

“And a noble fellow he is, Maclaren ; I can just see his horns and the point of his shoulders. It is a glorious chance ; for, once in the burn, we can get within a hundred yards of him, and that is near enough in all conscience.—Here, Lightfoot, look at the fine fellow : pull off your cap, and rest the glass on the stone.”

“Not the semblance of a deer can I see ; but I’ll take your word for it : I dare say he is there, since you say so. And now explain to me how you mean to get at him : communicate, my good fellow ; for it seems by all your caution, that even at this distance you dare not show a hair of your head.”

“Creep back, then, behind the hill, whilst I mark the very spot in the burn which is opposite his lair.—Well, now I will tell you :

“We must go all round by the east behind yon hill, and then come up at the notch between yon two hills, which will bring us into the bog ; we can then come forward up the burn under cover of its banks, and pass from thence into the bog again by a side wind, when we may take his broadside, and thus have at him. It would be quite easy to get at the hart, if it were not for the hinds on the top of the hill ; but if we start them, and they go on belling, the hart will follow them, whether he sees us or not. * * * *

“Well, Lightfoot, you have come on capitally ; and have hitherto been able to walk like a man, with your face erect towards heaven. But now we are below the hill we must imitate quadrupeds, or even eels, for an hour or so. You have promised most faithfully to comply with my instructions ; so pray walk and creep behind me, and carry yourself precisely as I do. Be like unto the dotterel, who, according to the worthy and voracious Camden, stretches out a wing when the fowler extends his arm, and advances his leg when the said fowler puts forth his corresponding limb. Above all, be as silent as the grave ; and when you step upon stones, tread as lightly as a ghost. If your back aches insupportably, you may lie down and die ; but do not raise yourself an inch to save your life, precious as it is. Now let us put our caps in our pockets. Heaven bless me ! do not raise up your hair with your fingers in that manner. I assure you, my good fellow, that just at present it would be much more becoming to be bald, or to wear your hair like King Otho.—Maclaren, you will remain here, and watch the deer when I have fired. Sandy, follow you at a proper distance with the dogs ; and come you along with us, Peter, and take the rifles. And now, may lads, be canny.”

The party then advanced, sometimes on their hands and knees, through the deep seams of the bog, and again right up the middle of the burn, winding their cautious course according to the inequalities of the ground. Occasionally the seams led in an adverse direction, and then they were obliged to retrace their steps. This stealthy pro-

gress continued some time, till at length they came to some green sward, where the ground was not so favorable. Here was a great difficulty : it seemed barely possible to pass this small piece of ground without discovery. Fraser, aware of this, crept back, and explored the bog in a parallel direction, working his way like a mole, whilst the others remained prostrate. Returning all wet and bemired, his long serious face indicated a failure. This dangerous passage, then, was to be attempted, since there was no better means of approach. Tortoise, in low whispers, again entreated the strictest caution ; " Raise not a foot nor a hand ; let not a hair of your head be seen ; every thing depends upon this movement. This spot once passed successfully, we are safe from the hinds."

He then made a signal for Sandy to lie down with the dogs ; and placing himself flat on his stomach, began to worm his way close under the low ridge of the bog ; imitated most correctly and beautifully by the rest of the party. The burn now came sheer up to intercept the passage, and formed a pool under the bank, running deep and drumly. The leader then turned his head round slightly, and passed his hand along the grass as a sign for Lightfoot to wreath himself alongside of him. " Now, my good fellow, no remedy. If you do not like a ducking, stay here ; but for Heaven's sake, if you do remain, lie like a flounder till the shot is fired. Have no curiosity, I pray and beseech you ; and speak, as I do, in a low whisper."—" Pshaw ! I can follow wherever you go, and in the same position too." " Bravo !—here goes, then. But for Heaven's sake do not make a splash and noise in the water ; but go in as quiet as a fish, and keep under the high bank, although it is deeper there. There is a great nicety in going in properly ; that is the difficult point. I believe it must be head foremost ; but we must take care to keep our heels down as we slide in, and not to wet the rifles.—Hist ! Peter ; here lay the rifles on the bank, and give them to me when I am in the burn."

Tortoise then worked half his body over the bank, and stooping low, brought his hands up on a large granite stone in the burn, with his breast to the water, and drew the rest of his body after him as straight as he possibly could. He was then half immersed, and getting close under the bank, took the rifles. The rest followed admirably. In fact the water was not so deep as it appeared to be, being scarcely over the hips. They proceeded in this manner about twenty yards, when the ground being more favorable, they were enabled to get on dry land. " Do you think it will do ?" " Hush ! hush !—he has not seen us yet ; and yonder is my mark. The deer lies opposite it to the south : he is almost within gun-shot even now."

A sign was given to Peter Fraser to come alongside, for they were arrived at the spot from which it was necessary to diverge into the moss. In breathless expectation they now turned to the eastward, and crept forward through the bog, to enable them to come in upon the flank of the hart, who was lying with his head up wind, and would thus present his broadside to the rifle when he started ; whereas, if they had gone in straight behind him, his haunches would have been the only mark, and the shot would have been a disgraceful one. Now came the anxious moment. Every thing hitherto had succeeded ;

much valuable time had been spent ; they had gone forward in every possible position ; their hands and knees buried in bogs, wreathing on their stomachs through the mire, or wading up the burns ; and all this one brief moment might render futile, either by means of a single throb of the pulse in the act of firing, or a sudden rush of the deer, which would take him instantly out of sight. Tortoise raised his head slowly, slowly, but saw not the quarry. By degrees he looked an inch higher, when Peter plucked him suddenly by the arm, and pointed. The tops of his horns alone were to be seen above the hole in the bog ; no more. Fraser looked anxious, for well he knew that the first spring would take the deer out of sight. A moment's pause, when the sportsman held up his rifle steadily above the position of the hart's body ; then, making a slight ticking noise, up sprang the deer ; as instantly the shot was fired, and crack went the ball right against his ribs, as he was making his rush. Sandy now ran forward with the dogs, but still as well concealed by the ground as he could manage. "By heavens he is off, and you have missed him ; and here am I, wet, tarred, and feathered, and all for nothing ; and I suppose you call this sport."

Fraser now went on with the hounds in the leash, sinking, and recovering himself, and springing from the moss-hags, till the dogs caught sight of the hart, and they were slipped ; but the fine fellow was soon out of the bog, and went over the top of the Mealowr. All went forward their best pace, plunging in and out of the black mire, till they came to the foot of the hill, and then with slackened pace went panting up its steep acclivity.—"Hark ! I thought I heard the bay under the hill.—No ; 'twas the eagle ; it may be he is watching for his prey. Hark again : do you hear them, Peter ?"—"I didna hear naething but the pleva ; sure he canna win farther forrat than auld Heclan ; he was sair donnered at first, but he skelped it brawly afterwards : we shall see them at the downcome."

True enough they did ; for when they passed over the hill to the south, the voice of the hounds broke full upon them, and they saw the magnificent creature standing on a narrow projecting ledge of rock within the cleft, and in the mid course of a mountain cataract ; the upper fall plunged down behind him, and the water, coursing through his legs, dashed the spray and mist around him, and then at one leap went plumb down to the abyss below ; the rocks closed in upon his flanks, and there he stood, bidding defiance in his own mountain hold.

Just at the edge of the precipice, and as it seemed on the very brink of eternity, the dogs were baying him furiously ; one rush of the stag would have sent them down into the chasm ; and in their fury they seemed wholly unconscious of their danger. All drew in their breath and shuddered at the fatal chance that seemed momentarily about to take place.—"For Heaven's sake, Lightfoot, stay quietly behind this knoll, whilst I creep in and finish him. A moment's delay may be fatal ; I must make sure work, for if he is not killed outright, deer, dogs, and all, will inevitably roll over the horrid precipice together. Ah, my poor, gallant Derig !"—"May your hand be steady, and your aim true, for my nerves are on the rack, and yet I must own that it is the most magnificent sight I ever beheld ; bayed by two furious animals, and with the death shot in his fair body, the noble—

the mighty-hearted animal still bears up undaunted."—Tortoise listened not, waited not for these remarks, but crept round cannily, cannily, towards the fatal spot, looking with extreme agitation at every motion of the dogs and deer; still he dared not hurry, though the moments were so precious.

Of the two dogs that were at bay, Derig was the most fierce and persevering; the younger one had seen but little sport, and waited at first upon the motions of the older, nay, the better soldier; but his spirit being at length thoroughly roused, he fought at last fearlessly and independently. Whenever the deer turned his antlers aside to gore Tarff, Derig seized the moment to fly at his throat, but the motions of the hart were so rapid that the hound was ever compelled to draw back, which retrograde motion brought him frequently to the very verge of the precipice, and it was probable, that as he always fronted the enemy, he knew not, or, in the heat of the combat, had forgotten the danger of his situation.

The stag at length, being maddened with these vexatious attacks, made a desperate stab at Derig, and, in avoiding it, the poor dog at length lost his footing,—his hind legs passed over the ledge of rock, and it now seemed impossible for him to recover himself.

His life hung in the balance, and the fatal scale appeared to preponderate. Still his fore legs bore upon the ledge, and he scraped and strove with them to the utmost; but, as he had little or no support behind, he was in the position of a drowning man, who attempts to get into a boat, and, being also, like him, exhausted, the chances were considerably against him. In struggling with his fore legs he appeared to advance a little and then to slip back again, gasping painfully in the exertion; at length he probably found some slight bearing for the claws of his hind feet, and to the inexpressible relief of every one, he once more recovered his footing, and sprang forward at the deer as rash and wrathful as ever.

Tortoise had at length gained the proper spot,—the rifle was then raised,—but when all hearts were beating high in sudden and nervous expectation of a happy issue, the dogs were unfortunately in such a position that a shot could not be fired from above without risk to one of them, and the danger was fearful as ever.

Three times was the aim thus taken and abandoned. At length an opening; the crack of the gun was heard faintly in the din of the waterfall;—the ball passed through the back of the deer's head, and down he dropped on the spot without a struggle.

The representation of this noble stag at bay on the brink of the cataract, with one dog hanging to the rim of rock by its fore legs, is certainly as good as any thing that LANDSEER ever gave us. We presume he was the tyro *Lightfoot* of the day's sport, which we shall now extract entire. Though long, it is interesting and characteristic of the style in which Mr. SCROPE has executed his task, mingling his instructions with the practice of the sport. It likewise contains a scene which would seem to be the identical original of LANDSEER's picture.

The lord of the forest had now determined upon having a grand deer-drive to Glen Tilt, and *Lightfoot* was invited to make one of the party; thus, in a short time, this fortunate sportsman had an opportunity of seeing every variety and description of this interesting chase. That the show of deer might be as ample as possible, Tortoise had

instructions to commence his cast at the remote parts of the forest, kill what he could, and get forward as many deer as he was able: he therefore dispatched all his men to Bruar Lodge over night, that they might be fresh and ready for the morrow's sport; a time was fixed for his meeting the foresters from Glen Tilt on Scroin-a-cro, when he and his men were to take the command of the right wing of the drive.

This animating sport was always enjoyed by anticipation; and you might easily read in the happy countenances of the guests at Blair, that something highly pleasurable and exciting was now about to take place. When John Crerar and the foresters were summoned to the corridor over-night, curiosity rose to the highest pitch. Something positively awful was going on—was Glen Croinie to be driven, and would any one be suffered to go with the drivers? This great mystery was seldom solved over night; nor could it be so with certainty, as a change of wind must necessarily cause a change of operations. But on the destined morning each sportsman had clear and distinct instructions, and his proper station allotted to him; some of the old ones, however, who were knowing as to the currents of the air, and acquainted with the passes, were apt to finesse a little, and ingratiate themselves into the most favorable positions. These gentlemen might be seen, at the dawn of day, walking about the castle, and noting the precise direction of the clouds.

Modern hunting-parties in Glen Tilt, although not on so extensive a scale as those in days of yore, when nobles went forth with all their retinue, and the whole scene had as much the appearance of a military display as of a hunting excursion, were yet of a liberal, exciting, and lordly character. Parties of hill-men were sent forth, at a stated time, to form a semicircular line on the mountains, and press the deer down the crags into Glen Tilt, which they usually crossed, and then went forward, reeking and steaming, up the heights of Ben-y-gloe.

There were several stations in the glen, in which the various sportsmen were concealed, and from these no one was permitted to stir till the deer had fairly passed them. These drives took place only when the wind was favorable, and, at such a time it was pretty easy to calculate at what hour the deer would come in sight.

It was not unusual for the drivers to collect a herd of five or six hundred head; and, occasionally, when they came down into the glen, broke into parcels, and turned back upon the drivers, the scene was splendid and animated, and the firing became very general; after the shots, dogs were turned loose, for the chance of bringing some of the fat sluggards to bay, and an excellent one it was.

Sportsmen, whose discretion and forbearance could be relied upon, were occasionally sent with the drivers, one at each wing, but it was their duty to consult the general sport, and not to get forward and fire, unless deer broke fairly out, lest they should turn the whole herd.

A scene so full of novel interest caused many a fluttering heart on the previous day, and many a feverish dream at night. Visions of deer, perhaps, came and vanished amidst broken slumbers; then the restless sleeper was lost and bewildered amongst mountains and torrents; then came a sudden start, as if falling from a precipice; lastly, and, oh, worst of all! an attempt to pull the trigger at a monstrous hart, without being able to effect the explosion of the rifle.

At length the shades of night pass away, and the morning breaks forth fair and beautiful.

The first who started for the sport were Tortoise and his men, of whom Jamieson was the chief—a fine, straight, sinewy, well-favored man he was, with as good wind, as cool judgment, and as quick an eye for deer as any man on the hills. They had slept, as has been noted, at Bruer Lodge, about nine miles north of Blair, that they might begin at the outskirts of the preserved part of the forest. As soon as the morning mist was dispersed, they were breathing the fresh air on the summit of Ben Daig, sitting upon the red stones, and prying with their glasses into every part of the vast forest that lay expanded before them,—more especially and minutely examining those places that were under the wind, the warm corries, and the best pastures. They had hitherto seen nothing but hinds; but, as such gear only spoil sport, they took care to give them their wind, and send them out north, that they might at once get rid of them.

It was now far on towards the rutting season; and, as the party advanced, and looked over the Elrich, they saw a parcel of hinds with a master hart, who had made this very Turkish collection for his sole individual gratification; these were to be kept, as they were obtained, by the strong antler. Like the Athenians in their prosperity, these martial fellows acknowledged no law but that of force.

Whilst the hart was walking proudly with the hinds, a hoarse roar comes over the ridge of the hill; it is the menace of war—nearer and louder it falls upon the ear; and, lo! the angry rival appears on the sky-line. He halts upon a projecting crag, swelling, jutting out his neck, and drawing himself up to his full proportions. Having now screwed up his courage to the sticking-place, he turns aside, and winds down the moss, bellowing and tossing abroad the heather with his antlers, his wrath seeming to increase as he moves onwards; his dauntless adversary sends back a loud defiance, and rushes forth to meet him in fair combat. The hinds wheel their ranks, and stand, with curious gaze and erect ears, to witness the joust,—and now the combatants meet brow to brow, butting and goring each other with great fury, till at length their antlers are fairly locked together. After some violent struggles they extricate themselves; and, being well matched, and quite exhausted, both sink upon their knees, and rest a space in that posture, still antler to antler. Somewhat revived by this brief cessation, they set to again, till the intruder, being at length forced backwards to the edge of the precipice, and feeling himself worsted, turns quickly aside, and fairly takes to flight, but runs in circles round the hinds, as reluctant to leave them. The victor follows close at his heels, goring him in the haunches; ever as he is touched he starts aside, till at length, beaten and jaded, he fairly gives up the contest, and gallops away, still hotly pursued.

Whilst this chase after the fugitive was continuing, in comes another hart from the opposite quarter; but no sooner had the victor heard his bellowing, than he returned to secure his hinds, and quickly drove this gay gentleman away, who took to his heels incontinently, being a beast of no mark or likelihood.*

*This law of "*detur fortiori*" is an admirable provision of nature for keeping the stock from degenerating.

After this amusing spectacle was over, these deer, being of no service to the drive, were suffered to go into Glen Dirie.

The party, now having ascended to the summit of Coir-na-miseach, crept forward cautiously behind a ridge of ground, and got a view of that immense basin called the Culreach. Instantly, as they looked below, there was a whisper of caution; they crawled back on their hands and knees, sunk the hill again, and posted themselves on safe ground. They had seen the deer, which were scattered up and down the hill sides, some grazing, others basking in the morning sunbeam, fat and lazy, whilst the jealous hinds were so disposed as to prevent any sudden inroad upon their position. Some of them kept to the wind, and others were continually looking towards those points from which they could not profit by it.

Jamieson now went back to take a minute inspection of the whole herd. He soon returned with an expression of eager excitement,—“There are several good harts,” he said, “in the herd on the eastern face of the hill;” but (added he,) “there is a small parcel below us, and, as sure as deid, the great Braemar hart is among them—there is him and a small hart and five hinds a’ thegither, and I’m thinking that he is so high up on the face o’ the hill, that he may be pit over, and ye may hae a chance at him at last.”

“Capital news, Thomas, and a glorious thing it will be if it should turn out so, for he is a hart of a thousand; but are you sure it is the muckle deer after all? The Braemar hart, who has foiled us twice, has a very sleek body, with high horns, not widely spread, and only eight points. You should know him well—are you sure it is him?”

“I could pick him out from aw the harts in the forest, and gie evidence against him, for he is a wary beast, and we have had sair work wi’ him, he has led us mony a mile!”

Dispositions were now made for getting the herd forward into Glen Croinie; this was easily done, though it took up some time, for it was necessary to place a man towards the east, and another to the north, the sportsmen remaining on the western hill. These men soon arrived at their stations, and came forward at the concerted moment, working well together. So distant were they, that they could scarcely be discerned through the telescope. The herd soon took the alarm, and began to put themselves in motion. They drew closer together, the hinds gazed around them, and the harts, rising up from their lair, tossed up their antlers, and stood erect in their full proportion. As the hill-men advanced slowly and cautiously, the deer closed, and went forward leisurely; they then made a halt on the face of the hill, and formed into a beautiful group; but, as the drivers persevered, they drew out into a long string, and went at an easy pace up the steep towards Glen Croinie; arrived at the summit, they mended their pace, and each deer galloped over the scalp of the hill as if all the rifles of Atholl were at his heels, so that, in a few moments more, the whole herd were fairly in the glen.

There never had been the slightest doubt of the success of this operation: all Tortoise’s anxiety leaned towards the small parcel which contained the great Braemar deer. When the general alarm took place, these stood and gazed like the rest, and advanced some way, as if to join them; till at length, when they made off, the proud

leader stopped for a space, tossed up his antlers, and, disdaining to follow the servile herd, turned up the western face of the hill where Tortoise was lying: as he went forward, the rifle-man advanced also, preserving the wind, and just keeping sight of the points of his horns from over the brow of the hill.

The hill-men, seeing the favorable course he was likely to take, did their utmost to make him persevere in it. Every thing looked propitious; but still it was uncertain whether he would come out from the hollow at a favorable point of the hill, or go over the easy swell, where it would be impossible, from the nature of the ground, to come within distance of him; indeed, he seemed inclined to do the latter. What an anxious moment was this for the rifleman! who can tell what hopes, and what dire apprehensions shot rapidly across his mind, when he saw the pride of the forest almost within his reach? forward he came, bounding and pitching up the hill, casting his broad shadow on the green-sward, and followed closely by his companions. As yet, his course is dubious;—now he bears more to the west, and races along, as it seems, rather in sport than in fear;—by heavens! he nears the rifleman:—on for your life and make your push! With bent body, but with rapid steps, Tortoise ducked down, slipped suddenly back behind the eminence, and then went forward at the top of his speed. The horns, which he never lost sight of, are seen approaching the hill-top—down again crouched the rifleman for a moment, till the course of the deer was decided; then another swift movement below the hill brought him within distance, just as the magnificent fellow had passed the summit, and was descending into the opposite glen.

Tortoise's breast had been in a tumult, but it was lulled in a moment—

*“Che sue virtuti accolse,
Tutte in quel punto, ed in guardia al cor le mise.”*

He stopped suddenly, like a bolt that had hit the mark;—stood firm—clapped his rifle rapidly to his shoulder, and fired just as the hart was disappearing from his view.

“Habet,—he has it—he has it, Jamieson; I heard the smack of the ball true enough.”

“Hurra, he lags behind! Now then, let go Tarff: quick—quick, Sandy; lose not a moment; quick, for your life, man; we cannot wait till he falls out: come here, Jamieson; I, and my men must join the general drive, or the deer will break out; so take you one of the rifles, and finish that fine fellow as he goes to bay in Glen Mark: you will have no time to return, so do not attempt to come back up Sroin-a-cro or Cairn-Marnoch; you will be more useful in the glen by keeping the deer in on that side. You can come in at Auk-mark-moor. Away with you.”

And away went the stout hill-man, bounding over moss and hillock, till in a few minutes he sunk down from the view.

“Hark! I hear the baying of the hound: now it dies away:—Do you hear it now, Sandy?”

“No, I did not; I heard naething but the corbie.”

“Look with your glass, then, whilst I load.”

“Hey! what a sight; I never kent the like o’ it afore.”

“Why, what do you see, man?”

"Why, sure the deer is chasing Tarff all ower the moss, and Tarff is rinnin awa joost a-head o' him;—I never kent the like. Now the hart stops—now Tarff is at him again: ah, take care, Tarff!—Now the deer has beaten him aff, and is rinnin after him again."

"I see it all myself, Sandy, with the glass; and I see, too, that one dog, be he what he may, can never manage that deer; so let go Derig, for he has heard the bay, and will soon be up with him." And so, indeed, he was: glen and mountain now resounded with the raging of the deep-mouthed hounds, till at length the vexed quarry broke down the river Mark, and then, turning aside and skirting the Brae, stood before a huge mass of rock that was anchored on the mountain side: thus posted, he boldly faced his antagonists. Thrice did the ferocious Derig spring aloft in the air, and fly ravenously at his throat, and thrice was he driven back with unmitigated fury. Maddening with rage, the fine animal rushed forward, raking and stabbing with his antlers, and gave chase, in his turn, to his enemies. It was a novel sight to see the noble beast act on the offensive. The war, when it ceased on the side of the stag, was again renewed by the hounds, who, although wounded and bleeding, ever returned stoutly to the charge. In vain was the rifle at hand, for the dogs were ever springing at the throat, in the way of the ball. And now, see, the bay is again broken, and away they go, right up the steepes of Ben-y-venie.

"Here we can tarry no longer, for the Duke's men are approaching; but it matters not, for Jamieson will inevitably bring that noble fellow down, though he will give him some trouble, and perhaps occasion the death of my good hounds.

"Well, Peter Fraser, here you are at last: when are we to start the deer?"

"At one o'clock exactly; and aw the men are round towards the east, under Charlie Crerer's command: then there's George Ritchie the fiddler at Cairn-y-chlamain; and Macpherson will gang doon Glen Croinie. The Duke trusts to you and yer men to pit ower the deer from the wast."

And now the stately herd began to crown the summits, and were soon descried from the glen, hanging on the sky-line in long array. Those in the van, gaze steadily on all sides,—onward move the others in succession, their horns and bodies looming large against the sky. Heavens! what a noble sight; how beautiful, how picturesque! See how they wind down the crags, with slow, and measured steps; now hidden, and now re-appearing from behind impending masses of rock: now the prudent leader halts his forces, and closes up his files; those in advance are scrutinizing the glen, whilst the rear-guard, wary and circumspect, are watching the motions of the persevering drivers. As the men come forward in a vast semicircle, the herd begin to mend their pace,—calves, hinds, and harts, come belling along, and wind down the oblique paths of the steep, putting in motion innumerable loose stones, that fall clattering over the crags.

The glen wore the appearance of utter solitude; but the sportsmen were lying in ambush in various parts of it, under the impending banks of the Tilt, behind fragments of rock, or in some cleft or position which screened them from the gaze of the deer.

And now how many bosoms were throbbing at this splendid spec-

tacle, and what fitful changes from hope to despair, agitated individual sportsmen, as the herd approached, or deviated from their particular position.

Beset upon their flanks and upon their rear, and seeing no obstruction in the wild forest before them, after long and deep misgivings, they take their desperate resolution: down they sweep in gallant array,—dash furiously across the meadow, and plunge right into the flashing waters of the Tilt. Hark how their hoofs clatter on its stony channel! Onward they rush,—the moss-stained waters flying around them, and are fast gaining the opposite bank.

Their course being thus decidedly taken, the lurking riflemen spring up at once, like Clan Alpine's warriors, and rush forward on all sides.

Those who were fortunate enough to be near the spot of crossing, had fair chances; for though some of the herd were cut off and turned back to the west, yet so long a string passed across the glen, that they had time to fire, and load, and fire again.

Many rifle-men came in, breathless, from more distant stations; some in time, and others all too late. Several shots were fired in distance, and out of distance, with various success; and the skirmish for a short space was pretty brisk on all sides. The herd, having fairly crossed the rocky channel of the Tilt, scampered away at a prodigious rate, and went forward, reeking and steaming, right up the face of the great mountain.

"Quick, quick, uncouple the lurchers."

The dogs spring from the leash, strive and press forwards; but are half blown before they come up with them. The herd now collect into a dense mass, each deer wedging himself into it as he finds he is the particular object of attack. Not a single hart fell out; and the hounds at length returned, with slinking countenances and drooping sterns,—lolling out their tongues, they lie panting on the green-sward.

The sport however had been excellent; the Duke of Atholl (always the most skilful and successful of the party) killed three first-rate harts; our friend Lightfoot two, decidedly: two more were killed, as your rustic grammarian has it, somewhat promiscuously; and the old sportsmen also did considerable execution, selecting their harts with great tact. Moreover there were slain three hinds, that nobody would own to, and an exceedingly promising young fawn, repudiated also by all.*

And now let us go back to Tortoise, and see if he was idle all this time. No, not so; for a few harts and hinds broke over to the west, and, as the general sport was already secured, he used his pleasure with them. He had only two rifles, the third having been given to Jamieson to kill the deer at bay; he came well in to them, and, at the first shot, slew a noble hart; but there was another in the parcel still superior, which had been running on the opposite side: as the men got forward, the little herd came sweeping round over the open ground, towards Clashtyne, describing the segment of a circle.

*It was considered a disgrace, as has been elsewhere intimated, to kill hinds and fawns; a stranger, not aware of this, wrote to thank the late Duke of Gordon, for a day's deer-shooting in Gawick; intimating how happy his Grace would be to hear of his success, for that he had wounded a hind, and killed an exceedingly promising young fawn.

"Lord! Lord! that black deer*: hey what a deer! There, there, that black deer! Ou, he is ower far."

The words were scarcely out of Peter Fraser's mouth, ere the shot resounded in the hills. The hart was running swiftly, at about one hundred and fifty yards distance, or "by'r Lady," somewhat more, but quite clear, and the ball seemed to smack against the centre of his body.

"Sandy, Sandy, the doegs, the doegs,—quick, quick, mon! Lord, will ye never come forrat? Let go Shuloch. Here, Shuloch, Shuloch."

Away went the gallant old hound, upon his traces.

"And now he is safe enough; and we will leave him to Jamieson, who will meet him at bay, as he comes down Glen Mark, where he will assuredly go. So leave Sandy to Gralloch, and bleed the other deer; and let us keep on down the hill, in case the great herd should be turned, and endeavor to come back over Auk-mark moor. They went over the ridge, however, in beautiful style, their backs all reddening in the sunshine; and they must, and will, cross the glen if every one keeps concealed till the right moment. Hark, I hear a shot?—Another, and another,—glorious! Come along, Peter, skim down the mountain like a swallow: surely some of the herd will turn back upon us. There, there—Charlie Crerer is running like an ostrich. Ah, Charlie, Charlie, it wonna do; they are fairly past you, and will pass us too, but not without a shot."

One rifle, in fact, was discharged by Tortoise as they swept by, and one more hart lay plunging in the heather.

"Now, then, let go Percy and Douglas after the others; and we shall send down a deer or two to the Tilt, which will make a noble day's sport."

"Bravo, Percy, bravo! See, he has taken out one hart, and Douglas another; they are sinking the hill, right down to the Tilt. Sit down whilst I load, and listen to the bay. I hear it sure enough now—it is Percy's bay.† How he makes the valley ring; I should know his deep tongue from a thousand. He must be just above the marble quarry. Hark! that is his death-shot, and from the Duke: for no one else would fire at a deer at bay whilst his Grace was in the glen. We shall soon know this, for a few minutes will bring us within sight."

And now, as they bounded down the brae, the whole line of carriages, gillies, and sportsmen, broke full upon their view. That glen heretofore so still and silent, awoke at once into life and animation. A large party had collected round Marble Lodge, and made a most picturesque appearance. Here a successful sportsman came, triumphantly galloping upon a mountain pony; and, far in his rear, riding at a dejected pace, loitered some unhappy wight, whose balls had been somewhat too busy with the heather. The wild gillies, soiled and heated with toil, were running to and fro in their blue bonnets and plaided kilts, some leading the good deer-hounds in the leash, with panting sides and flagging sterns; others, with fresh dogs, trotting lightly along, and looking up the mountain to the right and left, with keen gaze and half elevated ears. Nobles and kerns were mixed, and talking together with that good fellowship and equality, which a com-

* Black from rolling in the mire.

† Percy and Douglas are at present in the possession of the Marquis of Bredalbane.

mon interest in an animated pursuit so generally and so happily occasions. Or, if there was any ascendancy (always setting aside the Lord of the Forest), it was vested in John Crerer; so true it is, that "it is place that lessens and sets off." He was the Belarius, to whom the noble sportsmen looked up with deference and respect.

Three stout ponies, with redundant manes and shaggy coats, came slowly winding down the glen, each with a magnificent deer corded on his back. Tortoise had gone rapidly forward, with a fresh dog and a hill-man, in quest of Douglas; and the deer: faintly he has heard the bay; now it peals louder and louder, as he rounds the wooded promontory.

"Now, speed thee, speed thee, Sandy; quick to the Duke, and tell him we have a noble hart at bay; this torrent and these cliffs he himself cannot gain, but say I will break the bay, and get him down to the Tilt, where he shall surely die the death. Lose not a moment, for time presses. Nay, never go round by the bridge, man,—the river, though swollen, is still fordable here, and will not wet you above your waist; plunge through at once. Well done, stout Sandy, you bear yourself like a true man."

Time, indeed, was waning fast, for it was long since the birchen-leaves had trembled and glittered in the sunbeams, and the golden splendor, which so lately slept upon the mountain-top, had already died away, consigning it to its own stern and rugged nature. The air was coming up the glen, dank and chill; hill, brae, wood, and precipice, were beginning to mingle in one universal melancholy mass.

The hart had got into the river Mark, just above the spot where it comes brawling into the Tilt; it was one of those deep chasms where the sunbeam never enters; in most places the rocks dropped steep, smooth, and shelving down to the flood. There were huge blocks of granite in the channel, and it seemed wonderful how the vexed animal could have got into the dark chasm in which he stood. But there he was—the torrent at his feet, and the long bony arm of a blasted birch stretched over him. Douglas stood baying at the point of a rock above, venting his vain wrath, and making stoops as if he would plunge down from that "bad eminence," but sensible of his danger, he as often drew back; various were the attempts he made to come in at some other place, but still he was obliged to return to his first position. Tortoise now came up with Croinie;—she was a most sagacious animal, and it was her custom to do the thing as coolly as possible, always running before the deer till she came to a convenient part of the river, when she turned in and headed him. This method she took in the present instance, and was soon swimming before his antlers.

But the stout animal would probably have remained immovable in his position till the hound perished with cold and fatigue, had he seen no other enemies. Indeed, he seemed to hold both dogs in thorough contempt; but when Tortoise stood before him, for a moment he raised up his stately crest, and waved his broad antlers to the right and left, gazing restlessly around him, then plunged at once down the torrent, trampled upon the hound, and bounded out far below, gaining the open birch-copse that skirted the banks of the Tilt. The hounds kept on their course, following him through all his windings: arrived at length at the steep banks of the river, with one brave bound he

gains the centre of the stream ; and there he stands majestic and firm, and in ready act to do battle. The hounds dash after him as best they may ; fain would they attack him, but in vain they stretch their powerless limbs : lightly does the hart regard them, as they are swept to and fro by the rapids, and can scarcely hold their own. But when he finds the taint in the air, and discovers sterner foes, he looks forward to the free mountains before him, and again, breasting the flood, strives every nerve to gain the heights of Ben-y-gloe. But, alas, it may not be, Douglas and Croinie gain fast upon his traces ; and, after a rapid wheel, he plunges again into the Tilt, and stops not, rests not, but down, down he goes, through pool, and over cataract, swimming, wading and rushing onward through the divided waters.—The dogs, close upon him, are borne down at times by the weight of the flood, but rise up again to the surface, undaunted and eager in the pursuit.

At length, and almost at the departure of daylight, the Duke comes forward with his good rifle ; one shot from that unerring hand, an echo dying away through the mountains, and see the fleet limbs fall powerless, and the dun carcass goes floating down the stream welling out the life-blood. The current bears it onward rapidly, jostling against the rocks, and wheeling in the eddies. In dash the kilted foresters in gallant style, stemming the flood, and stretching forth their arms in vain ; their daring was perilous, girt round and opprest as they were with the waters ; but still the deer bore past them, always just beyond their reach.

But at last McMillan came forward with the ropes and grappling hooks, and as the body of the hart swept round into an eddy of the stream, they were securely attached to it.

Out he was taken triumphantly, and there he lay on the greensward, bausy and sleek, the “admired of all admirers.” Some praised his beautiful form, and held up his wide-spreading antlers ; whilst others (not oblivious of currant-jelly) began to handle him after the fashion of Parson Trulliber. Certain it is he enjoyed great posthumous fame.

But here comes Jamieson, hurried and heated with toil,—“Well, Thomas*, have you finished that great devil ?”†

“Yes, I got him on Ben-y-venie, where he went last to bay. But both dogs are wounded: Tariff not much ; but Derig, you see, is stabbed badly in four places ; and I doubt he may not recover.”

“Ah, poor fellow, what terrible wounds he has in his chest and loins ; that in his side is not so bad, for I see the horn has only passed between his skin and his ribs. Well, my brave Derig, you shall go home in the cart, and be carefully looked after. And the great black deer, Jamieson, that Shuloch took into Glen Mark ; did you get him ?”

“Quite easy ; he was shot through the body, and made but a poor bay.”

“Capital ; we have made clean work of it, then, at last.”

* Thomas Jamieson lived formerly at Abbotsford, and came into the author's service many years ago with Sir Walter Scott's permission : he now acts as principal game-keeper ; and is in every way a most valuable servant.

† The author has kept the horns of this deer, which are splintered at the points by coming in contact with the rocks when the dogs escaped from the thrust.

Turfiana.

No II.

"Come, knock, and enter; and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his *legs*!"—ROMEO AND JULIET.

"Use every man after his desert and who shall 'scape whipping! Use them
after your own honor and dignity! The less they deserve, the more merit is in your
bounty: *Take them in*!"—HAMLET.

"'Tis not a year or two shows us a man;
They're all but stomachs, and we all but food;
They eat us hungerly!"—OTHELLO.

* * * * *

Where are my friends?—And Echo answers where!—BYRON.

IN the thirty-third No. of our Magazine (for January, 1834) will be found an article headed TURFIANA, the conclusion of which contained these words: "We shall not proceed with the disasters of the year just closed; the wounds are too fresh,—the sorrows too green, to allow of our touching upon them even with the delicate and impartial hand of an Historian." Time, has now, however, winged his way not only over 1834, but is, in this eternal flight, already waving his never-folded pinions over 1839. The fresh wounds, therefore, to which we so piteously alluded, are dried into scars; and the sorrows then so green, are now, after being turned over and over, verdant no longer, but are stacked away! We propose to take up our goodly history of the great events on the Turf, at the very point at which our gentle natures shrunk from the detail; and to give a rapid review of successful horses—successful and unsuccessful men, and measures,—as closely and faithfully, up to the present period,—as our respect for feelings will allow, and our memories enable us to do.

The St. Leger of 1833, was won by a fine sound horse,—Rockingham; Mussulman (own elder brother to that subsequent *rascal* Mahometan) second. This event was a more than usually disastrous one, as the winner came out of a stable that had *two strings* to its *bow*. Mr. Watt had Belshazzar and Rockingham, both in the slips; the latter purchased at the recommendation of poor, dear, polished, candid, dead, Dick Shepherd the trainer, from Mr. Allen*. Belshazzar was a beautiful bloodlike animal, but Rockingham could *just* beat him in trials. No wonder ever filled human minds like that which occupied those of all betting men, as to which was the best horse. Mr. Ridsdale was certain, from what he considered "The Master's Report," that it was Belshazzar,—and he therefore took *that* line of country; followed of course by a select field of imitators, who conceived that this *Memnon-made* man could not be wrong about Mr. Watt's *two*. A few *pedestrians* in this desperate chace, "had it from

* The manœuvring of the dear departed Dick in the purchase of this horse—the haggling about the price,—the vendor elevating the figure at every visit from the crafty trainer, would amuse our readers; but "this eternal blazon," of equestrian auctioneering, "must not be, to ears of flesh and blood."

Dick," that the brown colt was the one: and some, and amongst these "sound men and true," entertained a well-grounded opinion that both had a chance in a race like the *St. Leger*, where the trifle of superiority between them might be useless or foiled. Mr. Osbaldeston possessed a Lottery colt, called *Tutor*, in the race, which Robinson had long promised to ride; the *Belshazzar* party thought that by getting this cool, ready, and eminent artist upon their favorite, they might obtain the advantage by a *head*; and numerous, and ridiculously fussy, were the negotiations the night before, and the morning of, the race, between the party and the *Squire*, and the *Jockey*, to invite Jem Robinson to *Belshazzar's Feast*. But up to the eleventh hour, the *Squire* was irresolute, and at length, Jem, after putting on the diamond dress, abandoned it, and, in disgust, went all abroad with his private *Tutor*—and Tom Nicholson played *Harlequin*, with an activity of arms and legs, that quite bewildered the breath out of the splendid body of the mighty king of Babylon. Then, say you, "came the time of reckoning when the feast was o'er!"—not it!—Some dirty *Doncaster* notes went the usual rounds, from hand to hand, on the Wednesday morning; and certainly an occasional handsome crisp *Threadneedle-streeter*, with what Theodore Hook calls, "the *Raspberry-tart mark*," in the lower left-hand corner, made its transit; but generally payment, like hope, was quite sufficiently deferred to make the heart sick,—and transfers *by* the pennyless, *from* the pennyless, *to* the pennyless, was completed by dissatisfied whisperers—and the promise to "settle in town," or "at the October Meeting," or at the period when two "*Sundays come together*," was audible, in various groups, and in various parts of the room. Mr. Ridsdale was a wrathful loser,—having persevered, in spite of a message from *Richard*, "not to quit sight of the brown horse," and notwithstanding the same hint from his old colleague, Mr. Gully, and from the quiet, friendly owner, Mr. Watt. Several outsiders were rendered more perfect outsiders—a little Oxford-street Horse-dealer, quitted "the gay throng for the shade," as the song says,—to come out again when the sun shone, and again to retire when the weather became cloudy. A speculating clergyman too, who lent his too ready ear to a cunning *Young man*, put the saddle (with panniers) on the wrong horse—and was compelled to get into bill transactions, which must have cost him a pretty penny in the long run. Mr. Gill, Mr. Slater, and a small select circle of those who treat *Touts*, and have a friendly intimacy with those short-abortions in long gaiters, yclept stable-lads, *threw in*—but we rather apprehend that although the field promised well,—the harvest was miserably got in.

The year 1834, introduced to the turf one of the most splendid specimens of the English race-horse (when fit) that has carried a silk jacket triumphantly before the eye of that best of bricklayers and judges, Mr. Clarke, for years! Plenipotentiary had the powers of a dray-horse, with the speed of a *Velocipede*; but, as if nature were determined ever to taint her fairest works with some infirmity, it was difficult, from some constitutional delicacy, to bring him clean through the perils and hardships of training. In the Spring Meetings he showed a touch of his quality by defeating *Glencoe*, (who subsequently won the 2000 guineas,) and fortunately he came well to the post on the

Derby day. Never was a race won with less difficulty, although there were some horses of a first-rate character to contend against. We have heard James Robinson say, that he, on Glencoe, tried Plenipo for speed twice in the race, and found it labor in vain. *Shillelah*, the crack of the Chifneys, who was, according to private trials, an Eclipse-and-a-half, good weight, managed to get second,—but we presume Robinson did not consider the £100 an inducement sufficient to weigh against the extra weight to be carried at Goodwood, for such an honor. Glencoe could have given *Shillelah* half a stone and beaten him. At Goodwood, Plenipo's character was still further raised by Glencoe winning the Cup easily, to the convulsive delight of Lord Jersey, who agonized a poor gentleman that was standing below him with a lame arm, which his lordship clutched so energetically at the *coming in*, that there were *two* lusty shouters at once!—Well.—The St. Leger approached,—arrived!—Plenipo had been trained in a park,—spikes in the ground were apprehended in the usual training grounds! Shots from rifles,—perforated roofs,—endangered pails,—fatal racks,—infected mangers and troughs,—all were talked of and guarded against—as though poor Plenipo were a *Louis Philippe* on four legs; and all the Betting Men and *Touts* were so many *Fieschis* and *Meuniers*, ready at every tree or bush to pour out the contents of an *infernal machine* upon a first favorite! Persons were only permitted, we understood, to see him by means of tickets; and these ticketed inspectors gave such an account of his manner of going, that losing was a word that, with reference to him, might be struck out of the Dictionary; and he rose to be the favorite, at 11 and 12 to 10 on him! The result of the race was; Touchstone, first; Bran, second; General Chasse, third; and *Shillelah*, fourth; and the *bullock*, as the favorite was now termed by some,—and the *robber* by others,—was no where! Mr. Batson, who, after the Derby, was one of the honored and honorable substantial old English supporters of the Turf, was now compelled, in the language of Iago, “to wear his heart upon his sleeve, for daws to peck at.”—His trainer, too, whose zeal and care were so distinguished and be-lauded at Epsom, was now found out to be addicted to drink and bad company; and it was impossible to surmise how much was realised by the loss. The fact was, we believe, that the horse could not, after the Derby, take the sound work necessary; and that hence arose the park and ticket mummery,—and hence it was, that he was consequently on the St. Leger day, fitter for an exhibition at Sadler's Repository, at Christmas, or to be hung up at Giblett's, with a rail between ribs and ribs, than to be used at Doncaster Race Course. It is most possible that the animal might have been drugged, “for where's that palace, whereinto foul things sometimes intrude not?” but if he had been untouched—untainted by human vice,—he could not on that day have “gone like the wind,” from the want of it. To add to the disasters of this day, the Scotts were wrong about their stable. *Lady De Gros* was to “be called to the chair,” and she found many friends; and Touchstone therefore stood untouched, at 40 to 1. The end of this memorable year, therefore, was strewn with wrecks,—of small craft generally, we believe,—but still many books “went down,” and without our being able to report, “crew saved.”

The year 1835, was remarkable for the appearance of the Queen of Trumps at Epsom, occasioning the disappearance of several customary attendants at Tattersall's on the awful day, when a whole year's obstinacy or bad judgment undergoes a pocket punishment. Preserve had proved herself to be a real racing filly,—and was it to be conceived, that a Welch gentleman could breed an animal in Flintshire, of superior form and speed;—train her “far, far away” from that Wantage “Epsom in England,”—possess in John Bleukhorne, a careful trainer and honest servant, to travel four questionable legs and bring them safely under Tommy Lye's saddle on the Friday. Preserve's winning, admitted of no doubt; and, perhaps, Mr. Greville never looked at a race with greater confidence. Her Majesty of Trumps, however, found that there was a tide in the affairs of animals as well as men; and those who saw the easy, full, agreeable flow of her action, at once saw that she took that tide “at the flood that leads on to fortune.” Her jockey appeared to ride well, for he had nothing to do but to keep his seat and pull; so that we had none of his usual antics of flinging himself on the neck, or spurring the hips, or *setting-to* at the finish, which is nothing more than one foot of colored silk, and two of yellow leather, in convulsions! We have placed the Oaks, however, before the Derby here, which was won by a clumsy horse called Mundig, in as clumsy a style as his form and action promised; Lord Orford just escaping luck by a head, with Ascot; a peril that he rarely draws so fine. Had the Queen of Trumps been in the race, she would have been undergoing the ungirthing at the judge's box, and snatching with her hind-leg at the gaping circle, when Mundig and Ascot were laboring up the straight run in, and ploughing past the plover's eggs, bottles of sherry, and Barouches! In the St. Leger, the three were to meet; and could it be supposed that Mundig or Ascot would have a friend, if the Queen remained in force? Mundig, for a time, was first favorite; and then it was found that Ascot, having James Robinson called to the judgment seat of the saddle,—would become a miracle or perform one. The running too of Preserve at Goodwood was first-rate, and ought to have determined every man of discretion and credit to write down no name but “Queen of Trumps” in his book, with the best figures he could invest it with. The Scotts nursed a good dark horse, “Hornsea,” for this event; for, although he was in the Derby, he was not brought up from the north for that contest, and odds of all sorts and sizes were got on him, until he settled down at 2 to 1. Mr. Gully backed him cleverly in one bet, to the soreness of William Scott, who ever likes new men to work his mystery. The “Queen of Trumps” won the race easily, having been most carefully worked on loosened ground near Liverpool, and being brought to the post well and not weary. One or two tolerably-dressed intruders on the betting circles;—permitted there on the strength of ringed-fingers, a crimson-backed book with gilt leaves, and a lead-pencil, aided too, as it was whispered, by the sanction of a gentleman who has long occupied the debateable ground of *hell-mobbism* and *swell-mobbism*;—went against the favorite, and the race being “unexpected,” as the little levanter, Mr. Ripley, phrased it, took leave so hastily that they had not time to wish Lord George Bentinck, and a few of the select, good bye! All bets on the great events are, as we all know, “play or pay,” so as they could not *pay*, they, as a matter of course

(race-course), took to *play*, and the retired force became haunters of all the doors in Leicester-square, the Quadrant, and Piccadilly, that stand ajar under very bright lanterns, with extremely forcible numbers painted on them. One brothel-keeper lost more than he thought it prudent to part with, and he therefore declaimed against the immorality and dishonesty of the turf and all its tribes, and having a family, he thought, as a husband and a father, that he was imperatively called upon to *stick to his business*. He now sends his daughters to school, minds the establishment and its dress-boarders, takes his wife to a meeting-house on Sundays, and is become "a thriving man!" The departure of a Finsbury attorney, originally from the north of England, for his *miss-deeds*, to America, was the only event that I remember as closing this year. He was devoted to the turf, and always had so much private information that he seemed to have windows in the breasts of John Scott, John Smith, and all the stable kings, by which "he could see their hearts!" Poor deluded Gentleman one, &c. He is now in a strange land, and, as Helen Macgregor says of her Rob-Roy, "has taken to the woods, and become a broken man!" We will however warrant us, that often in hours when he is hunting the "possum up a gum tree," or seeking the "raccoon in the hollow!" he is thinking of the *practical* phiz of Jem Bland, the pencillings of Justice, or the *detonating* offers of the lucky little Greatorrex! What bliss it would be to him if one of those "airy voices that syllable men's names," would waft into his ear "1000 to 15 against Chimborazo!" or "7 to 1 against Lord Jersey's two." Would he were here, if it were only to tell us that annual secret, "which is the best of John Scott's lot!"

It would have been as well, perhaps, in the course of these pages, if we had, in each year, chronicled the deaths, and touched upon the characters, of those who have earned a notoriety through a connection either honorably, artfully, or disreputably, with racing. But as our limits will not allow us to bring our hasty sketch of the first branch of the subject to a conclusion in the present number, we will devote the short space which remains to us to a glance at one or two of those who are now *under* that which they were so long distinguished upon. The turf has its reverses with all grades of men, as well as its *betters*! The first that presents himself to our memory is Robert Stewart; as bold a speculator—as bad-tempered a whist-player,—as heart-created a gambler—and as honorable a man; as ever backed the Queen of Trumps in the morning, or turned her up at night. Rugged, absent, and uncouth, at the tables of others, he was, we have heard from indisputable authority, the most generous, hospitable and kind, at his own board.* His occasional incoherence, and abstraction of manner, arose from his brain being occupied with one all-engrossing subject. He thought only of the Turf; if he did not agree in opinion

* We have been credibly informed that at Mr. Stewart's table were often assembled many men that loved the pleasures of life, many that gave life and manliness to life, and many that made life pleasant! There might be seen Mr. Gully, the quiet, sensible, and natural gentleman. Mr. Harley, the actor in public and private. Capt. Barclay, who drove the Edinburgh Mail *clean* through from London, and *really* walked the 1000 miles in the 1000 hours; James Wallack, the enterprising and successful manager at the New York National. Mr. John Jackson, who, in the palmy days of his *calf*, "walked gaitered," and carried Herculean symmetry up the Strand: These, and others, who were good in various ways, congregated together, and squandered away the little hours. Well might they have exclaimed:

"What nights have we not
Seen at the Mermaid!"

with you, he did not try to convince you by argument, but he would "bet you £50 to £5 you were wrong." You were not *defeated* too, if such were your fate in a conversation—you were *distanced*. All his metaphors,—all his observations, smelt of the Racing Calendar. The works of Mr. Weatherby, were the only works he cared to read. The fat vellum leaves of the betting-book were those upon which he only cared to write; it is a literal fact, that, in his head there was a course longer than the *Ditch In*, or the *Beacon*, or any of the severer distances in elder racing days; for race-horses were unceasingly *running* in his head, from the first of January to the thirty-first of December! In early life he held a government situation in Somerset House, and some of his coadjutors there, have reason to speak highly of him. He was a liberal supporter of Tom Belcher and others of the prize-ring,—and hence, we apprehend, a friendship arose between him and Mr. Gully, which led to a long connection between them on the Turf, and which terminated but with Mr. Stewart's death.

In the year 1822, long remembered by Turf-men, as *Theodore's year*, Mr. Stewart was subjected to a severe and almost ruinous hoax of having a forged letter sent to him, as from authority, commissioning him to lay against *Swap*. He *got on* with courage and vigor; and oh, how different to the present *levanting* days, when he found that he was imposed upon, was his alarm, his agony, as to the consequences. He did not think of weathering out the storm, and reaping the advantages which, as the race turned out, he would have reaped; he manfully stated, and with tears in his eyes, that as the commission was an imposture, and he alone was answerable for the bets, he should, in case *Swap* won, be unable to pay. Many bets were cancelled, many hedged, and *Swap*, who was stated to have run in *too* tight shoes, was beaten early in the race. Mr. Stewart, then, and ever after, was the promptest to pay as a losing man, and the most considerate in relaxing the hours of payment in others, when himself a winner. From *Theodore's year*, he, for some time had races of wonderful prosperity. Barefoot's success, when of course Sherwood was defeated, was to him what George Robins calls, "a mine of wealth," and that little wiry son of Whalebone,—*Lap-dog*, greatly increased his wealth. Latterly he took *savagely* to play; and we should apprehend that thousands, were in the two or three last years of his life, lost "by the hazard of the die." He might truly have applied to himself the words of *Gay*,—"The *Road* hath done me justice, but the gaming-table hath been my ruin!" The perpetual wear of the brain—the fever of the spirits, inseparable from the life of such a man as Mr. Stewart, clouded his last days, and he might be said to have broken up, more rapidly and painfully, than could have been expected. Poor Stewart! with all his faults of temper and manner, he has left a gap in the betting circles amongst men of honor, truth, and straight-forwardness, that will not easily be filled up!

In the year 1833, on the 23d of April, the day upon which Shakspeare died, also died another *Genius*, distinguished by sporting men, as "honest Frank Richardson." We noticed his death in the number for June of that year. Frank began life as a blacksmith, and ended it as a *blackleg*. He had a desperate bad year with Jack Spiggot, but he took time, and fortune permitted him to raise the wind. He was

a *leetle* awkwardly mixed up in the affair of Bessy Bedlam,—and we rather think Velocipede's lameness was a God-send to him. He was slightly suspected too of having something to do with *Geloni*, and the lad in gaiters, started to make the false starts in Mameluke's race for the Leger; and he was also a *leetle* blended with the notorious Ludlow affair, when the famous *white-washing* inquiry went on at Doncaster. In fact, some of poor Frank's turf incidents, are almost melo-dramatic in their mystery. When *Green Mantle* won the Oaks, he denounced Charles Marson, the trainer, as the most perfidious of men; for that *Varna*, that ran second, was *arranged to have been the first*. Frank looked unutterable things, with those bleak moist grey eyes of his;—hitched and husked more than usual; and *threatened* letters! However, he is gone to his repose,—and unlike the character upon which we have previously dwelt,—he has left abundance of parties, ready,—and capable of taking his place.

We do not know the year, when the “smaller fry that swim in shoals” of humble, industrious, travelling, betting men,—lost from their esteemed circle, old Billy Yeasley, who once *underwent* a fortnight's illness, or rather *physicking*, near Scarborough,—for the sake of being under the *care* of a medical man, who was passionately fond of back gammon. As the sick man felt getting better, he proposed to the medical man to play a *hit* for amusement: The latter, like Ollapod, “jumped at the offer!”—And, by the time Yeasley was convalescent, had lost two hundred pounds to his *patient*!—Long Tommy Swann also, a penurious old methodist,—who always brought his own brown bread with him when he came up for the Derby from the north;—never failed taking an advantage of a *green-horn* in the day,—nor of saying his prayers on his bony knees by the bed-side every night, is gone;—and old Jack Wray, the cocker,—who went the circuit as regularly as any barrister or judge of the land, is under the *sod*. These men never betted largely or openly in the ring; they were always for shooting “out-lying deer;”—at Newmarket they were infallibly waiting for “the young gentlemen from Cambridge;”—in London, they had a connexion amongst small law students and upper servants out of place,—and a lame or a dead horse was used by these old sharks with a pertinacious and profitable industry. With an anecdote respecting that religious daddy-long-legs, Tommy Swann, we must bring this paper to a close.* It ran, as we heard it, something in this fashion; but thoroughly to relish it, all our readers should convene a great public meeting at Exeter Hall, and invite our pleasant friend Wagstaff to *tell* the story; for, as George Colman says,—

“Sir Thomas's own sonnet,
Beats all that we can say upon it!”

Tommy one night—Tommy Swann,—one *Sunday* night at one of the meetings at Newmarket, slept in a double-bedded room with Wagstaff. Wagstaff saw Tommy *break down* upon his old knees and offer up his prayers. As soon as the latter got into his bed, Wagstaff began

* In our next number, we shall consecrate a few pages, as the old Unitarian John Bunce said, to the memoirs of Mr. Holiday, Mr. Jerry Cloves, Timmy O'Maher, Joe Bland, Andrew Simpson, &c.—All men, figuring, in their respective classes, conspicuously. O'Maher's life, from the *Vinegar-hill* time, when he was a Catholic priest, down to his last hours, would be the essence of incident and interest. Much is pressing forward for Turfiana!

to ask him how he betted on the morrow's race—"Come, lay me the odds, Tommy, against Ajax, (a horse in a stake the next day), lay me 60 to 10" (the real odds against the horse). Tommy replied, "Na! Na! Let be, lad,—gang to sleep Waggy! its Soonday noight,—gang to sleep!" Wagstaff pressed him.—Tommy appealed to the Sabbath, to his not wishing to bet.—"Gang to sleep, Waggy, I dunna want to lay:—where do you expect to ga?" At length, hard pressed, and apparently no rest being allowed him for the night, by his *Leg* in the other bed.—Tommy said, "Well, Waggy, and it moost be, it moost—I'll lay thee 50 to 20 again Ajax (the horse named) and Baby," (another animal named in the same stake). Wagstaff haggled at first, and subsequently closed with him, by taking the bet—and *he found in the morning that Baby was DEAD!*

London (New) Sporting Magazine.

THE HANDLEY-CROSS HOUNDS.—No. XI.

CAPTAIN DOLEFUL, ever anxious for the prosperity of the town, and for his own especial emolument, conceived that a hunt dinner on the night of his ball might have the effect of drawing divers rural parties to the town who would not otherwise honor him with their presence. No sooner was the project conceived than he hastened to communicate it to the worthy master of the hounds, Mr. Jorrocks. Of course, the eclat it would give to the hunt, and the brilliancy it would reflect on his mastership, were the main points Captain Doleful urged in favor of his proposal, and Mr. Jorrocks, nothing loath to indulge in a good dinner, especially where he was to play "first fiddle," readily came into the proposition, and accordingly the following advertisement was prepared for immediate insertion in the Handley-cross Paul Pry:—

"HANDLEY-CROSS FOX-HOUNDS!

"There will be a HUNT DINNER, at the Dragon Hotel, on the night of the Master of the Ceremonies' Ball, at which Members of the Hunt and the Public in general, are invited to attend."

"MR. JORROCKS IN THE CHAIR."

"Tickets, twelve shillings each, to be had at the bar of the Dragon Hotel up to five o'clock on Monday evening, after which none can possibly be issued."

Never was a happier device, or one more eminently successful. Not only did all the visitors of the place hasten to secure tickets, but people from great distances, Margate, Ramsgate, Broadstairs, Maidstone, Tunbridge, and even Rye, showered in their orders by the Post, and it soon became apparent that an overflowing bumper would be the result. The longest long room at the Dragon was soon declared inefficient for the accommodation of the party, and the masons and joiners were summoned to lay the adjoining bed-room to the end, which would afterwards be restored to privacy by the means of folding-doors. Then came the usual joining and fitting of tables, the measuring of table-cloths, the borrowing of knives, forks, glasses, salt-sellers, decanters, and waiters. Captain Doleful flew about the town like a lost

dog in search of its master. When Mr. Snubbins, the landlord of the Dragon failed in accomplishing a loan, the Captain exerted his authority in compelling one. What with his ball and the dinner he scarcely had time for his meals.

On the Monday he bespoke an audience with Mr. Jorrocks to put the finishing stroke to his arrangements. He was duly received in the dining-room of Diana Villa, where pens, ink, and paper, were laid for his coming. The dinner, he assured the worthy master, was calculated to make him eminent in the eyes of all men, and most materially to aid the financial department of the hunt. "There will be," said he, "a gathering from all quarters. Men from every point—sportsmen of every shade and grade are about to assemble, and if you can manage to tickle the fancy of each with a speech, so as to make him believe his favorite sport is the best, there is no saying but in the happy mood most men are when pleased and half drunk, you may draw a good many into becoming members or subscribing."

"There can be no difficulty whatsoever at all," replied Mr. Jorrocks, "in making them a werry 'andsome speech—beautiful speech, I may say; but in course they can't expect me to tell them that I think any sport better than 'unting."

"Why as to that," rejoined Captain Doleful, "it makes little odds what a man says on an occasion of this sort, especially a chairman, whose first care should be to put every one in good humor with himself; and if you were to outstep the real facts a little for once, no one would ever think of throwing it in your teeth on a future occasion;—for instance now, Captain Lengthways, the great courser from the Isle of Thanet, has written for tickets for three,—himself, his son, and a friend,—in order that he may have the honor of making your acquaintance, and then of presenting his son in due form. Of course you will take an early opportunity during the evening of buttering him, by introducing as a toast the beautiful sport of coursing, which you may say is one of the most classical and elegant of field sports, and say that it is one which you feel a peculiar pleasure in proposing, inasmuch as you have been given to understand that one of the most distinguished patrons of the leash has honored the Handley-cross Hunt dinner with his presence, which affords you an opportunity of coupling with the sport the name of the gallant Captain Lengthways, and of course the toast will be responded to with a heavy round of good Kentish fire, which will lay the Captain open to the insinuating applications of Mr. Fleeceall, and you may reckon him, if not his son also, a member of your hunt for a year at all events, especially if you get him to pay the money down on the nail."

"Humph!" said Mr. Jorrocks, turning it over in his mind whether he could do such violence to his feelings as to praise the sport of coursing, or call it *sport* at all, for the sake of the three sovereigns he would get by Captain Lengthways becoming a member of the hunt. Nothing daunted, Captain Doleful proceeded with his enumeration and recommendations. Mr. Trippitt and the famous cricketer from Winchelsea will most likely come. He was the founder of the Winchelsea Cricket Club, which beat John Bailey's club at Lord's the year but one before last—you should toast him and his club together, and of course you would string a lot of sentences together in praise of the

game of cricket, which you are doubtless aware is becoming a most popular game all over England. There is Mr. Ringmore, the quoit player from Lewes, and loads of people who have some hobby or other for their private riding, who should all be toasted in turn."

"Werry well," said Mr. Jorrocks, "there cannot be not never no objection whatsoever at all, to saying something pleasant and soapy of all the wariosus amusements, but it is werry difficult and inconvenient to have so many cut and dried speeches, as well as one's dinner, aboard at the same time. If I could manage to couple two or three of them together—such as coursing, fishing and fiddling, for instance—it would suit my constitution better."

"That would not do," replied Captain Doleful, "because one of the objects in singling out a sport or diversion to give as a toast is the circumstance of some patron or follower being at table, who will make a speech in reply; but if you club two or three together, not only will you fail in getting any one to consider the toast as a compliment, but no one will rise to acknowledge it; because, though he may be a keen follower of one branch of sport, he may care nothing about the thing you couple with it—You understand?"

"Then we must jest dot down wot we think should be given," observed Mr. Jorrocks, "and also wot I should say, for it is far more than probable, indeed I should say it is most likely, that in the heat and noise, and lush and flush, and one thing and another, I shall forget one half of the toast, and possibly give the coursing man to the fiddling feller, or the cricketer instead of the quoit-player." Thereupon Mr. Jorrocks took pen and paper, and proceeded to draw out his list of toasts.

"In course, 'the Queen, and her stag 'ounds,' will come first," observed he, writing the words at the head of a long slip of paper—adding "bumper toast, Kentish fire." "Do you think there will be any staggering sinner there to acknowledge the toast?"

"Probably there will," replied the Captain, "at all events, if there isn't, I would say a few words in return, as it would not look well to let the toast pass without saying something on behalf of our young and virtuous Queen. I can acknowledge it, as vice-president, and also as holding her Majesty's commission."

"Well, then," said Mr. Jorrocks, "let's see what should come next? Should n't it be the 'Andley-cross Fox-'ounds, and my werry good health?"

"No—that will be too soon. The chairman's health should never be given until the company have had a few glasses of wine to elate them for shouting. Besides, your health will be the toast of the evening, and things always become flat after that is given, and perhaps the company will begin to disperse."

"Werry well—any thing for a quiet life—what shall we put then?"

"Why, Mr. Strider, the great racing man of these parts, will most likely come; and if so, you should give the 'Turf. Besides, he is a very likely man to become a member of the hunt, if not to subscribe, now that there is a regular master, his only excuse for not doing so when the committee had the hounds being that he did n't like partnership concerns in any thing but race horses."

"The Turf, and Mr. Strider's good health!" Mr. Jorrocks wrote

down—adding the words—“improve breed of losses—promote sport—lower orders—mount cavalry—lick the world,” as the headings for his speech.

“Come now, jog on,” said Mr. Jorrocks, looking at the nib of his pen, “we’ve only got two toasts ready as yet—should n’t we give Fox-’unting?”

“Oh, certainly,” replied Captain Doleful, “that is a general toast, and acceptable to all; besides, Mr. Yarnley will be at the dinner,” observed Captain Doleful. “He has two capital covers, and one capital speech, which he likes letting off. Write down ‘Mr. Yarnley, and Promoters of Fox-hunting!’ for he does n’t hunt himself, and only preserves foxes in order that he may have his health drank at ordinaries and public dinners, when he tells the company how he always has preserved foxes, and does preserve foxes, and will preserve foxes, and so forth.”

Mr. Jorrocks then added Mr. Yarnley’s name to the list of toasts, adding the words, “proprietors of covers and promoters of fox-’unting,” and the following headings for a speech—“Considerate gentleman—free from selfishness—good example.” “We should fire this toast, I think,” added Mr. Jorrocks, “especially as I suppose the gemman takes no rent for his covers.”

“I believe not,” replied Captain Doleful, upon which Mr. Jorrocks put the word “fire” after “good example.”

“Now coursing should come, I think,” remarked Captain Doleful, “and Captain Lengthway’s health. He’s a great man at the Deptford meeting, and thinks coursing the only sport worth following.”

“He must be a werry big blockhead then,” replied Mr. Jorrocks, laying down his pen and stretching out his legs as though he were going to take “the rest.” “A werry remarkable Jackass indeed, I should say. Now of all slow, starvation, great coat, comforter, worsted stocking, dirty nose sort of amusement, that same melancholy coursing is to me the most miserably contemptible. It’s a satire upon racing.”

“Never mind,” said Captain Doleful, “Lengthway’s guinea will be as good as any other man’s; and, as I said before, a chairman is not expected to swear to all he says—your business is to endeavor to please every one, so that they may all tell their wives and daughters what a most delightful, amiable, all in the ring sort of gentleman Mr. Jorrocks is.”

“Aye, that’s all werry good, but conscience is conscience after all, and coursing is coursing. It’s as bad as drinking the Andley-cross waters to have to praise wot one does n’t like. I’ll give the merry ’arriers, before coursing, howsomever,” said Mr. Jorrocks, putting down the words hare ’unting, “will there be any currant-jelly boy to return thanks? I’m sure there will, indeed, for I never knew a mixed party yet without a master of muggers among them.”

To this toast Mr. Jorrocks added the words—“nose—fine music—pleasant—soup. Now,” said he, “we’ve got the Queen and the staggers—Strider and the turf—fox-’unting—Yarnley and proprietors of covers—the merry ’arriers.”

“Put ‘coursing’ next, then,” said Doleful, “it will follow hare-hunting very well and be all in the soup line.”

“Well if you must have it, you must,” replied Mr. Jorrocks, writing

down the word "coursing—who acknowledges the toast—ah; Lengthways—*Captain*, I think you said he is? *Captain Lengthways*—a werry good man—to return thanks for the long dogs—blow me if I knows what to say though in giving it." "Oh! say it's classical, and a fine bracing amusement." Mr. Jorrocks added the words "fine amusement."

"Well, that's five bumpers from the chair," observed Captain Doleful, "and now we'll let you take your breath a little—unless Mr. Snapper comes, when you must give pigeon-shooting and the triggers generally. I'll now toast the chair."

"The chair," wrote Mr. Jorrocks, "that's me. Kentish fire in course."

"Of course," replied Captain Doleful, "I shall butter you uncommonly."

"With all my 'eart—I can stand a wast of praise—not easily choaked I assure you."

"Well then, after that, and after your speech, which of course will be highly complimentary to the company, and full of promises of what you will do, you must propose my health—as master of the ceremonies of Handley-cross Spa."

"And as a great sportsman!" added Mr. Jorrocks.

"No, I'd rather not—the fact is, I only hunt on the sly. If the Dowagers thought I did not devote my whole time and energies to the town amusements, they would grumble, and say I was always out hunting instead of attending to the important duties of my post. No; just confine yourself to the M. C. department, not forgetting to insinuate that it is my ball night, and to express a hope that all the company will honor it with their presence; you might say something, apparently facetious, in the way of a hint about giving guineas for their tickets."

"Werry good," said Mr. Jorrocks, writing down "*Captain Doleful, M. C., not sportsman—pleasant feller—nice ball—pumps in pocket—tickets at bar—guinea.*" "You'll be 'fired,' I suppose?"

"Of course," said the Captain—"all the honors—one cheer more if you can get it."

Cricketing, quoit-playing, shooting, badger-baiting, steeple-chasing, hurdle-racing, crow-shooting, and divers other sporting, extraordinary, and extravagant toasts were then added; some to fit people that were known to be coming, others put down to take the chance of any amateur of the amusement presenting himself unexpectedly at the table.

"Werry well now," said Mr. Jorrocks at last, dotting up the column of toasts with his pen, "that is two, four, six, seven, eight, ten, twelve, fourteen, sixteen. Sixteen bumper toasts, with speeches both going and returning, to say nothing of shouting, which always tells on weak 'eads. Wot shall we say next?"

"Oh?" said Captain Doleful, in an indifferent sort of way, as much as to say the important business of the evening would be finished on drinking his health "why just pass the bottle a few times, or if you see a gentleman with a singing face call on him for a song; or address your neighbor right or left, and say you'll trouble him to give a gentleman and his hounds."

"A gentleman and his 'ounds," said Mr. Jorrocks, "but they'll have had a gentleman and his 'ounds when they've had me."

"Ah but that's nothing—'a gentleman and his hounds,' is a fine serviceable toast at a hunt dinner. I've known a gentleman and his hounds—a gentleman and his hounds—a gentleman and his hounds—serve chairman, vice-chairman, and company, throughout the live long evening, without the slightest assistance from any other source. Fox-hunters are easily pleased, if you do but give them plenty to drink. Let me, however, intreat of you above all things to remember my ball, and do not let them oversit the thing, so as not to get to it."

"Certainly not," replied Mr. Jorrocks, "I'll vip them off to you when I think they've had enough."

No. XII.

THE important night drew on, and with it came all the concomitant cares, excitements, and difficulties of a double-event. The interests of all hearts and minds were centred in that day. None looked beyond. The dinner and dance formed the boundary of their mental horizon. At an early hour in the afternoon numerous rural vehicles came jingling and dribbling into Handley-cross, with the mud of many countries on their wheels. Here was Squire Jorum's, the chairman of quarter sessions, green chariot, with fat Mrs. Jorum and three fat little Miss Jorums crammed inside, young Mr. Jorum having established himself alongside a very antediluvian-looking coachman, in dark drab, with a tarnished gold band on a new hat, who vainly plied the thong and crop of a substantial half pig-driver, half horse-breaker's whip along the ribs and hind quarters of a pair of very fat square-tailed, heavy, rough-coated, coarse-headed, lumbering nags, to induce them to trot becomingly into the town. Imperials, a cap box, a maid in the rumble, all ensconced in band boxes, proclaim their destiny for that day. Captain Slasher from "Chatham, Stroud, and Rochester," with a hired barouche and four hack screws, all jibbing and pulling different ways—the barouche full of miscellaneous foot cornets in plain clothes (full of creases of course), dashes down East-street, and nearly scatters his cargo over the road, by cutting it fine between Squire Jorum's carriage and the post. A yellow dennet passes by, picked out with chalk, mud, and black stripes—two polar bear-looking gentlemen, in enormous pea-jackets, plentifully be-pocketed, with large wooden buttons, are smoking cigars and driving with a cane-handled hunting whip. Then a "yellow," with the driver sitting on the cross-bar, whose contents, beyond a bonnet and a hat, are invisible, in consequence of the window having more wood than glass in its composition, works its way up, and in its turn is succeeded by another private carriage with a pair of posters.

Then there was such a ringing of bells, a calling of waiters, a cursing of chambermaids, and blasting of boots, at the various hotels, in consequence of the inability of the houses to swell themselves out to three times their ordinary size, and accommodate the extraordinary influx of guests. "Very sorry, indeed," said Mr. Snubbins, the landlord of the Dragon, twisting a dirty duster round his thumb, "very sorry indeed, sir," speaking to a red-faced big-whiskered head, thrust out of a carriage window, "we are full up to the attics—not a shake down or sofa unoccupied; can get you a nice lodging out, if you like

—very comfortable.”—“D—n your comfortables, you lying thief—do you suppose I can’t do that for myself. Well, by gum, if ever you catch me coming to your house again I hope I may be ———.” The wish was lost by some one pulling the irate gentleman back into the chaise; and after a short parley inside, during which three single gentlemen applied to Mr. Snubbins for the accommodation of a room amongst them to dress in for dinner; the boy was ordered to drive on, and make the grand tour of the inns.

Weary, most weary were the doings at the Dragon. *Ring a ding, ding a ding, ding*, went the ostler’s bell at the gate—“room for a carriage and pair?” “Whose is it?” “Mrs. Grout’s!” “No, quite full!” The ostler muttering to himself, “Mrs. Grouts and two feeds—sixpence for ostler.” *Ring a ding, ding a ding, ding a ding, dong*—Ostler again—“coming out!” “Who now?” “Squire Goose-ander! four posters, piping hot, white lather, boys beer’y, four on to Hollins-hall, bait there, back to ball—sixpence a mile for good driving—out they come—there’s your ticket—pay back and away.”

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, went a little bell, as though it would never stop.

“WAITER!” roared a voice from the top of the house, that came like a crash of thunder after the insignificant precursor, “am I to ring here all day? Where’s the boots? I sent him for a barber an hour ago, and here I’ve been starving in my shirt-sleeves ever since.” “Now Jane, Miss Tramp wants her shoes.” “Where’s the chambermaid?” exclaimed a gentleman, rushing half frantic down stairs, “here’s a man got into my room, and swears he will dress in-it.” “Oh! I begs pardon, sir,” replied the chambermaid, trying to smooth him over, “we really are *so full*, and I didn’t think you’d be coming in so soon.”

“Waiter! somebody has changed my place at dinner! I was next Mr. Walter Dale, and now they’ve put me below Mr. Barker’s—between him and Mr. Alcock—who the devil’s done it?” “Boots! Porter! Boots! run down to Mr. Ingledew the tailor’s—you know him, don’t you? Corner of Hill-street—just as you turn off the esplanade—and tell him he’s sent me the wrong coat. Not half the size of my own—more like a strait-jacket than any thing else—and here! desire Mrs. Kirton to send some ball gloves for me to try on—lemon color or white—three and sixpenny ones.” “Lauk, I’ve come away and left Miss Eliza’s stockings, I do declare!” exclaims Jemima Thirlwell, Miss Eliza Rippon’s ladies-maid, pale with fear,—“what *shall* I do? Never was any thing so unlucky—just took them to run my hand through and see they were all right, and left them hanging over the back of the chair. Know as well where they are as possible—but what’s the use of that when they are ten miles off?” “Waiter, what time’s dinner?” “Five o’clock, sir, and no waiting—Mr. Jorrock’s swears he’ll take the chair at five precisely, whether its served or not,” adds the waiter, with a grin.

Then there was such work in the kitchen—Susan Straker, the cook, like all the sisterhood, was short in her temper, and severe and endless were the trials it underwent in consequence of the jingling and tinkling of the bells calling away the chambermaids who were to have assisted her in the kitchen. Then Mr. Jorrock’s deranged her whole

system by insisting upon having a sucking pig and roast goose that she intended for centre dishes, right under his nose at the top of the table ; added to which, the fish were late in coming, and there wasn't half enough macaroni in the town as would make an inn dish.

"Now, Jun," said Mrs. Jorrocks to her loving spouse, taking a finishing look of our hero as he emerged from his bed-room, in the full dress uniform of his hunt, "see and conduct yourself like a gentleman and with dignity, and above all, keep *sober*—nothing so vulgar or ungenteel as getting intosticated. Belinda and I will call for you at ten minutes past ten, to take you on to the ball ; for, in course, it can't commence till we come, and it wont be politeful to keep people waiting too long."

"Jest so," replied Mr. Jorrocks, adjusting a capacious shirt frill in the glass ; "Binjamin ! Bènjimin, I say ! run and fatch the fly."

Mr. Jorrocks was uncommonly smart, all spic and span new. New sky-blue coat, lined with pink satin, finely starched white waistcoat, new canary-colored shorts, below which appeared a pair of splendid calves, encased in gauze white silk stockings, and his feet appeared in shining shoes with silver buckles. At either knee a profusion of white ribbon dangled in graceful elegance, looking for all the world like wedding favors. Benjamin, notwithstanding his boasting and taunting of Samuel Strong, knew his master too well, and the taste of his whip also, to attempt any of the exclusive tricks in the way of service, he gave himself credit for acting, and settling himself into his frock coat, and drawing on a pair of clean white Berlins, sufficiently long at the fingers to allow the ends to dribble in the soup plates, he wiped his nose across the left-hand one, and running away down to the stand, very soon had a fly at the door. Jorrocks stepped in, and Benjamin mounted behind with all the dignity of a seven-foot figure footman. Away they dash to the Dragon.

Notwithstanding the descent of a drizzling rain, and the "inclement season of the year," as newspapers phrase it, there was a crowd of servants, post-boys, beggars, and loiterers hanging about the arched gate-way of the Dragon to get a sight of our renowned hero alighting from his fly ; and great was the rushing and jostling to the door as it drew up. Mr. Snubbins the landlord, a choleric little man, with snub nose and a pimple on the end of it, had put himself into a white waistcoat, with his best blue coat and black kerseymere shorts, to officiate behind Mr. Jorrocks's chair, and hearing his name bandied about on his arrival, met him at the foot of the stairs with all-becoming respect, and proceeded to conduct him into the waiting-room. There was a strongish muster, but two melancholy mould candles, in kitchen candlesticks, placed on the centre of a large table, shed such a dismal ray about the room, that little was distinguishable, save a considerable mass of white, and an equally large portion of a darker color. Some thirty or forty members of the hunt, strangers and others, were clustered about, and there was a dull funeral-sort of hum of a conversation, interrupted every now and then by the recognition of friends, and the entrance of another arrival into the dingy apartment. Then there was the usual hiding of hats and cloaks—the secretion of umbrellas, goloshes, and sticks, and the expression of hopes that they might be forthcoming when wanted.

Meanwhile the savory smell of dinner fighting its way up the crowded staircase, in the custody of divers very long-coated postboys turned waiters, and a most heterogenous lot of private servants, some in top-boots, some in gaiters, some few in white cotton stockings, and the most out of the way misfitting liveries, entered the waiting-room, and the company began to prepare for the rush. All things, soup, fish, joints, vegetables, poultry, pastry, and game, being at length adjusted, and the covers taken off to allow them to get nicely cooled, Mr. Snubbins borrowed a candle from the lower end of the table, and forthwith proceeded to inform Mr. Jorrocks that dinner was served.

Great was the rush ! The worthy citizen was carried out of the waiting-room across the landing, and half way up the dining-room, before he could recover his legs, and he scrambled to his seat at the head of the table, amidst loud cries of " Sir, this is my seat ! waiter, take this person out."—" Who are you ?"—" You'r another !"—" Mind your eye !"—" I *will* be here !"—" I say you wont though !"—" That's my bread." Parties at length get wedged in. The clamor gradually subsides into an universal clatter of plates, knives, and forks, occasionally diversified with the exclamation of "*waiter !*" or " Sir, I'll be happy to take wine with you." Harmony gradually returns, as the dinner progresses, and ere the chopped cheese makes its appearance, the whole party is in excellent humor. Grace follows cheese, and the " feast of reason" being over, the table is cleared for the " flow of soul."

A long web of green baize, occasionally interrupted by the inequalities of the various tables, succeeds, and clean glasses with replenished decanters, and biscuit plates, for they do not sport dessert, are scattered at intervals along the surface. The last waiter at length takes his departure, and eyes begin to turn towards the chair.

" Mr. Wice !" roars Mr. Jorrocks, rising and hitting the table with an auctioneer's hammer, " Mr. Wice President, I say !" he repeats in a louder and more authoritative tone, amid cries of " Chair ! chair ! order ! order ! silence ! silence !" " I rises," says he, looking especially important, " to propose a toast, a bumper toast in fact, that I feels convinced you will all drink with werry 'earty satisfaction—it is the 'ealth of our young, virtuous, and amiable Queen (applause), a werry proper toast to give at a great sporting dinner like this, seeing as how she is a werry nice little 'ooman, and keeps a pack of stag-'ounds. Gentlemen, I need not tell you that stag-'unting is a sport of great h'antiquity, as the curiosity shopkeepers say ; but they couldn't do it in nothing like the style in former days that they do now, so in that respects we have the better of the old h'ancients. Who hasn't seen Frank Grant's grand pictor of the meet of the stag-'ounds on H'ascot 'eath ? That will tell you how its done now—French polish, blue satin ties, such as Esau never could sport. That's a pictor my bouys, and when I've 'unted your country to the satisfaction of you all, as I've no manner of doubt at all that I shall, then you subscribe and get Frank to paint me and my 'ounds. And now for the toast," added Mr. Jorrocks, raising a brimming bumper high in hand—" The Queen and her Stag-'ounds !" drank with a full and heavy round of Kentish fire. After resuming his seat a few seconds, during which

time he conned the next toast in his mind, Mr. Jorrocks rose and called for another bumper, just as Captain Doleful was rising to return thanks on behalf of Her Majesty.

"Mr. Wice," he roared out, "I rise to propose another bumper toast, and one that I feel convinced you will all be most 'appy to drink—We have just had the honor of drinking the health of the Queen, and that great national branch of sporting called 'stag'-unting,' I now have to propose to your favorable consideration another and an equally important branch of British diversion, and one for which this country long has, and ever will, stand most preheminently conspicuous—I allude to the noble sport of racing (*hear, hear, hear*, from Mr. Strider, and a slight jingling of glasses from friends in his neighborhood)—Gentlemen, racing is a sport of great h'antiquity, so old, in fact, that I can't go back to the time when it commenced. It is owing to racing and the turf, that we now possess our superior breed of 'osses, who not only amuse the poor people wot can't afford to 'unt, by their running, but so improve our breed of cavalry, as enables us to lick the world (*cheers*). I am sure, gentlemen, you will all agree that racing is one of the noblest and most delightful sports going, and honored as we are, this evening, by the presence of one of the highest h'ornaments of the British turf," (Mr. Jorrocks looking most insinuatingly down the table at Strider, as much as to say, "that will do you, my boy.") "I feels assured I need only couple with the turf the popular name of Strider (*loud cheers*), to insure a burst of hearty and enthusiastic applause." Jorrocks was right in his surmise, for no sooner was the name pronounced, than there was such a thumping of the baize-covered tables, such a kicking of the floor, and such a shouting and clapping of hands, that the concluding words of his speech were audible only to our reporter, who was accommodated with a small round table and a large bottle of port, immediately behind the chair.

Captain Strider was rightly named Strider, for he was an immensely tall man, and drew himself out from under the table as though he was never going to end. He had a frightful squint, so that when he meant to look at the chair, one eye appeared settled half way down the table, and the other seemed to rest upon the ceiling. He was dressed in a round racing cut-away-coat, with basket buttons, drab trousers, and a buff waistcoat, with a striped neckcloth—He had made money by racing, and if he had done it honestly, he was a much belied man on the turf, but as he spent it freely, and not one man in a hundred cares to ask how it comes, he was popular in his neighborhood.

"He felt deeply sensible of the honor that had been done him by their distinguished chairman and that great meeting, not only by the manner in which his health had been proposed, but for the handsome compliment that had been paid to the great national and all enjoyable sport of racing, which he felt assured required no recommendation from him, as no one could partake of it once without being fully convinced of its infinite superiority and worth. He was happy to see that his humble exertions in the great and good cause had not been altogether thrown away, for in the list of races for next year, he saw many names that had never been put down before, and having now got a master of hounds, whose name was closely associated with every thing that was sporting and popular, he made no doubt things would

proceed in a true rail-way style of progression, and the name of Mr. Jorrocks would be followed by every well-wisher to that noble animal, the horse. The list of Chatham races for next year, he would take the liberty of handing up to the chair," producing, as he spoke, a long half-printed, half-manuscript sheet from his coat pocket, "and, in conclusion, he had only to repeat his most grateful thanks for the very distinguished honor they had done him."

Thereupon three-quarters of the orator disappeared under the table. The list passed quickly up, for no one ventured to look at it, lest a subscription should be inferred, and on its reaching the president, he very deliberately folded it up, and put it into his pocket. Mr. Strider looked all manner of ways except straight, at Mr. Jorrocks, who very complacently proceeded with his list of toasts. "Gentlemen," cried he, getting up again, "Mr. Vice-President and gentlemen!" he exclaimed, "the next toast is one that I feel assured you will drink with werry great satisfaction, and in a full bumper, with real Kentish fire.—It is the health of a gentleman now present, who though no fox-'unter himself, the more's the pity, is nevertheless a real friend to the sport, and not one of your nasty selfish warmints, who destroys foxes because he does not care about Tallihoing himself, but with most trumpish consideration, does his best to promote the sport of his friends and neighbors, thereby setting an example werry worthy of imitation by all, both great and small (cheers).—When I say it's the health of a gentleman wot gives a brace of covers, free gratis, all for nothing, to the 'Andley-cross 'Unt, your percussion imaginations will readily supply the name of Yarnley (loud applause), and I propose we drink in a full bumper, the health of Mr. Yarnley and all proprietors of covers and promoters of fox-'unting." This toast was drunk with very great applause, and some seconds elapsed before silence was restored—Mr. Yarnley then rose,—

He too, was a tallish man, but coming after Strider he looked less than he really was, added to which, a frock coat (sky blue, with pink lining), rather detracted from his height—His face was long and red, his nose very short and thick, and his hair very straight—"Mr. President and gentlemen," said he, very slowly, fixing his eyes steadily on a biscuit plate before him, "for the honor you have done me—hem—in drinking my health—hem—I beg—hem—to return you—hem—my most sincere thanks—hem—and gentlemen, I can only say—hem—that I have always been a friend—hem—to fox-'unting—hem (cheers)—and I always shall be a friend to fox-hunting, gentlemen (cheers)—which I am sure is a most agreeable sport (cheers)—hem, hem—and, gentlemen, I hope you will always find foxes in my covers,—hem (applause), for I can only say, gentlemen, that I do preserve foxes, gentlemen—hem (renewed applause)—and I always have preserved foxes, gentlemen,"—hem, hem—when Yarnley, seeming about brought up, the company cheered, and drinking off his heel taps, he concluded with saying, "and gentlemen, I always *will* preserve foxes!"

"Mr. Vice-President," roared Mr. Jorrocks, above the clamor that now began to prevail, as tongues became loosened with the juice of the grape, "Mr. Vice-President, having drank the first of all sports, let us not forget another werry pleasant branch of 'unting that many delight in who cannot partake of the other, and which is useful as well as

pleasant, I mean 'are 'unting—It is wot I call a werry nice lady-like amusement, and though we had no 'are soup at dinner, I makes no doubt we have some werry keen 'are 'unters at table for all that.—I begs to give you 'are 'unting and the merry 'arriers."

While Mr. Jorrocks was delivering himself of this eloquence, an evident uneasiness prevailed among divers fat, ruddy-faced gentlemen, chiefly dressed in single-breasted green coats, with bright buttons, and drab breeches, with woollen stockings, who were scattered among the company, as to who should acknowledge the honor that was done their calling, and gradually they turned to one sportsman near Mr. Jorrocks, who, bolder than the rest, returned thanks in a dribbling cold-hunting sort of speech, while some dozen stood up to signify their approbation of the sentiments of the speaker, and their sense of the honor that had been individually done them.

Coursing followed hare-hunting, according to previous arrangement, which Mr. Jorrocks described as a fine useful sport, and expatiated largely on the merits of "'are soup," and "jugged 'are."

Captain Lengthways briefly acknowledged the honor.

Doleful now began twisting his face into a variety of contortions, as the time approached for him to let off his cut and dried speech—He had it in notes under his biscuit plate, at least all the long words he was likely to forget, and now was the time for pouring them upon the company—"Gentlemen!" said he, in a shrill penny-trumpet sort of voice, hitting the table with his knuckles, "Gentlemen!" he repeated, without drawing the attention of the company to his upright position—

"SILENCE," roared Mr. Jorrocks, like Jupiter himself, and the noise was quelled on the instant.

"Gentlemen," repeated Captain Doleful, for the third time, "often as it has fallen to my lot to address meetings of my friends and fellow-citizens, never, no never, did I rise with feelings of such unmitigated embarrassment and trepidation, as I do upon the present occasion, for I rise to take upon myself the high and important honor of offering to one of the most distinguished and enlightened assemblies human being ever addressed, (loud cheers) a toast that no tongue can do justice in proposing, for it is the health of a man whose worth is superior to any form of words the English language is capable of supplying (immense cheers). "'Ookey Valke," said Mr. Jorrocks in an under tone,— "Gentlemen," continued Captain Doleful, "deeply conscious as I am of my own unworthiness and incapacity, I would infinitely prefer comprising the toast in the magic name of the gentleman whose health it is, were it not for the honorable and important office of master of the ceremonies of this unrivalled town, which renders it imperative upon me to attempt, however feebly and defectively, a slight portraiture of his unrivalled and surpassing worth. (cheers)—Gentlemen, whether I regard our great master in his private relation as a friend and companion, or look at him in that resplendent cynosure, formed by the mastership of the Handley-cross fox-hounds. I know not in which character I feel the greatest difficulty and barrenness of expression—the greatest paucity of words—of similie—of fitting comparison (loud cheers). In the one, our estimable chairman is all mildness and beauty, like the blessed evening star; and in the other, all manly energy, boldness, daring, and determination, like the lion lord of the

forest, rampant for his prey!" (renewed cheers.) "'Ookey Valker," again said Mr. Jorrocks, blowing his nose—"Unbounded in his liberality—unbounded in his hospitality—unbounded in his urbanity, his private character is equalled only by his public one (loud cheers). They are like rival moons! opposition suns! (immense cheers). But, gentlemen, what boots it for a humble, unworthy individual like myself, to occupy your valuable time (cries of 'go on,' 'go on,') in attempting to do justice to a subject that, as I have already said, is above the reach of praise; above the power of words to accomplish; let me rather resume the place I humbly occupy at this festive board—resume it at least until my important avocations call me, and *you*, I hope I may add," grinning like a death's head upon the company, "to another, and equally enchanting scene; but, before I sit down, let me utter the magic words, 'health and long life to John Jorrocks!'"

The latter words were delivered in something between a screech and a yell, but, fortunately, the unearthly sound was immediately quelled by the instantaneous rising of the company, who, in the most uproarious manner—some standing on their chairs, others with one leg on a chair and another on the table—roared forth the most deafening discharge of Kentish fire that ever was discharged in the Dragon, while Mr. Jorrocks sat wondering how long it would last. After a lapse of some minutes, order began to be restored—the company gradually got shuffled into their seats, and filling himself a bumper of port, Mr. Jorrocks at length rose to return thanks.

"Well, now, dash my vig," said he, sticking his thumbs into the arm-holes of his waistcoat, "but my friend Miserrimus has buttered me uncommon (laughter and cheers). Never was so regularly soaped in my life (renewed laughter). A werry little more might have made one doubt his sincerity. I'm the man for all sorts of lark, and no mistake—one that goes the *extreme* animal—the entire pig—without a doubt. 'Unting is the foremost passion of my 'eart! compared with it all others are flat, tame, and unprofitable (cheers and laughter). It's not never of no manner of use 'umbugging about the matter, but there's no sport fit to hold a candle to fox-'unting (cheers from the blue-coated party). Talk of stag 'unting! might as well 'unt a h'ass—see a great lollopping beggar blobbing about the market-gardens near London, with a pack of 'ounds at his 'eels, and call that diversion! My vig, wot a go (laughter). Puss 'unting is werry well for cripples, and those that keep donkeys (renewed cheers from the blues, with angry looks from the green-coated gentry)—Blow me tight, but I never sees a chap a trudging along the turnpike, with a thick stick in his 'and, and a pipe in his mouth, but I says to myself, there goes a man well-mounted for 'arriers! (immense laughter and uproar, in the midst of which the green party left the room)—I wouldn't be a master of muggers for no manner of money! (renewed laughter). Coursing should be made felony!—(Captain Lengthways looked unutterable things). Racing is only for rogues!—(Strider squinted frightfully). I never goes into Tat.'s on a betting-day, but I says to myself as I looks at the crowd by the subscription-room door, there's a nice lot o' petty larceny lads!"

Strider drew himself from under the table, and shaking a fist towards Mr. Jorrocks, while his eyes looked across, and down, and

round the room, every where but at the chairman, he stalked off, followed by Lengthways, and Lengthways's son, and a gentleman for whom Lengthways had paid, and brought Bodkin in the chaise, amid ironical cheers from the blues, who encouraged Mr. Jorrocks by the most vociferous applause.—“Believe me, my beloved bouys,” continued Mr. Jorrocks, perfectly unconscious of the movement, or the mischief he was doing, “that ‘unting, ‘unting, ‘unting, is the sport! Oh,” said he, with up-turned eyes, “vot a martyr I am to the chase! It makes me perfectly mad—I dreams about it night after night, and every night—sometimes I’m tormented with foxes—I fancy I sees them grinning at me from all parts of the bed-curtains, and even sitting upon the counterpane. Then I kicks them off, and away we all go to the tune of ‘eads up and sterns down. Presently I sees Binjamin a riding on a whirlwind, and directing the chase—Next minute I fancies myself on a pumped out ‘oss, a heaving and sobbing in the heavy, not a soul with the ‘ounds, who are going away with a fresh fox, I jest sees the ‘unted one dead beat, a crawling down an ‘edge-row—I outs with my ‘orn, and blow me tight I can’t sound it! At another time, a butcher’s bouy without an ‘at, comes tearing on a runaway tit right among the ‘ounds who have thrown up in a lane, and the crashing and yelling is hawful. Again, I dreams, that jest as the darlings are running into the warmint all savage and bristling for blood, a flock of sheep cross their line, when every ‘ound seizes his mutton, and then I sees a man with a long bill in his ‘and, with a lawyer in the distance, making towards me, and then I avakes. Gentlemen; none but an ‘untsman knows an ‘untsman’s cares! But come, never mind! care killed the cat! vot’s the toast?” said he, stooping and looking at his list. “Ah! I sees,” reading to himself,—“Doleful; M. C., great sportsman, pleasant feller—Gentlemen,” he roared out, resuming an erect position, “pray charge your glasses—bumper-toast—no ‘eel-taps, no sky-lights, but reg’lar downright brimming bumpers to the ‘ealth of a man that shall be immortal—Gentlemen, if ever it was utterly impossible to do the right measure of genteel by any one, it is upon the present momentous crisis, when I rises to butter a man that is superior to butter—to oil a man that is Macassar itself. Oh! surely Doleful there,” looking at the vice-chairman, “is a trump and no mistake (laughter). Whether I looks at him as chief of the fantastic toers, or a leading sportsman of our brilliant ‘unt, I doesn’t know which character is the brightest (immense laughter for all who knew Doleful, knew how perfectly innocent he was of sporting—Doleful himself began to make wry faces)—I loves him as a sportsman, though we all know he only ‘unts on the sly; but then what a brilliant boy he is in a ball-room! Talking of that, gentlemen, this is his benefit ball night, and after we have had our twelve shillings-worth of liquor, I vote we should each spend a guinea with Miserri-mus. No one will grudge that trifle for a ticket to so valuable a trump—such a werry pleasant feller, and though guineas don’t grow upon gooseberry bushes, still you must all fork one to-night, for nobody goes in for less.” Doleful, on hearing Jorrocks put this finishing stroke to his hash, wrung his hands, and rushed out of the room, vowing as he went down stairs, that Jorrocks was the d—dest fool—the biggest ass—the greatest idiot—the stupidest sinner that ever came to Hand-

ley-cross Spa—"TALLIHO! gone away!" roared Mr. Jorrocks, as he saw Doleful bolt. "Hark back! hark back!" cried the company, but Doleful was deaf to the rate, and cut away home half frantic with rage.

Mr. Jorrocks resumed his seat, without finishing his speech, after which the bottles circulated freely among the blues, the only party remaining, to the stock toast of a gentleman and his hounds—a gentleman and his hounds—a gentleman and his hounds—until every man had given his sportsman. All these were getting very drunk, and Binjimin came to announce, for the third time within half an hour, that Mrs. Jorrocks was waiting in a fly to go to the ball and wouldn't stay any longer. "Then tell her to go," said Mr. Jorrocks, hiccuping, and you fatch the big bowl of punch that I told Snubbins to have ready. Gentlemen," roared he, "I'll sing you a song I made this morning for our 'unt, but first of all, one of you must take the vice-chair, and act Captain Doleful, because as how he's introduced in the song, and it von't run right without him." After some demur to personating such a humbug, the junior member of the hunt was installed in the vice-chair, and Benjamin making his appearance with a large well-scented, smoking bowl of punch, Mr. Jorrocks produced a sheet of foolscap from his pocket, and recited the following verses, some to one tune, some to another, taking care, however, to suit the action to the word, by dealing out the punch with a most liberal hand.

"Here, Binjimin, hand up the punch,
Bring us a jolly good bowl full—
I see by the way that you crunch,
Your throat must be dry Captain Doleful.

"Come, Binjimin, hand round the bowl,
The 'Handley-cross 'unt' is our toast of,
Though I say it myself, by my soul,
A better all England can't boast of.

"We'll drink it my lads, three times three,
So up on your pins my fine fellows,
And toss off your bumpers like me,
The moment that Binjimin bellows.

"Now, Binjimin, out with your voice,
Like the man you've heard "fine lobsters" selling,
'Twixt his and your own there's no choice,
When both are melodiously swelling.

(Benjamin gives out the toast with a stentorian voice.)

"The 'ANDLEY-CROSS 'UNT—*three times three!*
The 'ANDLEY-CROSS 'UNT; hip! hip! hip! sirs,
The 'ANDLEY-CROSS 'UNT!!! hark at *me*,
'Tis the best of all toasts that we tip, sirs.

"Tallyho! hoop! hoop! hoop and away,
Take the 'unts of all England around, boys,
A stouter or better I'll say,
Than the "'Andley-cross 'Unt' can't be found, boys

"Then, Binjimin, hand round the punch-bowl
Till the gentlemen-sportsmen are bowl full,
I see by the way that they munch,
That their throats are like yourn, Captain Doleful!"

HOW TO BUY A HORSE.—No. I.

BY AN AMATEUR.

THERE is probably no subject of more exciting interest to an Englishman than that which treats of any thing pertaining to the horse.—In this country you will meet but very few men who are not, in a greater or less degree, imbued with the love of field sports : and even those, who, from habits of business, accident, or any other cause, have not acquired that keen relish for these pleasures which men not bred in London or its vicinity usually display, will still, on beholding a fine horse, or in listening to the account of some brilliant run with hounds, and the feats of their followers, betray sufficient signs of animation to give sure token of a spirit lurking within which nothing, but circumstance has been wanting to bring to maturity.

We are essentially a nation of horsemen, and decidedly take the lead of all others in whatever relates to the breeding, management, and training of horses, either for the road, the field, or the turf. The love of horses pervades all ranks, from the Nobleman to the costermonger, and with very many of us is an inborn passion, which clearly manifests itself even in infancy, continuing to augment with our increasing years. It is this very ardor of attachment to our favorite animal that leads many a man to purchase what he considers a good-looking nag, without being in the slightest degree capable of forming a correct judgment either as to his appearance, action, soundness, or value.—The cock of the tail is with many the criterion of beauty, and, provided this be carried high, something after the fashion of a neatly-docked terrier, or nearly so, all imperfections are cast into the shade. Should a horse at the same time hold his head well up, the affair of purchasing him is that of a few minutes : and thus it happens that a jerk with a sharp curb-bit, and a small piece of ginger produce more money in the course of a year than any two little nostrums with which I am acquainted.

The object of the following pages is to put the novice in horse-flesh on his guard against the tricks of dealers of a low class, and to teach him all that is necessary for a man to know who wishes to be able to form an opinion of the soundness and value of a horse, without being forced to credit the *ipse-dixit* of the seller, or to rely on the judgment of others.

Many very useful books have doubtless been published on this subject ; but some are too scientific, others too prolix, and few, if any, of them teach the mode of detecting the tricks that are too frequently resorted to for the purpose of concealing defects and entrapping the unwary. A very few chapters will suffice to reveal the artifices of the lower class of horse-dealers ; and, with a little study and some practical experience, any man may soon acquire sufficient knowledge to prevent his being grossly imposed on by them. Every one must, however, expect to pay for experience, and it is wonderful how the loss of a few pounds in the purchase of screws serves to open a man's eyes to his want of discrimination.

I must beg it to be understood that what I shall write for the edifi-

cation of the unlearned in the ills of horse-flesh is not to be received in the light of a treatise on the diseases of the horse; for as I am not a veterinary surgeon, and moreover have never studied more of the veterinary art than was sufficient, combined with my own experience in purchasing such horses as I have thought would suit me, to enable me to pay no more for a horse than, barring accidents, I could get back for him, I rest my claims to the character of instructor in the art and mystery of purchasing a horse, simply on the basis of experience, the best of all guides on every occasion. And here I may add, that, with the exception of horses that have been ill, or have met with accidents, although in my day I have been possessed of many, and scarcely ever of a bad one, I believe I should have considerable difficulty in making myself out a loser of ten pounds by all the horses put together which I have at any time lost money by—a pretty convincing proof that my judgment of the value of a horse very rarely leads me into error.—My plan is invariably, when I find that I have been deceived in the powers and performance of a horse, and that he does not suit my purpose, to get rid of him to the best bidder, hoping to have better luck with my next purchase; and I have very seldom lost more than two or three pounds in this way. A bad horse is never worth keeping, for he will eat as much as a good one, without your deriving the smallest satisfaction from using him. Indeed, to ride or drive a bad and sluggish animal is an affair far too trying for my disposition, and I therefore take good care that such brutes shall never have an opportunity of disturbing the equanimity of my temper long.

I shall begin by endeavoring to point out the proper shape of a horse, and shall then proceed to notice his defects, whether constituting unsoundness or not, together with the tricks which are resorted to for the purpose of concealing them; after which I may possibly make a few remarks upon the action of the horse, and the best method of managing him in the stable—a point upon which I am exceedingly particular. Many men have by nature a very correct eye for the proper shape of a nag, and of animals in general, but by far the greater part are taken with the general bearing and spirit evinced by a horse, without observing that perhaps many of his points may be decidedly bad; as hollowness of the back, bad and weak hocks, small feet, groggy legs, &c. These faults, be the horse's courage and *tout ensemble* what they may, detract materially from his value, and therefore require considerable attention in estimating his worth. In order to determine the absolute value of horses for every species of work, you should, when thoroughly grounded in the knowledge of their proper form and their defects, frequent the public sales at Tattersall's, Allen's, Dixon's, and other places, and you will soon acquire the knack of putting a just price, or very nearly so, on most horses that you may see.

ON SHAPE.

The first thing to be looked to in a horse is his shape. Of this it is quite impossible to give a very luminous description, as many horses very differently shaped may each still be well made, although adapted for different work. Thus, a horse with rather an upright shoulder may nevertheless be extremely well proportioned, although this very conformation would tend to mark him as more fitted for a harness than

a saddle horse. Generally speaking, however, a horse's head should be fine, broad between the eyes, and tapering towards the nose; the jaws should be clean and unencumbered with flesh; the eye full, bright, and lively; the nostrils open and of a bright red internally (which generally denotes breeding and courage); the space between the jaws underneath should be roomy and void of lumps or glandular swellings; the ears should be well set into the head and pointed forwards. A heavy lop-eared horse is always an unsightly animal, and frequently a slug: a long ear, well carried, is not uncommonly a characteristic of good blood. A horse's neck should be light, airy, well curved, and having a considerable sweep underneath at its junction with the jaws. When the neck joins the head at a sharp angle, the latter always seems as though Nature had tired of her work, and had stuck it on any how just to get it out of the way. Moreover, horses whose windpipe is curved where it is set into the jaw have generally better wind than others, inasmuch as the air in expiration has not to encounter the obstruction caused by the angle above-mentioned, and consequently during violent exertion rushes out without difficulty. Most people admire a long neck, but this is certainly a fault. A long-necked horse is generally weak and washy, and the rest of his shape commonly partakes of the same type, his body being long, and his legs none of the shortest. I have heard veterinary surgeons say, that for clearness of wind a horse's neck cannot be too short; but a very short neck is unsightly, nor has it in my opinion any advantage over a neck of medium proportion—

“Medio tutissimus ibis.”

We now come to the shoulder. I have already said that an upright shoulder generally marks the harness-horse; a sloping shoulder may therefore be supposed as requisite in a horse destined for saddle-work. This is truly the case. A horse with a shoulder well inclining forward has less of his own weight to carry directly on his fore-legs, and is therefore safer on them than the horse whose shoulder is scarcely out of the line of his fore-legs: in harness the latter may do, as he has his collar to lean against, and has no weight to carry on his back, but he must ever be an unsafe and an unpleasant hack. Much dispute has arisen as to whether a horse's withers should be narrow, or the reverse. This is a point of no consequence, as many very excellent horses may be found whose withers are made in either way, a horse with a high wither being mostly narrow in that part, and *vice versa*. Provided he carry a saddle well, the wither may be either broad or otherwise. The high-withered horse, however, is not unfrequently narrow-chested, which is a bad point, as that part should be well expanded in order to allow plenty of room for the lungs: nevertheless, many a narrow-chested horse has performed wonders, they being for the most part well bred: but be this as it may, as a general rule plenty of room in the chest is a desideratum. At the same time it must be remembered that the more a horse's breed approaches to that of the cart-horse, the greater will, in most cases, be the breadth of the fore-hand. Thus in this, as in most other things, the golden medium is the grand desideratum.

We now come to the back. This should be short, and rather arched over the loins, having the tail set in rather high. The body

should be deep, and well ribbed up ; that is, between the last rib and the huckle-bone or hip the distance should not be such as to allow of any great *hollow*, which ordinarily denotes a horse of no great power. Some horses with this defect will often do a great deal of work, but they never look well, and are a source of disappointment to those who take pains to bring their horses out in good form. Many of them, after being nursed for a week, will in the course of a few hour's work void a quantity of sloppy loose dung, and look as though they had been starved for a month : such brutes are not worth their keep, much less the trouble of nursing. It is a good plan, when examining a horse of this shape, to watch him for some time, and if he be constantly cocking his tail and venting a little wind, you may be sure that his bowels are weak and irritable, and that he is not worth the trouble he will occasion you. Now with respect to a horse's rump and hind-quarters, it is generally remarked that the Irish horses have very low rumps—in other words, they are goose-rumped, and very great numbers of our blood-stock incline to this formation. Do not therefore reject a horse on this account, but give him a trial, and if he carries you well, get something taken off the price he is worth *if you can*, on account of his anserine shape, and think yourself lucky. A low-rumped horse generally puts his hind legs well under him when at work, and this is a rare quality. You will commonly hear a horse praised for the length of his quarter, and a dealer will not fail to make you remark the distance from the hip-bone to the point of the quarter, and also to the hock ; but experience shows that a horse with a short quarter is for the most part particularly strengthly, and a good jumper ; for short muscles are, *cæteris paribus*, the strongest. A horse's thighs should be well clothed with muscle down to the hock ; there and thence to the hoof, all should be clean, flat, and sinewy.—There should be a considerable bend in the back part of the thigh, as a horse with very straight hind-legs has seldom much action in them. Some of them, however, are exceptions to this rule, and Laurestina, the steeple-chase mare, is, I think, as straight in the hind-legs as any horse I ever saw. Horses that are cat-hammed, as it is called—or, in other words, that stand with the caps of the hocks nearly touching each other—are seldom thought much of, and yet most of the Welch ponies, that travel such extraordinary distances with very little preparation, are thus made. Here again, give a horse of this description a trial, and judge him by his deeds, not by his looks. The fore-legs should be muscular down to the knee, and thence, like the hind-legs, flat and sinewy. With respect to the foot, it should be nearly circular, gradually increasing in size as it proceeds downwards. Its inclination outwards should not be so great as that of the pastern ; if it slope very much forwards, it is a chance if it be not in a state bordering upon disease, and its obliquity, throwing the horse too much on his heel, produces tenderness of the part and straining of the back sinew of the leg.

These are then some of the most important points to be attended to in a first view of a horse, but there are also many others, equally requiring inspection, which are not to be lightly passed over. Among these, perhaps the most important, after the shape of the leg and foot, is their *position*.—(And here I may as well mention that I am speak-

ing of a horse that has not been strained by work, of which I shall take notice hereafter.)—On standing in front of a horse, his legs should be straight, or very nearly so, and the feet should neither be turned inwards nor outwards. A horse whose feet turn outward is liable both to cut and trip, and very rarely has really good action, throwing his legs rather wide of each other, and thereby losing ground in his stride; and a *pin-toe'd* or *pigeon-toe'd* horse, as dealers term those whose hoofs turn inward, usually, on bending the knee, *dishes*, or throws the foot outward, while under the belly, showing the sole of the hoof in his action to those who stand on one side of him. Now this is not only very unsightly, but horses with this awkward mode of going generally labor in their action, and do as much work in one mile as a clean stepper does in two. The legs should be set well under the muscles of the fore part of the shoulder, not as though they were dropping out of the chest, and had been clapped on there until a better place could be found for them. In viewing the leg sideways (making due allowance for the bulging of muscles) it should be nearly straight, though many people prefer what they term an *arch-knee'd* horse—that is, a horse whose knees bow out forwards—and will tell you that they are far the best legs for work. This may be all very true, provided there be not an equivalent hollow about the knee behind; but where this is the case, it is a sure sign of weakness; on the contrary, a horse will sometimes be found *calf-knee'd*, which is the opposite of the former shape, the knee perhaps inclining a trifle inwards, and the shank always sloping forwards. Such animals are seldom good goers, and their legs are rarely found to stand hard work for any length of time.

The position of the hind-legs should be either straight from the hock downwards, or a little inclining under the belly. Horses of this latter formation are commonly low-rumped, and throw their hind-legs well under them when at work. The toe of the cat-hampered horse will naturally turn a little outwards. Such horses, as I have already said, provided they have no other serious faults, are to be tried. A horse that *paddles* with his hind-legs, throwing them away from him like a duck, in his trot, is usually weak behind, and moreover feels so to his rider, than which nothing can be more disagreeable. If a horse stand with his hind-legs much under him, dropping his hind-quarters at the same time, care must be taken to examine if he have any disease of the back or kidneys, which may occasion him to assume this posture. Many a horse that throws his hind-legs perfectly well under him in his trot while being run in hand, will lose this action when saddled and ridden, provided he have a sore back; therefore a cure for the back will prove a cure for his bad style of going.—*Sub-latâ causâ tollitur effectus.*

In examining these points, more particularly those which relate to the legs, never allow the horse to be held up by the bridle or to stand on rising ground. A dealer's man, when shewing a horse, invariably throws the snaffle and curb reins over his head, and holding him back with the latter, while with a long whip he touches him up behind according to his mettle, causes him to hold his head so high that he scarcely perceives where he shall place his feet; the consequence is, that he both bends the knee more and throws the foot farther than he

will do in his usual style of going; and when brought to a stand on rising ground, his head, still carried high, makes him advance the fore-legs so as to conceal any knuckling of the knees or pastern-joints, and gives many a perfectly groggy beast an appearance of freshness to which his legs have long been strangers. I shall have occasion to speak of the practices of the lower class of dealers in horses in a future paper, when these and many other tricks calculated to take in the unwary shall be exposed. In the meantime I may state, that, when an examination of a horse's leg is to be made, he should be placed on perfectly level ground, with his head loose, and his feet should be picked clean, for if much dirt be collected within the shoe, it may cause a sound horse to stand upon the toe more than the heel, and give him an appearance of weakness about the pasterns and knees which he does not really possess.

ON THE DEFECTS OF HORSES.

The defects of horses are so very numerous that it would be almost a hopeless task to endeavor to enumerate them all; nevertheless those which are most commonly met with shall receive due consideration from me; and I hope to be able to point out to those about to purchase a horse, such as immediately interfere with his work, or are likely to render him comparatively useless. There are many very serious defects in horses which unfortunately are only discovered after considerable trial, and are therefore generally detected too late to save the pocket from depletion. It is a very usual custom with dealers to allow a purchaser to ride a horse only a few times up and down a livery-yard prior to buying him, or, if he be intended for harness, to send a man to drive him up and down two or three streets, after which he is returned to his stable as quickly as possible, and the dealer's oratory completes the business in a short time if he have to do with a novice.

Considering the risks which dealers themselves run in buying horses, we can be very little surprised that they should give no greater trial to another than is allowed to themselves. "Buy the devil and sell him again," is the dealer's adage, and he who is unlucky enough to obtain his Satanic Majesty gets rid of him in the best way he can, and leaves the new possessor to shift for himself. A man who is in the habit of purchasing horses will very soon, and with a very moderate trial, acquire knowledge and tact sufficient to estimate in almost all cases, the real value of a horse, provided he be neither a racer nor a steeple-chaser. Nevertheless the very best judges may sometimes be imposed on, if not with regard to the soundness, at least with respect to the powers and constitution of a horse.

In enumerating the defects to which the horse is liable, I shall begin with those which constitute unsoundness, and shall afterwards proceed to examine those, which, although detracting certainly from his value, are not of sufficient magnitude to allow a purchaser to return him as diseased.

The first part to be examined in a horse is the top of the head; for in this part there occasionally exists a disease called *Poll Evil*, which is generally occasioned by blows, either received from a brutal rider in the constant habit of striking his horse over the head, or from hitting this part against the roof of a low stable or the top of a stable door.

In the first stage there may be swelling, tenderness, and perhaps a collection of matter, but at a more advanced period of the disease there are seen sores, from which exudes a fetid discharge. These sores not unfrequently are connected with disease of some portion of bone, in which case they are exceedingly troublesome and tedious of cure.

The next part to be examined with regard to soundness is the eye. For this purpose let the horse be led just within the stable door, where there is not too strong a light, but still sufficient to allow a perfect view of the organ without causing the pupil to contract. Approach your finger gently towards each eye in succession, and mark if the horse close his eyelid on your nearly touching his eye; if so, it is at least clear that he is capable of distinguishing your finger; but this is by no means sufficient to warrant a conclusion that the eye is sound. The pupil of the eye is that dark-colored central portion, of an oval shape, through which the rays of light are admitted. The remaining external portion (called the *cornea*) is opaque, and consequently need not be examined with the same scrupulous attention that is requisite on inspecting the pupil. It is of very great importance to acquire an accurate knowledge of the natural state of a horse's eye, more especially if he be intended for saddle-work, since it is obvious that, however sound he may be in every other respect, and however good his action, he never can be trusted to himself on the road if his eyes be defective to any great extent, and of course must be useless as a hunter. Moreover, if ever destined for harness, for which alone a horse with bad eyes can be used with any degree of safety, it is of consequence to be able to detect disease of those organs in order not to be imposed on in price. Stand, therefore, before the horse after testing his eyes with your finger, and look narrowly whether the size of both pupils be alike. If there is any difference, be sure that there is a defect in his sight. The form of the healthy pupil is a rather-flattened oval, and appears of a deep blue color, but at the same time bright and free from specks. When it is of a milky hue, it is a sign that inflammation of the membrane of the eye is going on; and although this in very many instances may arise from some trifling cause, and may be easily cured by depletion, still never purchase a horse with this appearance of the pupil without previous knowledge of him, or a certainty of the cause of opacity or cloudy state of the eye, and of its likelihood of removal. Many horses are *periodically* subject to this attack of inflammation of the *conjunctiva*, or membrane covering the eye, and commonly, even while the eye is free from any visible complaint, have a drooping of the upper eyelid, which should always put a purchaser on his guard. In this disease there are generally to be found marks of bleeding in the vein under the eye. The eyelids are sometimes nearly closed during this milky appearance of the pupil, and tears trickle profusely from it, so that it must be evident to the greatest novice in horse-dealing that something is wrong: but the stableman and his master are never at fault for an excuse: "A bit of hay got in his eye last night, Sir;" or "D—n your eyes, Bill, I knew you'd hit that horse's eye when you were brushing his head this morning—I told you so:" after which follows, as a matter of course, "It is of no consequence, Sir, it will be well enough to-morrow." Now it is of no use to argue with a horse-

dealer, and you will gain little by asking many questions; therefore either make up your mind to have nothing whatever to do with the animal, or else say you will call and see him another day. And here I may as well say, that a man who is a good judge of horse-flesh should always make up his mind not to pay the slightest attention to the encomiums which every dealer will pass upon his stock. Let all his eloquence, if it must be heard, make no more impression on your mind than do the tunes which you are in the daily habit of hearing ground upon all the organs in London. Form your own opinion by what you see and feel, and let no persuasion tempt you to disbelieve the evidences of your own senses. This by way of episode.

Now to return to the eye of the horse. Having satisfied yourself that the pupils are alike in form and size, and unclouded, look if there be any specks visible upon either. Some horses will be found to have several dark and irregularly-shaped spots upon the pupil, which are the product of disease, impede vision, and render a horse unsafe to ride. Others again will be found to have perhaps one little whitish spot on the membrane of the pupil, and this is probably the effect of a blow received at some period or another; if very small it will seldom prove of much consequence. But this whitish spot on the surface of the pupil must be carefully distinguished from a similar appearance, in its commencement very minute, which is not unfrequently found to occupy the internal part of the pupil. Where this exists, it indicates that change in the lens of the eye termed *cataract*, and is an incurable disease. Take care, however, that you be not deceived with regard to this white spot by the reflection of your shirt in the horse's eye—a mistake I have seen occur more than once, and which may be avoided by moving from side to side, and watching if the supposed cataract follow the motions of your body.

There is yet another disease of the eye which produces no perceptible outward change in its appearance, but which nevertheless is both an incurable complaint and one that renders a horse totally useless for the saddle: it is called *moon-blindness*, and generally depends on disease of the optic nerve, although I am by no means sure that it may not be occasioned by the same causes that produce *short-sightedness* in the human eye. To detect this, observe if the horse, on being ridden, turn suddenly round from any object which is approaching him, and appear constantly on the alert to find some subject for fright. A horse that has long been shut up in a stable, particularly if it be dark, or that has for some time been only exercised in a livery-yard, may do this on being taken into the streets; and a young horse from the country will also see much to alarm him in London, especially if he be naturally timid; therefore some allowance must be made for these circumstances: but if a horse, on being led out of or into a livery-yard where the entrance is lofty, appear to stop and hesitate in passing the gate, and then go through it with a sort of plunge; and if in the streets he stretch his neck from side to side, poking his nose out, and seeming, like a purblind man, to be endeavoring to make out the nature of objects at a short distance from him, let your suspicions of the state of his eyes be immediately aroused, and be sure to have a very sufficient trial before you become the purchaser of such an animal.

The common name among dealers for horses with any complaint

whatever of the eyes is *buck-eyed*, and this convenient term embraces the whole range of diseases of which the eye is susceptible. It is as well that the novice should be made acquainted with the terms in common use among the dealing fraternity, otherwise such a one as *buck-eyed* might very probably be supposed to be employed as implying a good rather than a bad quality.

A yellowish hue of the cornea indicates disease of the liver. Where this is remarked, the lips should be turned up, and their internal structure examined. Where they are found of a similar tinge, you will incur a great risk in buying the horse, as these symptoms are sure proofs of internal disease, the extent of which you are not capable of determining. Dealers term these horses *rotten*. Their coats are generally staring, and they have also the other usual appearances of want of condition. The dung of such horses is either unusually slimy and fetid, or it is loose and washy, like that of a cow. They are languid and sleepy if left to themselves, but are of course, through the influence of ginger administered *à la mode*, salt put into their mouths, and the liberal application of the whip whenever the master enters the stable, made to cock their tails, champ their bit, and exhibit as much animation for a short time as the soundest and best-constituted horse in the world. "He is the best horse in England, Sir, an unkimmon jumper, and as fast as a rally-road; his master would not take any money for him, Sir, but he is obliged to go abroad, and will almost give him away," should bring to mind the old line,

Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.

Ere I conclude the subject of the eye of a horse, I should remark that the fringe-like substance which hangs from the upper part of the pupil is a natural appearance common to every sound eye, and must not be confounded with the spots or specks of which I have made mention.

Too great caution cannot be used in inspecting a horse's eye previously to purchasing him, for without good sight he is worth but very little money, and the sooner he is got rid of the better for his owner. I once purchased a very fine grey horse of a dealer, and the only fault I could find with him was his unwillingness to pass through the gateway of his yard, which was in Tottenham Court Road. However, he was ridden up and down a little street at the back of his stables, and went extremely well, his action being remarkable showy, as it usually is with horses who have defective vision. I expressed my conviction that his eyes were bad, although to appearance they were perfectly sound. However, as I had paid money for another horse which turned out lame, and wanted to get something else for my bad bargain, I allowed the swearing of the dealer and his men as to his soundness to prevail, and rode him away. I went no farther with him, however, than the Regent's Park, he having in that short distance turned round with me about twenty times on the approach of a carriage or chaise, and made me fight as many battles with him before I could make him go the way I wished. I kept the horse in my possession altogether about a quarter of an hour; for, being thoroughly convinced of his unsoundness, I rode him immediately back, and exchanged him for a little weedy four-year-old filly, worth about one-fourth of the horse's value had his eyes been good, but much more serviceable than he was

in his moon-blind state. As this was the fourth horse I had had in exchange of the same man, and had found myself a loser by every dealing I had with him, I determined to do the best I could with the filly, instead of losing any more money by bargaining with a rogue. A horse-dealer who has once fingered your cash will never refund; and depend on it you may exchange with him a dozen times, and each time you will pay money for a fresh horse, without finding yourself a bit better suited than at first, unless the sum you pay be considerable. Thus, a gentleman who makes up his mind to give £40 for a nag, *and no more*, goes to one of these tricky dealers, buys a horse worth perhaps £20, finds it does not suit him, and gives £5 more for another to which he takes a fancy. Discovering after a short trial that his last purchase is something worse than the first, he returns, expostulates, pays more money, and is as badly mounted as ever. At length, wearied by successive impositions, he is contented to put up with a screw of little value, and finds that he has been gradually led on to pay £15 or £20 more than the sum he had first resolved on giving, for a horse with which he is, after all, far from being pleased; and, worse than all, there is no remedy for his disappointment but patience and the exercise of his philosophy, if he have any.

[London Sporting Magazine.]

SALMON FISHING IN CANADA.—No. II.

SALMON FISHING IN THE JACQUES CARTIER RIVER.

A good deal of rain having fallen lately, we judged the time favorable for a trip to Dayree's bridge, a celebrated fishing ground on the Jacques Cartier. Accordingly, early on a beautiful morning, the 5th of August, my friend and I set off from Quebec for that pretty spot, distant nine leagues up the left bank of the St. Lawrence.

There are three roads to the place—that along the shore of the great river affords one of the finest drives in the whole Province; and I particularly recommend this route to strangers who like picturesque and panoramic views, and who will not shy at some tremendous hills they may meet, particularly one at Carouge, which is like mounting the Simplon, only the road is not half so good. We chose the St. Foy road, which runs along the north slope of the elevated plateau between Quebec and Carouge, from whence the prospect is singularly fine. The Isle of Orleans—the north channel—the amphitheatre of the grand mountain boundary to the St. Lawrence Valley, with nests of small conical mountains, here and there, clustered in its bosom; and the populous country to an extent of forty or fifty miles, lies under the eye like a map: whilst in the fore ground and nearest corner, the sweet little river St. Charles winds away from Lorette, its meanders glistening in the morning sun like one of my fishing lines.

I care not for *bathos*, and especially for that professional one with which I have *wound up* the last sentence.

At the church of St. Foy the road we took quits the high ground and descends into the fertile vale of La Suede, through which it pro-

ceeds for nine or ten miles, as level as a bowling-green, dotted on each side every thirty or forty yards by a white-washed cottage, with its little garden, both often overshadowed by the pensile branches of the beautiful Canadian elm. We then ascended a spur of the mountain, from which huge boulders, probably of diluvian origin, had been detached and scattered over the fields adjoining the road in great numbers. At the top, we baited at a small inn, kept by an Irish emigrant, who has been pushing his fortune here for nine or ten years. He, like most of his class in the Province, is very industrious and hard-working, and moreover generous and warm-hearted—possessing the most valuable elements of a good member of society, and loyal subject of the British Crown—with one small drawback—alas! that I should have to add, that Mr. D——, when he sees his customers and friends happy over a bottle, feels a strange and unaccountable, but irresistible desire to join them.

From this eminence the eye takes in a long reach of the St. Lawrence's fertile banks, studded here and there with glittering church spires, and of the whole country as far as Quebec. After admiring the extensive and variegated prospect a little, we pursued our way, and in less than four hours drive, from Quebec the voice of the turbulent river welcomed us at Dayree's bridge.

The Jacques Cartier takes its name from the celebrated French navigator who once wintered at its mouth. It is as large as the Thames above the tide, but of a very different character. Like most of the northern tributaries of the Lower St. Lawrence, which take their sources from the wild regions running several hundred miles to the North, N. East and N. West of Quebec, it runs for a long way through the mountain defiles, impeded every where by chrotic rocks whose primitive hardness almost defies its power. At length, escaping from the mountains, it subsides into a tranquil stream, flowing through considerable tracts of alluvial soil, for nearly twenty miles, where lately established colonies, mostly of Irish emigrants, are now thriving. Shortly before the river reaches Dayree's bridge it becomes extremely rapid, descending 300 feet in the course of about a mile. But it has no longer the sienite or granite to deal with, and has scooped out for itself a wide, deep, and altogether, most singular bed in the softer limestone, half a mile in length, through which, at all seasons, especially after wet weather, a most formidable torrent tumbles and rages with the most picturesque impetuosity.

A handsome wooden bridge, thirty feet above the water, crosses the stream a little below the commencement of this extraordinary natural canal. This forms a striking feature in this secluded spot, from its height and position, as well as its perpendicular supporting beams like a huge portcullis and the characteristic salmon vanes at the top. The lessee of the fishery, civil Louis Dayree, resides in a white cottage at one end of the bridge, and his house is the chief resort of sportsmen during the fishing season.

This very pretty glen is bounded by high banks, but whose slope affords soil for a great variety of umbrageous forest trees, with here and there a tall pine rising above the thick mass of foliage. The mountain ash grows in abundance. Part of the rock, to the extent of twenty yards from the river, is only covered with dwarf trees and

shrubs, and along its surface innumerable little streamlets of the purest spring water, each in its tiny channel, runs sparkling from the bank. On one side of the most rapid part, huge cedars, growing out of the fissures of the edge of the canal, fling their grotesque arms quite across it. Nor are floral ornaments wanting in this scene of sylvan wildness and beauty. Wild flowers are found in great variety and profusion.

Dayree's bridge is six miles from the St. Lawrence, and the Jacques Cartier continues a most rapid stream all the way. The poor fish consequently have a rough journey, and when they are caught here, we constantly find the skin of their snouts white and excoriated, and their fins and tail more or less split and injured, from being driven against the rocks in the course of their toilsome voyage. But when they reach the lower end of the canal cut in the rock, their troubles are only beginning, for they there meet a torrent of such magnitude and force as no piscine power can surmount, unless when the water is low, and even then with great difficulty. They are therefore obliged to wait, as at the Malbaic Chute, until a more favorable state of the river may permit them to pass.

Alas, poor salmon kind! Like the hapless flying fish which escapes the albatross and gull only to fall into the jaws of the bonito and albacore—when they have evaded the tempting snares of the angler, surmounted the lower rapids, and worked themselves with immense labor through the terrible canal up to the very top, they find there is still an absolute cataract to leap up, worse than all the past. Here there is a circular and lateral recess at the bottom, worn out by an eddy, and forming a comparatively quiet hole, where they are forced to stop for breath before attempting to overcome the last grand impediment. Whilst quietly reposing at this place, dreaming of no evil, and only occupied with their fluvial difficulties, they are mercilessly scooped out by Louis Dayree with a pole net, carried alive and with care to a reservoir of water, fed by a copious spring from the bank, only a few paces distant; into this they are plumped, and left to moralize over their hard fate with their companions in misfortune.

Here the captives remain for a week or two, until a sufficient number are collected to be sent to the Quebec market. Although they have nothing to eat, and would not if they had, there is no perceptible loss of flesh during the time above mentioned; for, like generous animals, they bear their imprisonment with philosophic fortitude, and never repine. Yet captivity to them, accustomed to roam through the vast deep, and make an annual migratory tour into the interior of every continent, must be a dreadful calamity. If cautiously approached whilst swimming about in the reservoir, and then gently handled, they will permit many liberties to be taken with them. They like to have their skin rubbed or scratched, inclining their bodies to the hand as a cat does; and I have frequently availed myself of this penchant—scratching them smartly, bringing away even their scales, playing with their tails and fins, or putting my fingers under their gill-covers (where they are most sensitive) and into their mouths, without disturbing them. Considering that I have been all my life one of their greatest enemies, it argues no little magnanimity to have forborne on these occasions from giving me a snap.

The Canadians have given odd names to different holes, or *remoux*

formed by the eddies of this powerful stream. Immediately under the bank of Dayree's garden is a recess, worn deep in the rocky bank, and generally shaded by the impending precipice, called the "Trou noir." This is close to the bridge, from whence the fish in it may be distinctly seen. A little lower down, on the opposite side, the bank slopes at about an angle of 45 degrees to within eight or nine feet of the water; and there the fish lie in a tolerably quiet eddy, where you may hook them, sitting on a ledge immediately over their heads. This is called the "Grand Rets." Lower down is the "Petit Rets;" and at the lower end of the canal, where the river expands, is a famous fishing hole called "L'Hopital," where the wounded salmon are supposed to wait to be cured of their cuts and bruises. For half a mile below this the fishing is good—the best being immediately above a sloping rock running quite across, where the water makes a chute, or rather runs violently down a long inclined plane, at an angle of about 20 degrees.

Having breakfasted and prepared our tackle, we proceeded to our sport—taking different sides. During the season the place is much frequented by the Quebec anglers: but on this occasion we had the river to ourselves.

The rain had swollen the water much; consequently, neither the "Grand Rets," which had always been a favorite hole of mine—nor "L'Hopital" were in a state to be fished. I tried several places lower down, but saw nothing. At last, wading above my knees considerably, and in a powerful current, I tried the top of the chute, and there hooked a heavy fish at the third rise.

Sir Humphrey Davy was fond of salmon fishing, as every philosopher ought to be, and he has given his "brothers of the angle"—"Salmonia," a scientific and delightful book. Nevertheless, I opine that he could not have been a top sawyer in the art, since he forbade, and never practiced, wading; for it appears to me as incomprehensible that a first rate salmocide should be at all hydrophobic as it would be for a duck. But, "*aliquando bonus Humphrianus*," or whatever is the Latin of Humphrey, "*dormitat*"—and our amiable angler seems to have made a great mistake when he placed his ban upon wading.

For my own part, I am half a fish from long habit. Though not worthy to carry the gaff of the great man just mentioned, I differ from him in this point "*toto cælo*." My maxim is—if you are sound, wind and limb, (and if not, you should try some other amusement) don't be afraid of the water, but wade up to your arm-pits, if necessary to secure your object, and the stream permits you—still, with this important proviso—keep moving, and be sure to change your clothes on reaching home.

But "revenons a nos 'saumons'"—hooking a large salmon on the very brink of a water-fall or strong rapid, is a nervous affair. Fortunately you have the instinct of the animal in your favor, for he keeps continually ascending the stream till his object is accomplished; and has, besides, in all probability, a particular objection to retrace his steps down a chute, recollecting the toil it cost him to get up, and considering how vexatious it would be to have it all to undergo again. But a hook in his jaw would disturb any body's power of ratiocination: we need not therefore wonder if Mr. *Salmo* gets at last somewhat

bothered, and when he cannot extricate himself any other way, if he borrows the aid of the current, and makes a race down the river.

I stood, as was said, mid thigh on the ledge of a rock in strong water when I hooked this fish, and on the very crest of the chute. So slippery did I feel the smooth limestone, and so strong was the *momentum* of the stream, that the question admitted of much doubt whether the fish would run down with the man, or the man up with the fish. It appeared to me that the water was growing stronger every minute. Having a powerful rod, strong silk line, triple gut casting line, and a trust-worthy Limerick hook, I immediately ~~gave butt~~, as we technically call easing the line by a particular manipulation of the rod, and found to my satisfaction that I held the fish fast in his original position. After tiring him a little, one foot was slowly moved about an inch—then another inch was gained at the rate of about one in a minute. The slowest snail, carrying his house on his back too, might have distanced me. At length I gained about a foot or so, and then, finding that I was obtaining the mastery, began to wind up. I at length succeeded by little and little in conducting the gentleman to a safe distance from the chute. Then followed the usual course of racing, leaping out of the water, &c., and once he nearly got back to his old dangerous position. At last he succumbed, and I flung him from the gaff on the dry rock. He was a very good fish, fresh from below, weighing nearly 17 pounds, a large size for a Jacques Cartier salmon.

My friend, who was fishing on the opposite bank, hooked a fish when I had just caught mine; and I had the pleasure, when resting for a minute or two, of seeing him play and gaff his salmon in very good style.

After a morning's good sport, we returned to our lodgings to dinner. Our fish we tumbled into a large cask of clear spring water, fed by a little aqueduct running across the bridge from the opposite bank, which also served to cool our wine. We then changed our clothes and sat down comfortably to our meal; and I need scarcely add, that, although we had provided ourselves with the usual condiments, our sport and exercise furnished a sauce for our broiled or boiled salmon, which was infinitely better.

In the evening we killed three more fish and some large trout. Before retiring we solaced ourselves with a cigar or two, seated on the bridge, which, from the constant current of air, created by the rapid river, always furnishes a cool position, and one commanding a good view, up and down, of this romantic ravine. The evening was beautifully clear and fine, and as we bestrode our bench and inhaled the perfume of our Havannahs, and returned the polite salutations of the passing habitants, we enjoyed not a little of the legitimate "*otium cum dignitate*." There was something piquant, too, in replenishing our temperate glass of brandy Pawny, as the Orientals call it, from the delicate aqueduct beside us; whilst a torrent that would sweep away St. Paul's, raged and roared beneath. When we returned to rest, and the windows were closed, the voice of the river was softened into a lullaby—a piece of very superfluous music.

Next day was Sunday—a day not to be desecrated by a christian angler, according to our antiquated, but, nevertheless, correct notions.

After breakfast, and a walk in the garden, we strolled along the river side, picked wild strawberries and raspberries, examined the curious traces and remains of old organized existence that abounded in the limestone, collected bouquets of harebells, or borrowed its fairy cup from the provident sarracenia. After a long and pleasant walk, we sat down on a high bank commanding an extensive view of the stream. The morning was deliciously calm and clear—even the leaf of the mountain ash was motionless, and every object around us appeared to harmonize in deep quiescence with the boon of Sabbatical rest conferred by its Creator on a toiling world. Beneath us flowed the now placid river, its low and endless monotony telling of that mighty energy which first set it in motion and bade it be

“ ——— in omne volubilis cœlum.”

as long as Time itself should continue; whilst the occasional twitter of the king-fisher as it shot along the surface of the water, like a line of blue light—the distant sound of the cow-bells, and the cooing of the wild-pigeon amidst the thick foliage of the banks, joined in appropriate and pleasing harmony.

“ Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
Or o’er ‘our favorite stream’ with fond delay—
Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing
In hollow murmurs died away.”

But this was no scene for melancholy. Who, with a clear conscience, could feel otherwise than happy and tranquil, where every object around—bird, tree, flower, and stream; and the stainless azure that o’ercanopied the whole, breathed peace and serenity—the holy repose of nature!

The rock through which the Jacques Cartier runs, abounds in transverse, and perpendicular, and every kind of fissures, which the severity of the winter frost, and the action of water, have worn into curious caves and long subterranean passages, such as are commonly met with in soft limestone. Into one of these, a branch of the river dips, about half a mile above the bridge, and gushes out of the face of the bank, forming a pretty cascade, the same distance below. For ages this stream had quietly brawled away “at its own sweet will,” and formed one of the many natural beauties of the place. Now, however, the avaricious barbarism of a new Seigneur, regardless of the sacrilege committed against the “genius loci,” has laid profane hands on its cool and crystal waters, and turned them into a mill stream—tearing up and undermining one of the most secluded and picturesque points, to lay a foundation for his mill—

“ Even now the devastation is begun,”

the axe is lopping the verdant honors of the beautiful bank, and the Naiads and Dryades, frightened at the vandalism, are preparing to leave the spot for ever!

For the greater part of its course from hence to the St. Lawrence, the river runs through a deep ravine with steep precipitous banks, and a belt of forest on each side. Hence it is nearly an impossibility, when the water is at all high, to follow it to any great distance below the bridge; consequently, although there must be many good holes and fording resting places for the fish, and sport to the angler, they are

little looked after, and, short as is the distance, I believe it has never yet been fully explored.

Having heard of a new place called the "Remoux St. Jean," some way down on the left bank, I determined to explore it, and set out on Monday morning, the 8th August, accompanied by my active and obliging host, Louis Dayree. At one place, to avoid a long and difficult detour through the woods, we were obliged to creep for three or four hundred yards along a narrow and crumbling ledge of the half rotten limestone, with a high perpendicular cliff over our heads, through which the numerous springs poured on us like a shower-bath, and a boiling rapid under our feet. It was rather perilous work; for in some places the narrow footing which the edge of a decaying stratum afforded us, had been worn quite away, and we were forced to cling as we might to the side of the precipice, something after the fashion of a fly on the ceiling. We had taken the precaution of putting our shoes in our pockets, and the powers of adhesion of our wet woollen stockings—like suckers—assisted us admirably. At length after a long struggle and some unpleasant slips, we weathered the point—cut our way with Louis' axe through the thick forest, near the hole we were in quest of, and were rewarded for our trouble by two good salmon.

Although, probably in our whole lives, considering the zest its accompaniments gave it, we had never enjoyed a *dejeuner* so absolutely perfect as that at Chaperon's, after our disastrous voyage—yet our breakfasts here were capital; and as we always started for our sport very early in the morning, and had plenty of salutary exercise in running through the woods, mounting and descending the steep banks of the river, exclusive of the fishing itself, we returned with an appetite no ploughman could surpass; and when we had changed our clothes and made our toilet, such as no half-dozen ordinary ostriches could equal.

On our return from the Remoux St. Jean, the animal part of our nature became very clamorous and troublesome, and I could not help contemplating the certain sweetness of some Vauxhall slices about to be scientifically cut from the admirable Westphalia we had for dinner the day before. The waking vision of their high-flavored lean, and sweet diaphanous fat, even haunted me when shaving, and flitted between my eyes and the glass. But when that disgusting operation and its concomitants were over, nature could bear no longer, without possible injury to the gastric coats, and we sat down to table. There—"horresco referens!" was every thing else—but—

"In the middle a place where the 'jambon'—was not!"

for—O misery of miseries—the whole succulent and delicious ham—manifest product of a high-caste, gramnivorous pig, which had lived all its amiable life on acorns, filberts, and chesnuts, had been abstracted by some vile Philistine!

Next morning we lost one of the best salmon from our tub.

O Louis Joseph Papineau! to our dying day we will hold thee responsible for the outrage, as an accessory before the fact. Whilom, before thy pestilential politics corrupted thy simple countrymen, iron-mongers groaned, and lock-smiths starved, for in nine-tenths of the rural districts doors were only latched. Securely reposed our clothes

drying in the garden, or before the oven,—our viands in the open cupboard, and our fish in the tubs,—for theft *was not*. But when thy compatriots were taught—and thou didst sedulously instil and re-instil the lesson—that they were oppressed and plundered by the strangers who had conquered them, and that resistance to the “base Bretons,” as thou didst ignorantly denominate the English, was not only wise but patriotic—when thou didst urge them to retaliate on their oppressors in every safe and practicable way—to cease all commercial relations with them—to commence a run upon their banks—to contribute nothing to their revenue—to call evil good, and good evil—to prompt and shield military and civil crime—to disobey—to loathe and scorn—to sophisticate—to smuggle—to lie, plot, and rebel—is it strange, O evil Spirit, that they should have stolen our much regretted ham?

Safely and cheerfully, before thy fatal ascendancy, did Jean Baptiste plough his own land, and gather his grain, and drain his sugar from the liberal tree, and carry his pigs, and his sheep, and his poultry, to market, and enjoy, in his quiet home, the comforts and even the luxuries of agricultural life—no tax collector crossed his threshold—no despotic mandate tore him from his family—no wrong oppressed him,—for the mild sway of a paternal Government shielded him from injustice. Decently on a Sunday morning did he don his best clothes, get into his Caleche or his Sleigh, and take his family to church; and then, after mass, visited his little circle of friends, and laugh, and joke, and smoke, and fuddle, and fiddle, and dance, and return to his white cottage as happy as a Prince. But when thou, evil Tempter! didst, with wicked industry, disturb the peaceful tenor of his life, and instil discontent with his lot, and ungrateful disaffection to his guardian Government—the uninformed simpleton listened and believed, and was perverted and undone!

By the middle of the week the river had fallen sufficiently to allow fishing in the “Grand Rets,” out of which I picked several salmon; but one large fellow who had been there for several days, would repeatedly come up to the fly, reconnoitre it carefully, and then dip into the deep water again, evidently not liking its appearance. Where I sat, on the edge of the rock, was not more than eight or nine feet from the surface of the hole, so as to enable me to see his motions very distinctly. I tried various flies to tempt his palate, and even dressed some for his express use, but all in vain. He would tantalize me by darting at it—turning one eye to examine it more carefully—even touching it with his nose, but he would never open his mouth.

This was provoking, and, unreasonable man that I was, I often found fault with this wise fish for the exercise of his talents in Entomology, and resolved to catch him by crook or by hook. On Friday morning, I prepared a most captivating Grouse’s hackle, with a small black head, two parti-colored antennæ, and the most natural tail imaginable. Waiting till the shadow of a large maple fell on the hole, I then took off my shoes—stole quietly along the rock and sat down. After a little I dropped the new fly within a couple of inches of the water, and bobbed it up and down, as if the insect meditated alighting, but did not much relish the thought of wetting its delicate wings and feet.

No salmon that ever swam could resist the temptation. Up came my friend with open mouth—darted his huge muzzle out of the water, and took the fly in the air, and then disappeared in the depths of the eddy.

I was prepared for a desperate struggle, but not exactly for the particular kind of contest that followed. After I struck and found him fast on the line, he made one rush out of the hole into the main rapid, and apparently having lost all command of himself in a fit of phrenzy that followed the first prick of the hook—seemed determined to run down. But when he had proceeded, at a tremendous rate, about thirty or forty yards, to where the stream slackened a little on one side, and the eddy forming the hole first began, I stopped Mr. Salmo and brought him into it almost by main force; at the same time holloing most lustily for Louis to come to my assistance.

For more than an hour I played this fine fish—bringing him frequently to the edge of the rock lower down the hole on which Dayree stood, gaff in hand, ready to plunge it into his side. At last, in a moment of comparative quietness, my Aid-de-Camp attempted to use the gaff, but missed the proper part and only tore the skin near the tail—thus only maddening the salmon, who made one desperate running leap out into the mid-torrent, and down the tremendous rapid he went, faster than half-a-dozen Eclipses.

The sequel can only be told in verse. Humble prose sinks beneath the dignity of the subject.

We have missed him—! Behold, what a leap he has made—
What a silvery side the bright Beauty displayed!
Still I have him securely—the musical Reel
Sings sweet on its axis as circles the steel:
He has rushed down the stream—what a plunge—what a spring!
How his fins whirr in air! he's a fish for a king!

He has gained the mid-rapid and spun out my line;
I must run as he flies or the contest resign;
The bank is rough rock, and such racing I ween,
Newmarket and Epsom but seldom have seen—
Down he darts like the wind, and in air when he spins
How he dashes the foam in white showers from his fins!

Fear not for my footing—securely I cling,
And safe o'er the rocks as a chamois I spring;
Whilst the Reel's sounding treble enlivens the chase,
And the roar of the river booms deep as a bass—
Now low in the Pool darts the floundering fish,
As gallant a salmon as angler could wish.

We breathe for a moment—now, Louis, be ready—
What a desperate plunge—gaff slow and be steady—
He sees you—once more to the stream he would fly,
But his strength is exhausted—our triumph is nigh.
Bravissimo! now the long struggle is o'er,
And a bright Twenty-Pounder gasps high on the shore!

After a week's good sport, having caught thirty salmon and a great number of large trout, which we forwarded as we had opportunity, to our friends in Quebec, we packed up our rods and returned there on Saturday. We had passed a most agreeable time; for, exclusive of our sport, we met several worthy brethren of the angle at the Bridge, with whom we were well acquainted, and whose successful prosecution

of the sport we could witness without any emotions of envy—a vile feeling, utterly abhorrent to the liberal mind of a genuine salmon fisher. One of our worthy Quebec friends, too, had placed the whole brotherhood under some obligations, by sending out materials for a water-proof hut on each side of the river at the fishing ground, which often saved our skins from a heavy shower—and I see no reason why I should not here offer Mr. A——w Y——g my best thanks for the same.

Two or three days after our return we started for Montreal, where we arrived, after two months' absence, delighted with our expedition, in augmented friendship towards each other; and feeling, as honest and successful anglers ought to feel, in good humor with all the world.

PISCATOR.

Sorel, 30th March, 1839.

[The Albion.]

STABLE ECONOMY;

BY JOHN STEWART,

VETERINARY SURGEON AND PROFESSOR OF VETERINARY MEDICINE, GLASGOW.

WE find in the pages of our English contemporaries the most flattering encomiums of a practical little volume, bearing the title above, which has lately been issued from the press. It is said to be an invaluable treasure for all who have committed to their charge the management of that noble animal **THE HORSE**, being, in fact, the practical experience of Professor STEWART, whose eminence in the Andersonian University of Glasgow, is well established on both sides of the Atlantic. Some of our booksellers would do well to re-publish it, as a work of its size might be afforded at a rate so cheap, as to place it within the reach of all who are interested in horses. So many extracts from the work have appeared in the English Magazines, that we are enabled to illustrate its utility, as the following pages will demonstrate. Among other selections, the author's observations on the "preparation for fast work," will be read with more than ordinary interest.

PREPARATION FOR FAST WORK.

THE natural powers of the horse, contrasted with those he acquires, are feeble beyond what a stranger can conceive. Some people are prone to talk nonsense about nature. They would have horses placed as nearly as possible in a wild state, or a state of nature, which, I suppose, means the same thing. In the open fields the horse, it is said, has pure air, a wholesome diet, and exercise, good for the limbs and the constitution. God never intended so noble an animal to suffer confinement in a dark and narrow dungeon, nor to eat the artificial food provided by man. Much more is said, but it is not worth repeating. The truth is, setting argument aside, *we must have service*, even at the hazard of producing diseases that never occur in a state of nature. Before the horse can do all, or half of all that he is capable of doing, he must be completely domesticated. In the artificial management to which he is subjected there are many errors; but instead of condemning the system by wholesale, it were wiser to rectify what is wrong. A horse, kept in a state of nature, would not last half-a-day in the hunting field; and at stage-coaching two or three days would kill him.

Condition, Training, and Seasoning, as words, have nearly the same meaning. The first is used most in reference to hunters, but occa-

sionally to all kinds of horses ; the second is confined almost entirely to racers ; and the third to horses employed in public conveyances, mails, stage-coaches, and so forth. They relate solely to the processes and agents by which strength, speed, and endurance are conferred ; and are limited to the means by which the horse is mured to *severe* exertion.

The objects of Training, whether for the turf, the road, or the field, are the same. They vary in degree only, not in kind. For either of these purposes the horse must have speed, strength, and endurance. This last word is not quite so expressive as I wish. It is intended to signify lasting speed : it relates to the distance ; speed is in relation to time ; strength to the weight carried or drawn. In stables, the words *length* and *stoutness* are used for endurance. These three properties are common to all horses, but they exist in various degrees of combination. The age, breed, formation, and condition, exercise great influence upon them.* Young horses generally have more speed than stoutness ; at, and after maturity, stoutness is in greater perfection than speed. What are termed thorough-bred horses have speed, strength, and endurance, more of each in combination than any other breed. It would require a long chapter to consider all that might be said in connection with formation ; I pass it over, only observing that large, long-striding horses, generally have more speed, but less endurance, than lower compact horses. The formation has a great deal to do with strength, and therefore this property is less under the influence of training than the others are. Training does not enable the horse to carry or draw much more than he can naturally, when in good health and spirits ; but it enables him to carry a given weight farther and faster. The condition of the horse is the last circumstance I mention, as influencing his working properties. This is a matter of great importance. A horse, say a race-horse, may be of the right age, his pedigree may have no stain, and his formation no fault ; he may be in perfect health, sound in wind and limb, but notwithstanding all this, the horse may be in a very bad condition ; that is, for running a race. He may have too much carcass, he may have too much flesh about him, he may be short-winded, and his muscles may be unfit for protracted exertion. To put these into that state which experience has proved the best for a particular kind of work, forms the business of training, conditioning, seasoning. Before considering all the agents and processes employed by the trainer, I would make a few remarks upon the size of the belly, the state of the muscles, the state of the breathing, and the quantity of flesh.

SIZE OF THE BELLY.

Horses that are fed on bulky food, and those that are very fat, have a large belly. In one case, its size is produced entirely by the contents of food, of which much must be eaten to furnish the required amount of nutriment and there is always a good deal of water along with this coarse food of the intestines ; they may be laden with grass, hay, straw, or other food. One dose of physic, or at the most two doses, will empty the bowels. In another case the size of the belly arises from an accumulation of fat inside. This is removable only by slow degrees. Purga-

* There are some others, particularly the temper and the state of the legs.

tion, sweating, and other evacuants, take it away. In a third case, the size of the carcass depends partly upon the intestinal contents, and partly upon the accumulation of fat.

When the belly is very large, from either or both of these causes, the horse cannot breathe freely. He cannot expand the chest; the contents of the belly offer a mechanical obstacle to the elongation of this cavity; and, as a necessary consequence, sufficient air cannot be taken in to purify sufficient blood. But the weight of the fat, or of the food, is of itself a great burden, and would tell seriously against the horse in protracted exertion, even though it were placed on his back.

The trainer should know when the carcass is sufficiently lightened. He judges by the horse's wind. When that is equal to the work, further reduction in the size of the belly may not be necessary.—Hence, for some kinds of work, it need not be so much lightened as for some others. Without inconvenience the hunter may have a larger belly than the racer, and the stage-coach horse larger than either. Hunters and racers should have a straight carcass, not at all protuberant, and seldom much tucked up; but it is often very difficult or impossible to put a straight carcass upon flat-sided horses.

After the carcass is sufficiently lightened, it is to be kept within the prescribed limits by avoiding idleness and bulky food. The work or exercise must be such as to prevent the re-formation of fat, and the food such as to furnish the required quantity of nourishment without occupying too much room. Fast-working horses are kept on a limited allowance of fodder, and the usual allowance is further reduced on the day preceding extraordinary exertion. This precaution, however, is requisite only with great eaters, or gluttons, as they have been termed, employed at hunting or racing.

STATE OF THE MUSCLES.

Exertion, under certain regulations, produces a particular state of the muscles, the parts of motion, and of the nerves, the blood, and the blood-vessels, by which the muscles are supplied. Neither anatomy nor physiology is able to describe the change which those parts undergo in training. The eye, indeed, discovers a difference in the texture and the color of the muscles. Those which have been much in use are redder, harder, and tougher, than those that have had little to do. They contain more blood, and that blood is of a more decided red color. They are also a little larger, when compared with a corresponding muscle of less work. More than this, dissection does not reveal. It is known, without any dissection, that the instruments of motion exist in different states, that in one state their action is slow and feeble; in another state it is rapid and powerful, and that in certain states they can maintain their action for a much longer time than in certain other states.

For practical purposes it is not, perhaps, of much consequence to learn all the changes which the muscles, the blood, the blood-vessels, and the nerves must undergo, before the horse can possess the condition which his work demands. It may be enough to know that the condition, in whatever it may consist, can be conferred only by exertion. There are numerous auxiliaries, and various modes of

giving and of regulating exertion, but until it has produced the requisite alteration in the muscles, and their appendages, there can never be any remarkable degree of speed, nor endurance.

STATE OF THE BREATHING.

I have said that the horse's breathing cannot be free so long as a large belly interferes with the action of the lungs. To lighten a large carcass is to improve the wind. But I am persuaded that the lungs themselves may undergo a change particularly favorable to protracted exertion. Though I cannot offer any proof of this, I think the alterations which take place in other parts of the body make it appear probable that the lungs also are altered. It is reasonable to suppose that the tubes which carry the blood, and those which carry the air, suffer some increase of calibre; and that the lungs, taken altogether, becomes little larger. Such an alteration seems necessary to account for the visible change which takes place in the breathing. As training proceeds, the horse becomes less and less distressed by exertion, and ultimately acquires the power of doing that which would have killed him at the beginning; and the cause of death would have been found in the lungs. I can offer no other proof in favor of this supposition. But these matters have been so much neglected, that it does not seem to have occurred to any body that investigation is needful. Our knowledge is incomplete, yet no one speaks as if there were any thing to learn.

It is well enough known, however, that, to improve the wind, the horse must have a great deal of exertion. Purging, sweating, and other emaciating processes remove all obstruction to the lungs; exertion, at such a pace as to quicken the breathing, does the rest. But all horses do not need the same quantity of work to improve their wind. In some it is naturally very good. They have large nostrils, a wide windpipe, and a deep chest. By proper training their breathing becomes remarkably free and easy; hardly any pace or distance produces distress. They go as far and as fast as their legs can carry them. When over-worked it is generally the legs, not the lungs, that fail. There are as many other horses whose wind is bad, never very good by any management. They have small nostrils, and a small chest, neither deep nor wide. In these the wind fails before the legs—work makes the others leg-weary,—these it over-marks, producing congestion, or inflammation in the lungs. These horses are never fit for long races.

However good or bad the wind may be before training, it always improves more or less as training proceeds. It is improved at the same time and by the same means, that power is given to the muscular system. But exertion may be so regulated that the muscular system shall acquire all the energy of which it is capable, and yet the wind may be neglected and defective. Short distances give power and alacrity to the muscles, but long distances are necessary to improve the wind. The horse must go far enough and fast enough, to quicken the breathing, but not at any time so far nor so fast as to distress him very much. When the chest is defective, or when there is a strong tendency to the formation and accumulation of fat, the horse may need a great deal of exertion to render his wind fit for his work;

and, in either case, he must have good legs to stand the exertion.—When the legs and the chest are both defective, the horse will turn out a very ordinary animal. He will last longer at slow than at fast work.

QUANTITY OF FLESH.

When the horse goes into preparation for work he is sometimes lean. He may have been half starved. He may be so low in flesh that he has neither ability nor inclination to make exertion. To get such a horse ready for fast-work, we must begin with feeding. He may require a little medicine, but in general it is sufficient to let him have plenty of good food, and gentle exercise, enough to keep him in health. As he takes on flesh his exercise must increase both in pace and distance. Though not given in such measure as to keep the horse very lean, it must be severe enough to prevent the formation of fat in his belly. To keep his carcass light, and his wind good, he must have an occasional gallop.

But the horse is rarely very lean when he goes into training. Most generally he is plump, fat, full of flesh, and in high spirits. In this state he is easily injured by exertion. He has so much animation that he is willing to do more than is good for him. The very lean horse seldom has the inclination.

Hunters and racers are idle, or nearly so, for two or three months before they go into training. During this time they are so well fed, that they acquire much more flesh than they can safely carry at work. The trainer has to remove a good deal of this superfluous flesh. Why is it ever put on? I think these horses, while idle, should be fed in such a way that they may not be fat, though they may be plump and hearty by the time they go into training. But, possibly, there may be something which I have not considered that may forbid this. I would recommend a trial of one horse or two, only.

In all horses, not very lean, there are certain juices, solids and fluids, which do not contribute in any degree to produce, or to aid, muscular exertion. Most of the superfluous matter consists of fat; part lines the belly, part lies in the connexions of the intestines; some lies below the skin, and some between the muscles, and in the texture of the muscles. Horses that are never accustomed to pass a walk or a slow trot, carry a great deal of the fat in their belly; others of fast-work carry the largest portion under the skin; it covers the ribs, where it is carried with the least inconvenience. This fat is lodged in a tissue, which pervades all parts of the body, as water lodges in a sponge, only there is no apparent communication between the cells of the tissue, for the fat lies where it is placed, without sinking downwards. Fat is the surplus of nutrition. When the food is so abundant as to produce more nutriment than the system needs, the residue is stored past in the form of fat. When the food becomes unequal to the demand, the fat is re-converted into blood, or a nutritious juice equal to that derived from the food. But, as this fat cannot be rapidly converted into nutriment, certainly not while the horse is hunting or racing, it had better not be there. It is a useless weight which the horse must carry, and, from its situation, it may embarrass the parts upon which motion depends. Besides the fat, there are probably some watery or serous juices, quite as useless or injurious under exertion. In the

stables, the superfluous matter is termed *the waste and spare*, and the removal of it is termed, *drawing the horse fine*.

Slow-work horses may carry much superfluous flesh without any inconvenience. Saddle and carriage horses are not supposed to be in good condition unless they be tolerably plump. Mail horses cannot carry much, and it must all be on the outside, not in the belly; hunters carry less, and racers the least of any others. But, for short distances, it is not usual to draw the racer very fine. For a four-mile race, the horse must be drawn as fine as it is possible to make him, without exhausting him. It is obvious that the means by which superfluous flesh is removed, will also remove that which is useful, if persisted in beyond a certain point. When carried too far, the horse becomes unwilling to exert himself, dull, feeble, and careless about his food. These symptoms, accompanied by emaciation, show that he is *overtrained*. The trainer is proceeding too fast or too far with his operations. There is no rule to guide him but the state of the horse. One may be drawn a great deal finer than another. So long as the horse goes cheerfully to his work, and to his food, the trainer may proceed; he may stop so soon as the horse has wind and speed for the distance.

Superfluous flesh is removed partly by sweating, partly by purging, and partly by exertion. When all is taken away that is likely to incommode the horse, further reduction hazards the legs, when there is no need to hazard them.

It appears, then, that the trainer may have to lighten the carcass, he may have to put flesh on the horse, or to take it off him; and he always has to give tone to the muscles, and freedom to the wind. Each goes on progressively, and generally at the same time; but the belly is to be reduced to its proper size before all the superfluous flesh is taken away; much of this, if there be much of it, must be removed before power and alacrity can be given to the muscular system. Subsequently the horse may be drawn finer, if need be, as his wind and his speed are under improvement.

It is probable that training produces some alteration in the condition of the blood, the nerves, the blood-vessels, the joints, the tendons, and upon every part connected with motion. The change in these ought to be as permanent as that produced in the muscles; but I can say nothing more about them.

AGENTS OF TRAINING.

The agents and processes employed in preparing the horse for fast-work are, physic, sweating, blood-letting, diuretics, alteratives, diaphoretics, cordials, and exertion. I do not mean that all these are, or should be, in requisition for every horse, or every kind of fast work. All, however, are occasionally used, and it is proper to consider all. Without knowing what each can do, and what each cannot do, it cannot be judiciously employed. I consider their effects in reference to training; but some of them, such as physic, and cordials, are often used when the horse is already trained and in work; and to this, or a similar circumstance, I allude in two or three places. Though not strictly connected with the preparation for work, it is right, I think, to say all I have to say about one thing in one place.

USE OF PHYSIC.

In the stable this word is entirely confined to a purgative medicine. To a horse going or gone into training, physic may be wanted for one or more of seven purposes. It will diminish the size of the belly; it will rectify a disordered state of the bowels, rousing them from torpor to activity; it will expel worms; it will produce real or comparative emaciation; it will cure plethora; it will prevent plethora; and it will cure swelled legs. Physic will produce other effects; but I speak of it only in reference to preparation for work, and to the preservation of working condition.

If the horse be newly from grass, one dose will be wanted to empty his bowels. It may be given on the day he is stabled. If lusty, the dose may be strong. If the horse be lean, previously half-starved, or kept on bad food, one, perhaps two doses, may be necessary to empty the bowels, expel worms, and rouse the digestive apparatus to activity, one or all. In this case, the horse may as well be stabled for eight or ten days before his physic be given. It should be mild. If the horse be fat, lusty, or as the stablemen say, full of humors, foul or foggy, his flesh soft and flabby, he will require a smart purgative. If he be very full of flesh, have bad legs, and be a good feeder, he may need several doses, each as strong as the horse can safely bear it. His safety is never to be compromised. There are other means of reducing him, if physic, in safe doses, will not do it. He may have the first as soon as his bowels are relaxed by bran mash. The second is not to be given in less than nine clear days. The third, if absolutely necessary, is not to be given in less than fourteen days after the second sets.

Should the horse fall lame, or from any other cause require to lie idle for several days after his training is considerably advanced, physic may be necessary to prevent plethora. This state of the system may also be prevented by reducing the allowance of food. But racers and hunters cannot be starved, and whatever kind of food they get it must either produce plethora or a large belly. The physic prevents both. Unless lameness or swelled legs demand it, the physic need not be given till the horse has been several days idle. If he must be out of work for more than two or three weeks, a second dose may be necessary. But it is only horses of very keen appetite that need physic to prevent plethora. A delicate horse of light carcass, narrow loins, and irritable temper, rarely requires physic to prevent or to cure plethora, and very seldom to remove superfluous flesh. They eat sparingly, and the training exercises reduce them more, and faster, than others of robust constitution. Between the most delicate and the most robust there are many others with whom a middle course of treatment must be adopted with regard to physic, and to every thing else. While those of very strong constitution may require a full dose, the very delicate may require none. To some, a mild or a half dose is sufficient; and to others, a diuretic or an alterative may be useful, when the propriety of giving even a mild or a half-dose is doubtful.

Horses that have undergone a good deal of exertion, whether in training or in work, often need physic to refresh them. The legs may be slightly swelled, the horse a little stiff, and dull. If much emaciat-

ed a mild dose is sufficient ; if lusty, the dose may be strong, particularly if the legs be the worse of wear.

EFFECTS OF PHYSIC.

The effects of physic vary with the strength of the dose, the number of doses, and the condition of the horse. One dose, mild or strong, merely empties the bowels ; two, three, or a greater number, of mild, perhaps only half-doses, given at proper intervals, rouse the digestive organs to more than ordinary activity, and make the lean-horse acquire flesh. But if the doses be given at intervals too short, the bowels become very irritable ; they remain relaxed ; the evacuations are soft, too pultaceous, and a draught of cold water or a little fast work, produces actual purgation. In such a case the horse becomes excessively lean and weak, and it is often a long time ere he recovers. He has had physic too frequently, even though each dose were mild.

One strong dose, besides evacuating the bowels, and lightening the belly, produces emaciation. The purgative drug acts first upon the inner surface of the stomach and bowels. It irritates this surface, which pours forth a copious secretion of water-like fluid, for the purpose of diluting and weakening the irritant. The fluid is derived from the blood. When the purgative is so strong as to produce very copious secretion, the loss which the blood suffers in quantity is soon felt all over the body, and an effort is quickly made to supply the place of that which has been lost. Vessels, termed absorbents, commence operation upon the fat, and upon other superfluities. These undergo a change, and acquire a resemblance to blood ; they are collected, and poured into the blood-vessels, and fill the place of all the fluid that has been evacuated by the bowels. This absorption of superfluities follows every evacuation, whether it comes from the bowels, the skin or the kidneys ; and I need not again advert to it. The horse becomes leaner in order that the blood-vessels may be fuller. The fat is converted into blood, or a fluid like blood ; but when there is no fat to remove, or to spare, the absorbents act upon, and remove other superfluous fluids and solids wherever seated. Thus, purging, sweating, and other evacuants, take away fatness, swelled legs, dropsies, tumors, and so forth.

Purgation always produces emaciation, more or less evident, according to the violence of the operation. But when one dose succeeds another, before the bowels have quite recovered from the effects of the first, there is danger in the process. Purging may proceed too far ; it may be so severe that weeks must elapse ere the horse recover ; it may be such as to leave the bowels excessively irritable, easily relaxed ; or it may be such as to kill the horse in two or three days. These, and some other bad effects of physic, arise from either giving too much physic at one time, or from giving it too often.

In hunting and racing, and even in coaching stables, horses often die under physic. The blame seldom falls upon the medicine, nor upon the man who gives it. The fault is all in the horse's constitution ; instead of saying the physic was too strong, the man declares the horse was too weak, as if it were not possible to make the physic strong or weak, according to the state of the horse. When the horse dies, however, it is always from an overdose. He gets too much at once, or he gets it too often, or that which he gets is made to work too

strongly, for it is possible to make a small dose produce great effect. In the stables it is often asserted that physic is dangerous when it does not purge the horse. When not strong enough to purge the horse, the groom says it goes through the body, does not work off, but requires another, to make it work off. This is nonsense. I must have given several thousand half-doses of physic, not intended to produce any purgation, or very little. If any one of these ever did any ill, a full dose would have done a great deal more. But when the groom finds his first dose does not purge any, or not so much as he desires, he is in a hurry to give a second, which, operating with the first, is a pretty sure way to destroy the horse. If one dose do not purge, no second should be given till after four clear days.

Physic in full doses, always produces temporary debility, even before purgation begins. It increases as the purging proceeds, and its duration is influenced by many circumstances. The horse is dull, sick, and sometimes a little uneasy while he is purging. He is generally sick before it begins, and while it lasts, but very often he becomes lively and desires food so soon as purgation is established.

After severe purgation the horse is weak for several days; he sweats soon and is easily fatigued. Some recover much sooner than others. To the temporary debility there often succeeds an immediate increase of energy, greater than the horse possessed before, and not altogether dependent upon the loss of superfluous flesh, nor the removal of any apparent evil. Hence, physic is frequently given to racers, and to hunters, in the middle of their working season, for the purpose, as it is termed, of *refreshing* them.

COURSE OF PHYSIC.

A Course of Physic consists of three doses, given at intervals of from 8 to 14 days. Hunters, racers, some carriage, and other horses, get two courses every year as regularly as the seasons come round; the racer in autumn, after his summer running is over, and in spring, after he has lain idle all winter; the hunter in spring when he goes to grass or loose-house, and in autumn when in preparation for his winter's work. Carriage, and such like horses, have their two courses, simply because spring and autumn, are spring and autumn. This, in reference to ordinary horses, is going much out of fashion. A few venerable adherents of the old school still remain, but their example is not very pernicious; it is little followed.

There is no season of the year at which physic is more necessary than at another. Horses, indeed, are moulting in spring and in autumn; but so long as they are in health this process is not beneficially influenced by physic. With hunters, the change of food and work alters the case. They may need one dose, or three, or more than three, or none. The practice of giving a full course to all, without discrimination, as if there was some magical property in the number three, is too absurd to merit notice. Physic is not one of those simples in which quackery deals. Its power to do evil, is at least as great as its power to do good.

COMPOSITION OF PHYSIC.

There are many articles which purge the horse; but, upon almost every occasion, Barbadoes aloes is preferred. It is easily given, and

the proper dose is well known, or easily regulated. It purges with more certainty, and with less danger, than any of the articles which are sometimes used in its place. The aloes are powdered, and formed into a tough, solid mass, soft enough to swallow. Common, or Castile soap, is generally used for this purpose. One of soap, to two of aloes, is about the proportion. Other ingredients are sometimes added; but, to produce purgation, nothing is wanted but the aloes. In hunting and racing establishments the head groom usually compounds the physic himself. It may be procured ready made, in any strength, from the veterinarian or the druggist. A full dose varies from four drachms to nine. Yearling colts require about four; ponies from five to six; saddle, hunting, and draught horses from seven to eight; thoroughbreds from six to nine. These last, when well prepared, may be purged by six drachms; but when in work they may require nine. Horses of narrow chest and light carcass, require less than those of round barrel.

GIVING A BALL.

A dose of medicine, whether purgative, cordial, diuretic, or any other kind, when given in a solid form, is termed a *ball*. It should be soft, and about the size and shape of a pullet's egg. The operator stands before the horse, who is generally unbound, and turned with his head out of the stall, and a halter upon it. An assistant stands on the left side, to steady the horse's head, and keep it from rising out of the operator's reach. Sometimes he holds the mouth open, and grooms generally need such aid. The operator seizes the horse's tongue in his left hand, draws it a little out, and to one side, and places his little finger fast upon the under jaw; with the right hand he carries the ball smartly along the roof of the mouth, and leaves it at the root of the tongue. The mouth is closed and the head held, till the ball is seen descending the gullet on the left side. When loath to swallow, a little water may be offered, and it will carry the ball before it.

Some grooms are sad bunglers at this operation. Some cannot do it at all; many not without the use of the balling iron, and none of them can do it handsomely by any means. I have seen the tongue severely injured, half torn out of the horse's mouth: and many horses are so much alarmed and injured by a bad operator that they become exceedingly troublesome, and always shy about having the mouth or head handled.

By keeping the little finger upon the bar of the mouth, the tongue can never be injured; the hand follows every motion of the head without being dragged by the tongue. By delivering the ball smartly, and without instruments, no pain is produced, and no resistance offered. A hot, troublesome horse should be sent to the veterinary surgeon. The probability is, that the groom will fail; he may lodge the ball among the teeth, or injure the mouth, and the horse will be pained to no purpose, and taught to resist all operations about his head.

PREPARING FOR PHYSIC.

If a full dose of physic be given when the bowels are costive, it is apt to produce colic and inflammation. The medicine is dissolved in the stomach, passes into the intestines, and mingles with their fluid and semifluid contents; but, as it travels on, it arrives at a point where

the contents are solid; the physic is arrested; it lies longer there than at any previous part of its course; its continued presence produces spasmodic and painful contractions of the bowels to force it on. If the intestinal contents be very obstinate, if the obstruction be not dissolved, irritation and inflammation succeed, and the horse's life is in danger. To obviate this, the bowels for one or two days previous are to be gently and uniformly relaxed by giving bran mash, by withholding corn, and by stinting the allowance of hay. If the horse can take exercise, one day is sufficient to prepare him. At the usual feeding hour he has a bran mash, warm or cold, whichever he likes best. He gets water often, and in full measure, as much as he will take, and if possible, he should have walking or trotting exercise, perhaps morning and afternoon. At night he receives less than the ordinary allowance of hay; and if a great eater, a muzzle is put upon him, that he may not eat the litter after his hay is finished. Few, however, need to be stinted in their fodder. Most of them may have the ordinary allowance. Those that will not eat mashes, nor drink freely, and those that cannot take exercise, are the only horses that need to be kept short of fodder. Early next morning the physic is given on an empty stomach.

TREATMENT UNDER PHYSIC.

Half an hour, or directly after the physic is given, the horse gets a bran mash; that eaten, he goes to walking exercise for perhaps an hour; he is watered when he returns. The water should be tepid, warm as the horse will take it. He is to get it often, and as much as he pleases. It should all be warm, that is, it should not be very cold. Some horses, particularly when under physic, refuse tepid water. It is often offered too warm. It is better that he have it cold than that he have none. But from the time physic is given till it ceases to operate, all the water should be as warm as the horse will take it, yet not so warm as to make him refuse it. During the remainder of this day, the horse has a bran mash as often as he is accustomed to get corn. Warm are better than cold mashes; if refused, they may be given cold; if both be refused, dry bran may be tried. Whether bran be eaten or refused, the horse is to have no corn. The hay may be sprinkled with plain or with salt water. Sometimes a little more exercise is given in the afternoon; and when the horse is difficult to purge, he is all the better of more exercise, weather and the legs permitting it. In wet weather the horse is not to go out. In cold weather, he is to be clothed, both in the stable and at exercise. The exercise is given at a walking pace, but in cold weather part of it may be faster. It should be fast enough to keep the horse warm, but not so fast as to heat him. Next morning, about twenty-four hours after the physic has been given, purging commences. Sometimes it begins sooner. I have seen physic operate in ten hours, and I have known thirty hours elapse ere the horse was fairly purged. The more exercise he takes, and the more water he drinks, the sooner he is purged. When the dose is strong, exercise must be given with more caution than when it is weak. But too much exercise, particularly beyond a walk, will make even a weak dose over-purge the horse.

If not purging freely next morning, when the stable is opened, the horse may go out and remain for an hour at a walk, with an occasional

slow trot. Whenever purgation is fairly established, the horse should be brought in, and stand in the stable till his physic *sets*, that is, till it ceases to operate. Some continue the exercise for a good while after the horse is purging; and when very copious purgation is wanted, or when the dose is not very strong, this may be done, the danger of carrying the process beyond the horse's strength being always remembered. A full dose, with proper preparation, and proper treatment, usually continues to operate pretty smartly for twelve hours. All this time the horse gets bran mashes and water, as on the preceding day. At night the evacuations should be less fluid, and by next morning they ought to be quite natural. After this the horse returns to his usual diet.

COLIC.

If the horse appear in pain, pawing the ground, looking at his flank, rising and lying, or rolling when down, he may have a clyster of warm soapy water, and go to exercise. This sometimes happens before purgation begins. If the pain be very severe, producing perspiration, a cordial ball may be given, and more clysters, and exercise, only a walk.

SUPERPURGATION.

Superpurgation occurs frequently, either from the dose being too strong, or the horse getting too much exercise. If the physic continue to operate so as to threaten evil, it may be stopped very readily by giving the horse a few oats or beans, one or both. If the horse will not eat, give him a cordial ball; withhold water, and give oatmeal gruel instead; bandage the legs, clothe the body, give a good bed, shut up the stable, and do not take the horse out. In half an hour after giving the cordial, again try the horse with oats or beans. Should these means fail, or should the horse very rapidly become weak and dejected, losing flesh from the back, crest and thighs, let him have half a pint of mulled port wine, well spiced, in as much warm water, and add an ounce of laudanum to it. Repeat this dose every four or five hours till purging stops. It will always succeed if the horse be not indeed at death's door before the treatment is begun. Bleeding in such a case destroys the horse.

SWEATING.

Every horse must perspire more or less while undergoing preparation for fast work; but in all racing and hunting studs there are some horses that require to be purposely sweated. By putting the horse to exertion, under heavy clothing, the perspiration is excited, and encouraged to flow, in much greater profusion than mere exertion would ever produce. The object of this is two-fold. Sweating removes superfluous flesh, and it gives freedom of respiration. The one object may be aimed at more than the other; and the process of sweating is, or ought to be, regulated accordingly. If the main object be to remove superfluous flesh, the horse may be sweated without, or with very little exertion; if the main object be to improve the wind, the horse must have a good deal of exertion with less sweating. In both cases the horse is drawn finer. The fluid which escapes from the skin is derived from the blood. Copious perspiration is soon followed by absorption. The superfluous fluids and solids are carried into circu-

lation, in order to supply the deficiency which perspiration has produced. Every sweat, if it be carried far enough, draws the horse finer, and such is the result whether he get much or little exertion.

I have never met with a stableman who seemed to understand the precise effects of sweating. They confound the effects of exertion with those of sweating; they proceed as if they thought the two should be combined. I have more than once stated that exercise, judiciously managed, gives power and alacrity to the muscular system, and freedom to the breathing. I have now to observe, that sweating, considered by itself, *does neither*. Copious perspiration can be excited with very little exertion; and, when that is done, the sweating merely removes superfluous flesh. It removes fat, and other matters, which encumber the muscles and the lungs; but it does not improve the functional powers of either. Exertion produces one series of effects, sweating another; and though both are generally combined, there are cases in which they may with advantage be separated.

SWEATING WITHOUT EXERTION,

That is, some exertion, but so little that it is not worth considering. The horse is heavily clothed, saddled, mounted, and taken to the sweating ground; here he is ridden at a steady, gentle pace, till he begins to perspire; so soon as the coat is damp, he is ridden at a smart pace to the stable; the doors and windows are closed; the horse is stalled with his head out, the saddle is removed, and more clothing applied. The groom stands by, while an assistant holds the horse's head. In a few minutes, from eight to ten, the skin becomes quite wet, perspiration issues from every pore, and runs down the legs. The horse's breathing increases, and is often as quick and laborious as if he had just run a race. This arises partly from heat and partly from exhaustion. The sudden loss of so much fluid produces a faintness very similar to that which follows a large bleeding; and without doubt the effect is greater from the heat accumulated on the surface. The time the horse is permitted to sweat in this manner must be regulated by the groom. It had better be repeated in a few days than overdone at first. After the first sweat the groom will closely observe its effect, and he will carry the next further, or not so far, according to circumstances. With some, the sweating need not stop till the perspiration be dropping fast from the belly, running down the legs and passing over the hoofs; with others, upon whom its effects may not yet be known, it will be time to stop when the hair is completely soaked. The groom now and then puts his hand under the clothes, and passing it along, observes how much fluid be lodged in the hair. If the horse be sufficiently warm when he enters the stable, he may have to sweat from five to fifteen minutes. Few require more than fifteen, and few less than five.

The sweating having been carried to the desired extent, the horse is stripped, the stable boys, usually one, and sometimes two on each side, immediately scrape the horse all over; they make the skin dry with as much expedition as possible. After scraping the neck, sides, quarters, every place upon which the scraper will operate, the legs and head are sponged. By means of wisps and rubbers, the horse is made quite dry; his standing clothes are put on; he gets a quart or two of

tepid water, goes out and gets a short gallop, and is walked about till quite cool, when he is stabled, dressed, clothed, watered, fed, and left to repose. The first water is tepid, and no more is given than sufficient to make the horse eat. The first food requires to be rather laxative, particularly for round-barrelled horses. The sweating produces costiveness, which is obviated by a bran mash; corn is given afterwards.

If it be desirable that this sweating produce a very decided effect in reducing the horse, his allowance of water for the next twenty-four or thirty-six hours, should be moderate. He will be disposed to drink very copiously, but if much be given it will be rapidly absorbed, and will in some measure fill the place of that fluid which perspiration has taken away, and there will be less stimulus for the absorbents to act upon the fat and other superfluities. The water should be tepid, for when cold it increases the horse's desire for it, and enough to make him feed is sufficient.

It is usual to give the horse a short gallop after his sweating; and after he has been dried, when he is able to take the exertion and to suffer so much exhaustion in one day, the practice is unobjectionable: but sweating, with or without exertion, does not render a gallop immediately afterwards at all necessary. Some gentle exercise, however, is often necessary to prevent perspiration from breaking out after the horse is dressed.

I think this mode of sweating without exertion is the best for lusty horses with defective legs. It is most necessary at the commencement of training, and may be practised two or three days after the first dose of physic sets. It removes so much of the fat that the horse may afterwards proceed to exertion which would have endangered his legs, had it been given before the sweating. This sweating merely removes fat. It confers no energy upon the muscles, nor capacity upon the lungs, beyond that they acquire from having greater freedom of action. This kind of sweating is never necessary for horses already low in flesh; and it need never be repeated while the legs can safely carry the body.

SWEATING WITH EXERTION.

It is only in racing and in hunting stables that horses are put through this process. When the training-groom speaks of sweating, he means sweating with exertion. The horse is put through his physic, and prepared for sweating by several days or weeks of walking exercise, varied by an occasional gallop. If the sweating and exertion must go together, it is very necessary to prepare the horse for the process by some gentle exertion, for it is a very severe one. If the horse be very lusty, he goes daily to walking exercise. After a time, he is put to a short gallop, varying in speed and distance, according to his age. It should, at the first two or three trials, not exceed half the distance he is to go in his sweat: if he suffer that without distress, it is gradually lengthened till he is able to go nearly, or quite as far as the sweating distance. If the trial gallop distress him, he returns for a few days to gentler exercise, and the pace and distance are increased more gradually.

Great eaters are muzzled for eight or ten hours before they go to the sweating ground; some require to be muzzled twelve hours, some six, some not at all; the stomach should not be loaded. In the

morning, or, when the weather is cold, in the forenoon, the horse is clothed in his sweaters, the quantity varying according to the effect desired. A soft, porous blanket lies next the skin; a breast-piece covers the bosom, while the head and neck are enveloped in a hood. Over the blanket, one or two, it may be three or four, quarter-pieces are thrown; and perhaps another hood may be required, the undermost wanting the earlets. These are tied and buckled, with care that no part encumber the action, nor abrade the skin. The legs, the eyes, and windpipe, must be clear; the breast-piece must not be drawn so tight as to confine the legs or press upon the windpipe. The saddle goes over all. The horse is ridden to some convenient ground, hunters to the field, racers to the course. If the horse's legs be defective, he is mounted by a light weight; sometimes he is led by a man on another horse. In the first or second sweat it may be proper to forbear riding; but in general it is not a good practice to lead the horse. He is so little under control that he is very apt to be lamed. Arrived at the sweating ground, the horse is usually walked round it, just to let him know it, and to give him the use of his legs. The pace increases from a walk to a trot or canter, and from that to a gallop. The length and speed of the gallop must be regulated by the training-groom. Speaking generally, the horse should rarely go at full speed, and not above a few hundred yards at a time. When a certain distance is not aimed at, the gallop should often end as soon as perspiration is fully established, and in no case should the horse proceed at the same pace after he appears the least distressed. As he improves in condition, he goes faster and further before perspiration appears.

In racing stables, the sweats, almost from the beginning, are of a certain length. According to Darvill, "the length for a year-old is two miles; for a two-year-old, two miles and a-half; for a three-year-old, three miles, or three and a-half; and for a four-year-old, four miles. In preparing for a four-mile race the horse may have to sweat four and a-half or five miles."*

Though the colt or horse may have to go a certain distance, yet the pace at which he goes must vary with his condition. At first the lusty horse especially should go very slow; and when the body is loaded and the legs weak, I think the full length should not be tried at first, even though the pace be slow. For hunters the pace and the distance must be limited by the state of the legs, and the freedom of the breathing. Excess at the beginning may possibly shorten the time of preparation, but it is much more likely to injure the lungs or the legs.

When pulled up, the horse is walked to his stable. He may stand for a minute to recover his wind. If the sweating ground be at a considerable distance, the horse is followed there by the groom and his assistants, who dry him in the field. The horse is placed in a sheltered spot, perhaps beside a hedge; his clothes are removed and he is scraped as dry as possible; fresh clothing is put on and the horse ridden smartly home. Subsequently the treatment is the same as after sweating in the stable. If the stable be near the sweating ground, the horse had better go there at once. He is in less danger of catching cold.

* Darvill on the English Race Horse. Vol. II. p. 270.

I need hardly repeat that this process has a double effect ; it improves the condition of those parts upon which muscular exertion depends, and it removes superfluous flesh. How far it is proper to aim at both objects by the same process, I leave to the consideration of those who have experience in the practical details of training. I should think it would be safer for the legs of a lusty horse to get rid of a great part of the superfluous flesh with as little exertion as possible ; to reduce him in the first place by purging and sweating, leaving no more superfluous flesh upon him than what exertion without clothing would remove. Sometimes the trainer unites both modes of sweating. After sending the horse his sweating distance, further perspiration is encouraged in the stable.

The repetition of these sweats must be regulated by the effect produced, and by the effect desired. While the robust glutton may require a sweat once a-week, or thrice a fortnight, the delicate abstinent may not need more than one in five or six weeks, or perhaps none at all.

BLEEDING.

Bleeding as an operation preparatory to work, is hardly ever necessary. It is customary, however, in some hunting and coaching studs, upon taking the horse from grass. I believe it is nowhere so common as it used to be. It takes the flesh off a horse very rapidly, but it produces great debility. Perhaps the parts which are absorbed after blood-letting may not be the same parts that sweating and purging remove. It may be that the loss of pure blood may be replaced by the absorption of solids and fluids more necessary to vigor, than those solids and fluids of which purging and sweating produce the removal.

DIURETICS.

Diuretics are those medicines which increase the flow of urine. They are not of much avail in training. They are useful, however, when there is reason to fear plethora, or when the legs swell, either from rest, or from excess of food or excess of work. Nitre, resin, turpentine, soap, and oil of juniper, are all diuretics. For a horse of fifteen or sixteen hands high a diuretic ball may be composed of—nitre, four drachms ; resin, three drachms ; and oil of juniper, twenty drops ; with soft soap sufficient to make a ball of the proper size.—From four to eight drachms of nitre, given in a mash, may be sufficient to prevent the plethora, which idleness on a working-day might produce, and it is useful when work has excited a little fever, or swelled the legs. No diuretic is to be given within forty-eight hours after, nor before profuse sweating.

ALTERATIVES.

In the stable this term is not applied to any particular drug or prescription. Almost every groom has a recipe of his own, and the effect, when any is produced, must vary according to the articles employed. Taken as a class, the alteratives used in training may be regarded as gentle evacuants, acting upon the secretions of the skin, the bowels, and the kidneys. Nitre, resin, sulphur, balsam of sulphur, Ethiop's mineral, cream of tartar, black antimony, tartar-emetic, calomel, cinnabar, with a host of gums, spices, and herbs, are used in-

dividually, or in various combinations. Many inert articles are employed. Very often so little is given, that neither good nor ill follows, and sometimes a dangerous and fatal dose is given through ignorance of its powers.

In former times it seemed to be a rule that the horse should swallow a certain quantity of medicine every year, whether well or ill, poor or fat; and among grooms who pretend to much knowledge, and have a great deal of ignorance, it is still a custom to force drugs upon him, not so much to cure as to prevent. If any evil be threatened or in existence, it is very right to take measures to prevent or cure it; but the people I speak of give drugs without seeing any sign that they are wanted. The horse may be as well as they desire him to be, and not exposed to any change of circumstance or treatment that can make him worse, and yet they give some stuffs which they call alteratives.

In training good grooms do not employ means of this kind without some reason. The horse may not be altogether right, his bowels or his skin may be out of order, his legs liable to swell after work, or frogs to get thrushy in the house. The horse may have a bad appetite, or his appetite may be too good. For these and such like matters some medicine which will gently stimulate the secretions of a particular organ may be very useful. An alterative powder in very common use is composed of antimony, nitre, and sulphur, mixed and given in the same doses, and with the precautions, which are mentioned in connexion with grooming, to produce a fine coat. When the skin is rigid, the hair dry,—when there are any pimples or itchiness upon it,—when there is any tendency to swelled legs or thrushes,—a few of these powders may be given with benefit, a stronger remedy, such as sweating or purging, being unnecessary or impracticable. When a bad day keeps a hearty eater off his exercise, one or two of them will prevent repletion.

Sometimes the antimony is given alone. Nimrod recommends an ounce every day, for eight days together. The horse should not hunt nor race till a week after the last dose.

CORDIALS.

These medicines are seldom wanted in training. Their principal use is to give the horse an appetite. There are many spare feeders among fast-working horses. They are apt to refuse their food every time they are excited or exhausted by more than usual work. To such, a cordial is now and then of some service. There is no need for the costly and complicated preparations which are sometimes given.

Take of caraway seeds,.....	3 oz.
Anise seed,.....	3 oz.
Allspice,.....	3 oz.
Cloves,.....	2 oz.
Gentian root,.....	4 oz.

These should all be ground to a fine powder, and beaten into a solid mass with treacle or honey. Divide the whole into twelve balls. One may be given at any time when there is no fever: when the eye and nostrils are red, the mouth and skin hot, they are forbidden.

MUSCULAR EXERTION.

A good deal has been said about exertion in other parts of this work, and it is not necessary to say much here. In preparing for fast work the rule is to proceed from less to more, from a short to a longer distance, from a slow to a faster pace, always by small degrees. In the first week most of the exercise may be given at a walk. This pace has been objected to by Nimrod. He says it injures the legs, and produces spavin. He is in error. There is no pace at which the legs are so safe. When the horse is kept at it for several successive hours, he may be fatigued: but the fatigue falls upon the muscles, not upon the joints nor the tendons. The horse may lie a great deal after walking exercise, but it rarely makes him lame. Cart-horses often travel ten hours a day, for months together: and though all their work is performed at a walk, they have no spavin till they are overburdened, and not often then.

WALKING AND OTHER EXERCISE.

Walking exercise empties the bowels,—gives the horse good use of his limbs,—gives him an appetite for food,—promotes the secretions of the lungs, the skin, and the bowels,—and when much is given under a good rider, it teaches the horse to walk quickly and gracefully. Even at the beginning, however, all the exercise need not be given at a walk. The horse, whatever be his condition, is always able to take some faster exertion. The walk, the trot, the canter, and the gallop, may alternate one with another, no more of either being exacted than the horse can bear without injury. But when intended to perform his work at any particular pace, at cantering, for example, he is to get as much of that as it is safe to give him. A lady's horse would be ill prepared if most of his exertion were a trot. The preparatory exertions should resemble the work as soon and as far as it is safe to give it.

The slow paces make the horse leg-weary. If he lie more than six hours out of the twenty-four, his legs being sound, he is getting too much exercise. Fast paces endanger the lungs of an untrained horse. The rider should know when he has gone as far and as fast as it is safe to go. Existing distress is indicated by signs which do not require much experience to recognise them. They are described in connexion with the accidents of work. The signs which indicate the *approach* of distress are not so well marked, but they are quite visible. The first is rapid and short respiration; the second frequent protrusion of the muzzle, as if the horse wanted more rein; and the third is a deep, prolonged, inspiration, something like a sigh, in which the rider feels his legs thrown apart by the expansion of the horse's chest. Quickness of respiration is a necessary consequence of exertion, and is a symptom of distress only when excessively rapid and short. The protrusion of the muzzle shows that the horse is at nearly all he can do. This is not to be mistaken for the pull of a horse eager to get away; he quickens his pace as he gets his head free.—When distress is coming the head is often darted downward or forward; and though more rein be given, the head still dives but the horse goes no faster. He need not in all cases be pulled up for this; it may be sufficient to slacken the pace for a few hundred yards, to

go slower, until he recover a little. The deep sigh demands immediate relief; to continue longer at the same pace, even for no more than two hundred yards, is attended with considerable risk. The horse may be fairly overmarked. He may proceed a short distance, but he ought to be held in if possible, or he ought to stand quite still, which is the safer plan, until he recover his wind. At work, circumstances may demand a continuation of the pace, notwithstanding this sign of distress; but in training the deep inspiration should stop it at once.

The severest exertion given to the horse in training is that termed sweating. A certain distance is aimed at, but the groom generally knows pretty well how the horse will bear it before he is sent to it.—He is previously tried in short gallops, which are lengthened by degrees. Horses usually snort after performing a little smart work; they clear the nostrils by a sudden and forcible expiration. This act does not resemble sneezing nor coughing. The nostrils play to and fro as the air is expelled, and make a peculiar noise, which is well enough expressed by the term *snorting*. It is quite voluntary; sneezing and coughing are not. Many horses do it when starting, but the groom attends to it particularly after a trial gallop. Should the horse clear his nose almost the instant he is pulled up, he has wind enough to go further and faster in his next gallop; should a minute elapse ere he snorts, still the pace and distance may be increased, but not much. In the next trial, should the horse stand for two minutes without snorting, his gallop has been severe enough for his condition, and it may have been too much so. He does not snort till his breathing is easy; and the more he is unwinded the more time he takes to recover. It seems, however, that some horses do not snort as soon as they recover freedom of breathing. I have watched one for half an hour, after a severe run, without noticing him clear the nostrils; and I have repeatedly observed that, especially after a long continued exertion, the horse does not snort for a good while after his breathing is quite tranquil.

The ground upon which exertion is given is a matter of some consequence. A hard stony surface injures the feet and legs, and a fall upon it is a serious affair. Deep ground, that in which the foot sinks, demands great exertion to get through it, and it hazards the legs, though the rider may have judgment enough to save the lungs.—Rough, irregular ground, gives the legs so many twists, that a fast pace is very apt to produce a sprain. The best is that which resembles a race course—soft, yet firm.

The kind and degree of exertion must vary with the condition of the horse; the mode of giving it must vary a little according to his disposition. A lazy horse is generally robust, and not much disposed to over-exert himself; he may require a good deal of urging to keep him at the pace, and make him go the distance. He is apt to stop when not inclined to run. If allowed to have his own way a few times at the beginning, it becomes a difficult process to train him, and still more difficult to work him. On the course he may choose to lose a race, and in the field he may fancy he has done enough before he has well begun. A horse of this kind requires to be well mounted. In his training exertion he must be ridden by one who has

strength to manage him, and judgment enough to distinguish between laziness and distress. There are many other horses quite different from this kind. They are timid, easily agitated, easily injured, and very apt to over-exert themselves. The least harsh treatment alarms them; they tremble, the limbs totter, the stride is irregular, unsteady; the horse is so precipitate in his movements that he is often lamed or thrown down. Without whip or spur such a horse would run till he died. Even a little extra exertion puts him off his feed. These horses are generally less robust than those of phlegmatic temperament; they should seldom carry much weight, yet a thoughtless boy is almost sure to abuse such a horse. He ought to be treated with great gentleness. Some are least alarmed when ridden alone, others when they have companions, which, however, ought not to be sluggards, for a timid horse is in terror when he sees or hears another punished. In general, severe exertion should not always be given on the same ground. After once or twice the horses get alarmed whenever they arrive there, and know what is coming. But the same place may be used for both the severe and the gentle exertion; and by stealing slowly away at first, the horse may do his work before he knows that he has begun it. The warning of severe exertion gives him more alarm than the exertion itself.

Indeed all horses should start slowly. A gentle pace prepares the legs, and puts every organ in order for a severer task. It gives the horse time to empty his bowels, and to see the ground, and enables the rider to feel lameness, should there be any not previously observed.

AN ENGLISH COVER-SIDE.

A DREAM IN PHILADELPHIA.

How strangely and how mysteriously the current of thought, that has occupied us in the day, sometimes follows us in our dreams.—Last night I saw an immense tract of land intersected by stone walls.—here and there, were a few scattered clumps of trees, that appeared, from their stunted growth, to partake of the cold nature of the soil they sprung from. Not a blade of grass was to be seen, except a green patch of three acres, carefully enclosed by a stone wall: on the further side of this enclosure was a sloping road-way, and near the road-way a small farm and homestead, with paddocks, and towards this homestead and road-way, figures, in red-coats, were galloping as if their lives depended on a minute,—why, where am I? Surely the homestead is a favorite meet of the H. H. Newbam;* and that immense crowd of scarlet coats at full gallop are 200 Oxonians, who have done the twenty-two miles somewhat under an hour and three-quarters! Arrived at the homestead, they give their hacks and overalls to their cads,† and remount their fresh horses. In a paddock behind the farm are a crowd of private grooms with their master's hunters, and the owners of these arrive in a somewhat better condition. In this corner are three fat parsons, with merry round counte-

* The fixture for the days' hunt.

† Hired servants.

nances, come more to enjoy the "Coffee-Shop"* than the hunt; and there is a slim gentleman in a scarlet coat and high collar, who is whistling, "A southerly wind and a cloudy sky," while his fat groom in a chocolate colored coat, is buckling a pair of woollen gloves under the saddle flap in case of rain. All at length mounted, assemble on a rising ground, near the road-way, and here are one hundred faces, as fresh in the vision of the night as in reality: here is the Flying Captain on a noble chesnut, and there in the centre of a group of country gentlemen, is a florid, jovial, face, always lit with a smile, 'tis Lord C——l, he is tapping his boot with his whip in his right hand, and saying something pleasant to all around. What a jovial scene,—only to be found in "merry England."

How the cover hacks smoke, while so joyous and gay.
The shake of the hand goes around;
And the overallst† of Messrs. Martin & Day,
As usual transparent are found.

Here Jem Hill, the Hunstman, points Oppidar out,
For perfection of legs, feet, and head;
While the rest of the pack come crowding about,
And snatch at his morsel of bread.

At this moment a quiet looking gentleman, in a black coat, who, by the deference paid him by the Oxonians, appears to be the master of the hunt, after throwing his eye to windward, and looking one moment at his watch, orders the puppy dogs, (who have been anxiously looking towards the wall) to be thrown into the gorse. A game-keeper opens the gate for the Huntsman and hounds, and quietly placing his gun inside the wall, seats himself on the gate. Five members of the hunt are using all their effort to restrain the ardor of the youthful Nimrod, who, convinced that "Charles James"‡ means to break at such a point, are pushing on for a start.

A whip is posted at the furthest end of the wall, and his well trained horse seems hardly to breathe for fear of heading the fox.‡ In the meantime, the gorse shakes again, and a well known note proclaims "Old Reynard"‡ is there. Jem Hill, standing in his stirrups, gives one note on his horn, and, with his musical voice, says,— "Yoi, Hoppidan good hound, have a-at 'em there." At this moment a death-like stillness prevails, and the whip at the corner is seen to hold up his cap, and in one minute sticking his thumb against his right ear, cries out, in a note which instils terror into the Wily Vermin,‡ now a mile a-head—"Gone away! Tally-ho! Ta-ally-ho!

Jem Hill jumps the wall, saying to the Oxonians—"for God's sake, gentlemen, give 'em a fair start"—and by the time each hound being "settled to scent," he takes the lead, saying—"now ride over, and be d—d to you,"—closely followed by three hundred in red, where he finds no difficulty in sifting in the first ten minutes, and when he comes to a check at a sheep-pen, after twenty minutes at best pace—He finds himself alone, with the Flying Captain—two swells from Cheltenham—five members of the Hunt, and three Oxonians, who have ridden like sportsmen and were well in when the hounds threw up at the pen—the first is a young nobleman on a thorough-bred black mare,

* Twenty-two miles from Oxford, well-know covert.

† Leggins to keep the boots clean.

‡ Four synonymous terms, meaning the fox.

worth 300 guineas—the second is the finest performer out of Oxford, on a big vicious bay with a rat-tail—and the third, not so well mounted, has turned his face to the wind for the benefit of his nag. Here I awoke—would you like to see the fox killed? Κυνῆγος.

Philadelphia, May 4, 1839.

A SURFEIT OF "JORROCKS."

We are sorry to have a reader who is inclined to cry "enough," "enough," of the "Handley-cross Hounds," but that there is such an anomaly is too true, as the reader will see by the annexed communication. "Jones" (the accurately descriptive name of our correspondent) writes like a man of sense on every point but this,—in his appreciation of "Mr. Jorrocks" we must think him wrong. But whether we will or no, "Mr. Jorrocks" will himself compel us to omit his articles, as his most recent papers are too personal for our use, vigorous and spirited as they are.

FAIRIE KNOWE, GA., 4th May, 1839.

Mr. P.—I am located in one of the back counties of Georgia, in what is called the "last Cherokee Purchase," and a capital purchase it is, and a fine bargain we made of it, for we got it at our own price; that is, we *tuck* it from the Indians because we had a better title to it than they had—a title which, since the days of Cain and Abel, has stood the test of ages—Cyrus's title to Babylon; Alexander's title to the dominions of Cyrus's successors; the Roman title to Greece; Napoleon's title to Egypt, Spain and Russia (if he had not failed in proving one or two small links); the English title to Ireland, the Indies, and the Danish fleet; and last, though not least, the title of the Empire State to the land of the Oneidas. We were strong enough to take it, and we *tuck* it, and left Uncle Sam and the Cherokees to settle between them the value of the guarantee the first had given the last to an everlasting possession of GEORGIA LANDS. And truly, Uncle Sam, instructed by our lectures on political economy and political justice, as we had been by New York, settled the price as we settled the title; that is, told the Indians—"we will give you so much and no more"—and Uncle Sam being strongest, it was clear to every one (except the Indians) that the price was full, fair and liberal. They (the Indians) were for a long while unable to perceive that the money was worth more than the land, until at last, Uncle Sam made the old-fashioned argument, which was never known to fail—he shewed red-skin the bayonet, and he pocketed the money as the traveller pockets the empty purse which the robber has gutted and handed back, perfectly satisfied, if not contented.

Well sir, upon this monument of Georgia logic and lucid commentary on the law of nations, am I. About fifty steps from where I now sit, at the foot of a knob fifty feet high, bursts out a bold limestone spring;—the branch passes through my dairy (I wish you could taste my milk and butter, from the woods' grass and wild flowers; you would never touch clover butter again), and at about one hundred steps empties itself into a mountain creek of about a rod in width, which winds its way through some hundred acres of good bottom land that the eye may take in at a glance (when the trees are off). Beyond,

hills—hills—hills, covered with pine trees, grass, and wild flowers. I look east, behind me are some dozen hands-full of stout hills rising above the knob on which I sit (thrown there during the fight between Jupiter and the Titans, when they piled Pelion upon Ossa), covered as are those before me, with pine trees, grass and wild-flowers—through them winds a single level path-way to my nearest neighbor's, about four miles off. I am thus particular, that you may know into what sort of a nook the name of W. M. T. PORTER, has found its way. On my book-shelves stand the "Turf Register," from Vol. 1 to Vol. 9, with which I had intended to close my subscription and cut the work. Not that I have become tired of fishing, hunting, racing, pedigrees, or blood-stock. Not because the five dollars paid for the paper deprives me of some other gratification. Not because I had been skinned by Mr. SKINNER, or case-hardened by his locum tenens, Mr. SMITH, but because of "Mr. Jorrocks" and "The Handley-Cross Hounds." They are my bane, my nausea, my vomit, my poison. I thought from the first they were intended for wit, and for wit I took them—not that I could see it, but because I delight to be in the fashion and to think, and talk, and feel, what fashionable people feel; to like what they like, and dislike what they dislike. For the same reason that I admire Milton's strut, and Washington Irving's switchell, ear tags, and blanc mange—and for two or three numbers I stood it out manfully, and was delighted with "Mr. Jorrocks" and "the Handley-cross Hounds," simply because I perceived that it was expected I should be delighted, and as I set all down for wit which I did not understand, the lectures of "Mr. Jorrocks" appeared to me exceedingly witty. One difficulty presented itself—a witticism must be laughed at, and from the first, I was hard put to it to raise a chuckle; every hour I was posed, and at the last, my risible powers became completely exhausted, and the various muscles and sphincture which wreath the countenance in smiles, and cover the face with broad laughter, became so worn and flaccid, that I could not have raised a respectable laugh at one of Mathews' best: from that time I began to sicken, and evince signs of canisphobia whenever I opened a "Register" on "Jorrocks" and the "Fox-Hounds." Last summer I had some fifteen fine young taus and beagles; they had been sucking my eggs and killing my poultry, for weeks, and I bore it with Job-like patience, until "Mr. Jorrocks" and "the Handley-cross Hounds" exerted their malign influence, and caused the death of all my dogs.

So it fell out, rumor had given some vague account of some great race—Boston's or Cliffden's, or some other I do not now recollect; and I was looking anxiously for the Turf Register to give me a full account. At last it came—the cover was torn off—the paper opened, and the first thing that met my eye was "Jorrocks" and the "Handley-cross." I was immediately seized with a fit—threw down the book—and stepped into the yard for fresh air. Here fresh cause of irritation presented itself; two taus were fighting for a young chicken they had just killed. The thing was out,—all my Jobism vanished,—the dogs were ordered for execution, and before the paroxysm passed away, all my dogs were done for. Still "Jorrocks" and the "Handley-cross Hounds" continued to haunt me from time to time, through the Register, and I saw no remedy but to quit the Register; when, lo,

and behold! it changed hands; and now, said I, I may hold on, I shall see nothing more of "Jorrocks" and the "Handley-cross hounds." Yesterday your January and February Numbers came, and cut an imposing appearance. I opened at page 17, "By Gar Monsieur Tonson come again." I dropped the book, and have not been able to muster courage to take it up again. Now I pray you, if you cannot relieve me in whole, relieve me in part. If I am to have any more of "Jorrocks" and the "Handley-cross," let it come all at once for God's sake. No more broken doses. I can stand any thing once,—I could, in the cause of the Turf, endure the stake, the cord, or the guillotine,—I could stand drowning, strangulation, or impalement,—but to have pins stuck in one, or be whipped with nettles, or bayed by Jorrocks and the "Handley-cross," morning, noon, and night, every day, is more than flesh can bear. It would wear out the patience of Job, and break down the nerves of Sampson or Milo. Thus again I pray you let us have all the balance of Jorrocks and his dogs at one dose, and then go a-head.

JONES.

MARSKE,

SIRE OF THE CELEBRATED ECLIPSE.

MARSKE was by Squirt, out of the Ruby mare; she was from a daughter of Bay Bolton, and Mr. Hutton's Blacklegs; grandam by Fox Cub; g. g. dam by Coneyskins; g. g. g. dam by Hutton's Grey Barb, a daughter of Mr. Hutton's Royal colt, a daughter of the Byerley Turk, from a Bustler mare.

He was foaled in 1750; color, brown; bred by Mr. Hutton, who exchanged him with the Duke of Cumberland for a Chestnut Arabian.

In April, 1754, at Newmarket, Marske received forty guineas forfeit from Mr. Cornwall's grey colt; on the 8th of May he won the Jockey Club Plate of 100 guineas and upwards; and in the following October, beat Trentham's Ginger, B. C., 300 guineas. In April, 1755, he was beat by Brilliant and Syphon; in April and May, 1756, he was vanquished in two matches by Snap; and in October following he forfeited to Spectator.

Marske then became a private stallion in the stud of the Duke of Cumberland, and was held in little repute. At the death of his Royal Highness, which happened in 1765, he was sold, (with the rest of the Duke's stud) at Tattersall's, to a farmer, for a trifling sum; and in 1766, he covered in Dorsetshire at half-a-guinea. He was afterwards purchased by Mr. Wildman for twenty guineas, the seller being highly pleased thus to rid himself of a "*worthless animal*."

In 1767, he covered at Bistern, near Ringwood, Hants, at three guineas; 1769, at Gibbon's Grove, near Leatherhead, Surrey, at five guineas; and in 1770, at ten guineas; Eclipse having made his appearance on the course, the price was advanced to thirty guineas; when he was purchased by the Earl of Abingdon for 1000 guineas

and sent to his lordship's stud at Rycot, in Oxfordshire. When the extraordinary powers of Eclipse became generally known and acknowledged—when it was found he could not only beat, but distance, all competitors with ease, the price of his sire rose accordingly—and for some time previous to his death he covered at 100 guineas, and one guinea to the groom.

Marske was but a mediocre racer; and, if an opinion is to be formed from the portraits of him which have fallen under our observation, it was impossible he could be very fleet. He was the sire, nevertheless, of the most extraordinary horse the world ever saw; he was the sire also of a numerous progeny, many of whom ran successfully; yet, we suspect that the superiority of Eclipse, and the good character of his half brothers and sisters, are mainly attributable to the feminine side of the parentage. The fame of Eclipse brought the finest mares in the country to his sire.

[Leamington Chronicle.]

OBSERVATIONS ON THE SPRING CAMPAIGN.

MR. EDITOR—In my rambling way, with perhaps the garrulity of age, and its desire to impart knowledge of "by-gone days," I again write to you, rather to make my reflections than to furnish history. If you learn nothing new from me, I may be the means of awaking enquiry that may lead to improvement—a word as to improvement. At a Jockey Club meeting I have lately attended, the entries for the next day were made at one o'clock P. M., the day preceding the race, and announced by the president of the Club, from the judges' stand, that all within the reach of his voice might hear. Yet the proprietor of the Course failed to publish the entries; and, from an idea that the horses were drawn, he lost by the absence of visitors, who would have been sure to attend. I might say more of this—and I have had to regret that the entries at Baltimore, and the result of each day's racing there, were not regularly published in their morning papers. I hope *your* proprietor, for his own sake, will do better. A Baltimore morning paper complains of the omission.

In looking to the results of this spring's campaign, upon the Turf, I perceive they have been pretty much what might have been expected, from blood and training. That "blood will tell," is no less trite than true. The importance of this truth inspires the hope that we may soon have a complete American Stud Book, such as has been for some time expected at the hands of Mr. STRATTON. Why he does not complete his publication, I am uninformed.—But "*revenons à nos moutons*,"—the "terribly-high bred cattle,"—as they are termed by the hawkers at Doncaster.

That in "the great event," of this spring, *Boston* should have been beaten by *Portsmouth*, is not surprising, when reference is made to their blood, as well as style of running, and that one might be losing somewhat the speed and fire of a preceding year, while the other—from a very speedy stock, too—at the distance run, had perhaps just reached his maximum. His trainer must have known the colt to have been "a good one," if he could out-run Mediator and Omega, in a trial of two

miles. He comes to good speed by fair inheritance. Such is characteristic of the Luzborough stock, as transmitted by his sire Ditto, one of the fastest, if not the speediest, of all the Derby winners. But speed was his forte. His son *Luzborough* was untried as a distance horse; in his only four-mile race, as it has been called, he was beaten; and, judging from the time of the performance, I am inclined to think, it was not literally a four-mile race, but one over a "four mile course;" which, in England, conveys the vague idea of being somewhere between three and four miles. Few of the Courses there are accurately measured miles, like our own; or I have been misinformed. Though the Luzboroughs have not yet been winners of four-mile *heats*, two of them, Picton and Portsmouth, have proved themselves superior to the most distinguished competitors in their first heat. Perhaps in both instances, they ran to disadvantage. No horse since Gallatin, in my humble judgment, has been speedier than they were, when they made such extraordinary performances. Gallatin, at three years old, with 90 lbs., it will be recollected, ran two miles at Fairfield, in 3:43; on the same course, Balie Peyton ran *also* a capital second heat, but in 3:45; although stated in the papers, at the time, to have been "the best heat on the Course." He is five years old and carried 112lbs. The gazettes of the day have also stated the races won lately at Newmarket, in 3:46 and 3:48, to have been "the best" on that Course; but I am inclined to think, if reference be had to the records of the Club, it will appear that Peace-maker, Sir William, and Reality, have been winners in 3:43, 3:45; and the latter, in *three* heats with Timoleon, at an average of 3:48.

It is probably true that there are more fine horses upon our Turf at this time, co-extensive with the increased population, than formerly; yet, when the difference of weight is calculated, I much doubt whether the Pictons, Bostons, Omegas, and Lady Cliffdens, of modern days, have at all better speed or bottom, or are better trained or ridden, than were Selim, Leviathan, Virago, and Black Maria, in days of yore. About the period of the last War, both before and since, for several years, the Turf had declined to a degree that almost forboded its entire annihilation, compared with the past, and its Phoenix-like resuscitation. However, during that dark period, appeared the very best runners, of the Stock of Sir Archy,—Vanity, Reality, Timoleon, and Virginian. After they, as well as Rattler, Lady Lightfoot, and others, had pretty much trained off, the bright star of Eclipse illumined the North. That rivalry infused fresh energies in our Turf. From that period its most brilliant history may be dated. When Eclipse beat Sir Walter, and others, a first heat, in 7:52, I well remember it was hailed as a most extraordinary achievement,—wholly unparalleled in our country. Yet the next year, on the same Course, he ran a good second to Henry's 7:37! The writers of such extravaganzas did not know that it had been inscribed, by order of the judges, upon the starting post of the Fredericksburgh Course, (a very deep and sandy one) that Cup Bearer had run a second four-mile heat over it, in 7:50. Floretta and Oscar had also run a second heat at Washington, in 7:52. Now, a four-mile heat run in 7:52, excites no surprise. It was rather a disappointment, the other day, at the Kendall Course, that Portsmouth should not have run his first heat considerably under that; however, the se-

cond heat was run in 7:46, three seconds quicker than Eclipse's with Henry; and the three heats in their aggregate time, as well as that of Maria Black's, twelve miles in 23:50, or thereabouts. Lady Clifden's three heats must yet bear the palm.

In distance races, it seems to me there is no better blood than that of Sir Charles. It is superior in this respect to Eclipse's. His stock may be as speedy, and are perhaps more durable, if they escape curbs. —But Leviathan is our modern Sir Archy. Superadded to the surpassing number of winners got by him, Vashti, Zelina, Bee's-wing, &c., have established the character of his stock, as of the old fashioned *bottom* sort. I will not enter into a discussion upon the comparative merits of Native and English Stock. That is left for those in a pecuniary way interested in the subject. Our famed winners this spring, are perhaps as well bred as the foreigners, or those of their more immediate extraction. Boston, at the head of the Turf, (notwithstanding his two-mile heats' defeat), is by Timoleon, out of the unvanquished own sister to the great Tuckahoe, who was got by the unconquered and redoubtable Florizel, &c., &c. Portsmouth, by Luzborough out of Polly Peachem, &c. Vashti, by Leviathan out of Slazy,* a good runner, by Muckle John, (own brother to Sir William, and almost brother in blood to the famed Henry)—her dam by the famed Collector, son of the famed Mark Anthony. I must ask of you the favor to furnish the balance of her pedigree, as also that of Steel's dam.† *When horses become renowned, their full pedigree should be furnished.*

A Shark colt out of Coquette, by Sir Archy, (dam of Janette, &c.) won a Sweepstakes at Newmarket—although there is some breeding-in in her, no blood can be better. A Fylde out of Polly Peachem, and a Goliah out of a Charles, (her dam by Shylock out of Boston's dam) and a very high bred English colt, by Langar, out of My Lady, by Comus, (of The Colonel's and Monarch's maternal ancestry) and a Gohanna out of Gulnare, were winners of Stakes near Richmond, Va. At Washington, there was another exemplification of the value of the union of the Eclipse and Rattler blood, (that had proved so good in Mingo, Mary Wynn, Job, &c.) in the winner of the great Stake by the Flirtilla Jr. colt; his competitor, equally high bred, may not have been in as good order. At Kendall's Course, an Argyle, out of another double Archy, [Lottery by Bedford—Imported Anvilina, bred and presented to the late Col. TAYLOR, by Col. O'KELLY, from his famous brood mare Augusta, by Eclipse, bred by His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, (since, George IV.)—Herod, &c. &c.], won the great Sweepstake. At the Union, the winners, too, were equally high bred; one, by the famed English Emilius, out of the famed Polly Hopkins—the other, by Shark, out of Bonnets of Blue, uniting the blood of Eclipse, Lady Lightfoot, Sir Charles, and Reality—four race nags of almost unrivalled excellence in their day. Their excellence may counteract the danger of breeding in and in. Since the severe

* For Slazy's achievements, refer to races run in the two Carolinas, and Floridas. Both she and Portsmouth partake of the blood of Collector, a very fast horse. Rattler's dam, in JOHN RICHARDS' pedigree, was half sister to Collector, out of Lady Legs, by Imp. Centinel.

† We cannot put our hand on the full pedigree of Slazy, (sometimes written *Slasey* and *Slacy*), but comply with our correspondent's request as to Steel. His dam *Diamond*, was bred by Capt. JOHN EUBANK, of Stonesville, Charlotte Co., Va., and foaled in 1824; she was got by Constitution (son of Diomed)—her dam by Ball's Florizel (another son of Diomed)—g. d. by Flag of Truce—g. g. d. by Mead's Celer—g. g. g. d. by Twigg—g. g. g. g. d. by Janus, etc. *Diamond* is also the dam of Sally Eubank, by Roanoke, a capital performer, celebrated for her game.

racers, won by his sire and dam, at the same ages, and on the same Course, no colt has run a more bottomed race than Mariner. These, for the present, are sufficient examples of the excellence of blood, and the propriety of breeding from certain good racing stock. In North Carolina, a Chateau, upon a chance, has been successful; but I do not think the get of the famed Imported horses have realized expectations this spring, in Virginia. The races north of Baltimore are about being run. Therefore, I have only referred to the first meeting on the Union Course, and those at the South.

Because Vashti, with Steel's aid, has beaten Portsmouth, it does not follow she could have done it singly. Last autumn Omega beat Vashti, and this spring Steel beat Omega. These changes are caused by the difference of condition. But the most wonderful race this spring, was run at the Kendall Course by the appropriately named *Wonder* and *Argyle*; either would doubtless have beaten the winner, Master Henry, singly, though he be nearly brother to Bailie Peyton, uniting the blood of Henry and Eclipse. This was the best three-mile heats race ever run in America, if the Course be a full mile; and Argyle has won the best heat, and a second one, too, that has been yet run, acquiring additional fame. Had Wonder been as well trained and ridden, I cannot doubt he would have won the race he had so nearly gained. This again proves the excellence of the Prince George's stock in Maryland—both were bred there—Argyle, the best son of Mons. Tonson, from Mingo's not very remote maternal ancestry—Wonder, by Tychicus, descended through good crosses from Tasker's Selima. Their race was five seconds better than *Medoc's* four heats, his best race, beating Ironette, &c.—first and second heats, four seconds better than Clara Howard's, the best three-mile heats on the Union Course—the twelve miles, nearly the same as those run by Lady Cliffden; but they were four-mile heats, and this a race of three-mile heats. Antipater, that lately died at the Kendall Course, another famed son of Tychicus, was as good, if not better, than Wonder. Both resemble their sire, but the former was his very ditto. His powers were yet unknown. He was of surpassing speed, and had done all that was required of him. His trainer was anxious to see him engage Boston, even at four-mile heats. He was out of Mediator's dam.

Pedigree in full of *Portsmouth*:—1835. B. c. Portsmouth, by imp. Luzborough, out of Polly Peachem, by John Richards (son of Sir Archy, dam by Rattle, son of imp. Shark, imp. Medley, &c.)—grandam, Fair Forester, by imp. Chance (son of Lurcher, &c.)—g. g. dam, Lady Bolingbroke (dam of Lavinia, winner of the great Stirling Stakes, of the famed Wrangler, &c.)—by imp. Pantaloon (son of Herod, out of Nutcracker by Matchem)—Cade, by Wormeley's King Herod (son of imp. Fearnought out of imp. Kitty Fisher by Cade)—Primrose, by imp. Dove (son of Young Cade)—Stella, by imp. Othello, (son of Crab) the own sister of the famed Selim, out of Tasker's renowned imp. Selima, by the Godolphin Arabian. This is one of the most ancient of high bred American pedigrees. It admirably combines the three great English crosses, from Matchem, Herod and Eclipse. Luzborough is most highly and fashionably bred—he and Sultan, lately at the head of English Stallions, probably derived extraordinary speed from the same source.

OBSERVER.

COMPARISON OF THE SPEED OF HORSES.

[The following article was written some time since, so that no mention is made of the brilliant races made at Baltimore, which, taken as a whole, are superior, in point of time, to any race meeting of late years. They are alluded to in another page of this Magazine by a correspondent who attended the meeting.]

Mr. Editor ;—As you are a seeker after truth, with a view to its propagation, I send you the result of a late research. In a search among musty files of papers, of 1800-1-2, some light has been shed upon Turf matters, *yet* in obscurity. At that period the weights at Fairfield, Va., were :—For 3 yr. olds, 90lbs.—four yr. olds, 102lbs.—five yr. olds, 116lbs.—*six yr. olds*, 130lbs.—*seven and aged*, 140lbs. ! At such weights, Mr. Hoomes' Fairy, by Imp. Bedford, 4 yrs. old, in a very closely contested race, beat Colonel Tayloe's renowned gelding, Leviathan, aged, carrying 137lbs., running four miles in 7:53—the best time of those days. Had not the rider of Leviathan lost his stirrup in the second heat, the result might have been different. I leave it for you, Mr. Editor, to cypher out the reduction of the time, (240 yards, the then established distance,) by the rule, "of 7lbs. equal to a distance," in comparison with that of Eclipse, in his great race on the Union Course. Prior to being vanquished by Fairy, Leviathan had won, as we learn, some 14 consecutive races, beating the best horses in Virginia and Maryland.

I also read, in the same files, an account of Col. Tayloe's success with Expectation (since Gallatia,—the own brother to Fairy), 3 yrs. old, that in October, 1802, carrying 90lbs., won a sweepstakes on the Fairfield course, two mile heats, *running the second heat in 3:43!* It has lately been run by Balie Peyton, 5 yrs. old, in 3:45. The error that 3:48, as lately run by Portsmouth, is the best* time on the Newmarket Course, has been exposed in the "Spirit of the Times,"—if we may rely on the journals of the day, (1823,) that ascribed 3:45, as the time of the *two heats*, when Sir William beat Washington. The latter, 4 yrs. old, at 100lbs., his full weight ; the other handicapped being aged ; but at what weight I do not know. As evidence of the difference between the Newmarket and Union Courses one need merely refer to Boston's races. Henry in a severe race, at his best speed, carrying 100lbs., beat Betsey Richards, 1823, in 7:58—7:58 ; a fortnight after, carrying 108lbs., on the Union, being no more pressed, he ran the same distance in 7:37 and 7:49.† The same Autumn I saw John Richards beat his sister on the Newmarket Course, running the two heats in *precisely* Henry's time, 7:58 ; the two last miles of the first heat, somewhat slower, had been run in 3:48—the *precise* time of Portsmouth's last two miles, at a Jockey Club race at Fredericks-

*The very next day after Boston was beaten at two mile heat in 3:48. Col. Johnson won on the same course, with Rocker, a *second* heat of two miles, in 3:46!—reported erroneously in the "Spirit of the Times" as the "fastest second heat ever run over that course." Is it possible that Rocker was in the same stable with Boston and could beat him at two miles? We can't believe it.

† A few weeks after, John Richards, 4 yrs. old, was beaten in four mile heats, by Janette (V. L.) 3 yrs. old. She, as well as Bertrand, Betsey Ransom, Kate Kearney, Isabella, and Trifle, all winners of four mile heats at 3 yrs. old, show the precocity of the Sir Archy stock, so liable to train off early. Lady Lightfoot and her daughter, Black Maria, were brilliant exceptions ; they may have taken after the old race mare Maria, by Shark. Having referred to Janette, it may be remarked that the late winner of a Stake at Newmarket was by Shark, (Black Maria's brother), out of Coquette, the dam of the former, and she was out of Bet Bounce, Arab's dam. Something good ought to be expected from such blood.

burgh in 1802: I observed, too, that twelve started. We never have such large fields now-a-days.

Last week, Boston probably ran three miles in the *best* time on the Fairfield Course, 5:45—and having beat the justly renowned Lady Clifden (who broke down) the winner of the best four mile heat race ever run on the Union, and of the best three mile heat on the Kendall Course, until Bailie Peyton's equally astonishing performance, (but *is that course a mile long?*) re-establishes Boston's great name, in the very highest "niche of the Temple of Fame." We must now hope for a fair trial, on a firm course, of Boston and Balie Peyton,—and hereafter that the winner and Portsmouth may meet at a longer distance than two miles.

Gohanna may not have beaten Janette (now Mr. Stevens') when 3 years old; but, I believe, she lost two races, if not more, at that age,—beat once or more by Shakspeare. Henry was truly an unfortunate horse. He ought to have met Eclipse in April and not May. In the former month he would have carried 90lbs. as a three-year-old, and not 108lbs. With 90lbs. who can doubt the result?

Accept my tribute of praise on the improvements of the "Turf Register." I can perceive no fault in it, except the term *old*, to imply the veritable,—as Old Diomed, Old Sir Archy, Old Shark, &c. Why not copy after the English in this particular also, and drop the Americanism?

On referring to the files of 40 years since, I observe the Imp. stallions of those days, Bedford, Diomed, Dare-devil, Whip, &c. covered at 10 guineas; and many horses of nearly as high repute at from \$10 to \$30. We are now charged too high. I fear these prices, and the amounts run for, will cause a reaction.

When I refer to the weights carried in the olden time, and the time made by such horses as Selim and Leviathan; and to the manners and customs of that day, satisfied to run four races a year of four mile heats for \$400 Jockey Club Purses, I do not perceive such great improvements in this generation, as seem so obvious to others.

It is stated in the "Spirit of the Times," (and copied into the 9th vol. of the Turf Register, pages 313, 314, and 315,) of Boston's great race on Long Island," (when he ran four miles in 7:40, having "been pulled into a *hand gallop*," in his fourth mile, he "came home an easy winner,"—the last mile in 2:03½—his competitor, Charles Carter, having broken down at the end of three miles, when Boston obeyed the "order to take the track") that "*the first and third miles were run in 3:42½, and the first three miles in 5:36½.*" Had the last mile been run in the *slow time of two minutes*, Boston would have run the four miles half a second quicker than the famed heat of Henry and Eclipse; but, it can be scarce doubted, he might have run the last mile in 1:55, one second slower than either of the preceding miles, which would have brought his four miles to 7:31½! six seconds faster than any four miles had ever been run in the United States.

Below are given a few examples of races at three miles, and three mile heats, as gathered from the American Turf Register, arranged nearly in the order of their speed.

1838, May—Boston, 5 yrs. old, 114lbs. (with Charles Carter,) Union Course, 5:36½, (5 seconds quicker than any three miles ever

run in the United States. The next week, over a "heavy course," he ran two consecutive 4 mile heats in 7:52, 7:54.

1838, May—Balie Peyton, 4 yrs. old, 100lbs., (beating Stockton, &c., Kendall Course,) 5:45, 5:44—11:29. (Lady Cliffden, same age; 97lbs., over same course, ran the heat in 5:45 the preceding Spring, and "came to the stand in a gallop"—the ensuing Autumn, at 99lbs., she ran a two mile heat of 4 miles, on the Union, in 7:43½,—described by English writers as a "wonderful one," "indeed miraculous," &c.)

Sussex, 4 yrs. old, 100lbs., (beating Polly Hopkins, &c., Broad Rock,) 5:46, 5:43—11:29. (Vol. 9. pp. 274, 282-3.)

Other races of the best 3 mile heats over the Charleston Course, S. C.

1834, Feb.—Rattlesnake, 4 yrs. 99lbs., beat Little Venus, 6 yrs., 117lb., 5:45, 5:55—11:40.

1839, Feb.—The Queen, 3 yrs., 87lbs., (4 yrs. old in May,) Charleston Course, 5:47, 5:54—11:41.

(1839, June, Mingo beat Post Boy, 4 yrs. each, 102lbs., precisely the same time.)

1835, Feb.—Argyle, 4 yrs., 102lbs., beat Rattlesnake, 109lbs., 5:46, 5:51—11:37.

1832, Feb.—Bertrand, Jr., 4 yrs. 102lbs., beat Annette, (winner of 1st heat,) 5:45, 5:58—11:43.

Vertumnus, 4 yrs., 92lbs., beat Lady Nashville, 5 yrs. 109lbs., 2d heat, 5:47.

1831, Feb.—Wild Will, (Pilot) 4 yrs., 102lbs., 2d heat, beat Clara Fisher, winner of the race, 5:48.

1835, May—Clara Howard, 4 yrs., 99lbs., beat Henry, Archy, and Charles Kemble, said to be the best three mile heats that have been run on the Union Course; but the time is not given in the Turf Register. Shortly before, she had won there 2 mile heats, beating Tarquip, Cadmus, Floranthe, Rival, and others, winning 1st and 3d heats, 3:44—3:49—3:50.

1826, Feb.—Bertrand, 5 yrs., 112lbs.—"a splendid race"—"best over the course," "within half a length of winning the two heats, he lost, (won by Aratus and Creeping Kate, at light weights,) "the twelve miles in 23:22.—5:47, 5:48, 5:53, 5:54—11:35. (Vol. 1. p. 488.)

It appears that Bertrand and Argyle, on the same course, ran two heats of 3 miles in nearly the same time. Bertrand having run 12 miles, though, in three mile heats, in 23:22. It leads to a comparison with the best 4 mile race of three heats; then to "the great match," that must rank next, for that distance; and lastly to "the best 4 mile race ever run South of the Potomac," lately run at New Orleans.

1837, Oct.—Lady Cliffden, 4 yrs. 99lbs., on the Union, beating Picton, Fanny Wyatt, and Mingo, won 4 mile heats in three heats, 7:44, 7:43½, 7:56½—23:24.

1823, May—Eclipse, 9 yrs., 126lbs., on same course, beat Henry, 4 yrs., 108lbs., the latter winner of the 1st heat, 7:37, 7:49, 8:24—23:50.

1838, Dec.—Imp. Maria Black, 4 yrs., 97lbs., at New Orleans, won Jockey Club Purse, \$2,500 (in four heats, closing the last "an

easy winner," in 8:27—losing the first two, but closely contested by her,) running three heats, 7:52, 7:55, 8:4—23:51. (Shortly before, in 3 mile heats, she beat Pressure, that on the same course, not as well adapted for speed as the Union, at 3 yrs. 86lbs., had won 3 mile heats in 5:49, 5:44.

When Kentucky nags, even by "Kentucky watches," can make such time, with such weights for age, as furnished in the preceding examples, she may well boast their prowess.

It is a curious fact, that so late as the match between Eclipse and Sir Charles, run over the Washington Course, 4 miles, in 8:03; the learned and eccentric Dr. Thornton, so well informed on Turf matters—for which he had a passion, almost a monomania—would not believe, even on very strong testimony, that any horse ever had, as stated, or ever could, run over that course, in 7:52, with the usual weights. He had seen Leviathan, First Consol, Post Boy, Maid of the Oaks, Oscar, Floretta, Hickory, Sir Archy, Duroc, &c., all of the first renown, put forth their best powers, on that course, yet 7:52, the best heat of 4 mile run by *any* of them, was believed by him and others to be incredible. Yet last autumn Omega ran over the same course in 7:38—in the preceding Spring Decatur, in 7:45—and the year before, Nancy Blunt, in 7:50—and in preceding years Juliana and others from 7:51 to 7:55. This argues great improvement either in the horses of the present day, or the mode of training. And when we consider the extraordinary powers displayed lately by Harkaway, Don John, Bay Middleton, Queen of Trumps, Camarine, Plenipo, Priam, &c., we have reason for believing, that, of *late* years, as good horses have run in England, as *either* Flying Childers, Eclipse, High-flyer, Matchem, or Sir Peter. The days of degeneracy have not yet reached them. And with modern improvements the supposed fabulous accounts of Childers' speed may be realized in our own time and in our own land.

SENEX.

THE WASHINGTON AND BALTIMORE RACES.

NEW YORK, MAY 18th, 1839.

MY DEAR P.—After congratulating the readers of the "Turf Register" on the very great improvement you have made, allow me to cumber its pages with a few of my own, perhaps crude notions, of horses. I shall commence with the Washington City races.

The three-mile day was won by Portsmouth, that splendid son of Luzborough, out of Polly Peachem,—a victory that was by no means unexpected, for the laurels snatched from Boston were still fresh and blooming as the morning flower. *Wonder*, a gallant son of the lamented Tychicus—a modest retiring horse, with none to herald his deeds—made a desperate fling for fame. Those who witnessed his gallant effort at the termination of the first heat, and the game manner in which he wound up the second, and the time, too, 5:47—5:48½, cannot but bear testimony in favor of this noble animal. One word here of Portsmouth—none denied him immense speed—many, however, were

doubtful as to his game; but when he won hard in hand in the time recorded above, doubts were removed, and the friends of Boston eyed him as a fearful rival near the throne.

The four-mile day came—dollars to cents on *Boston*, went a begging—the sequel proved that the knowing ones were right. Boston is a noble animal, and when *he will run*, can in all probability beat any horse in the world, at four-mile heat—but he has a disposition to sulk, and it was all Gil could do to “roll him” ahead of *Tom Walker*, in the first heat. He has more stamina than any horse I have ever seen, and in long hard lugging can’t be beaten.

The two-mile day I did not see; it was won, however, by *Antipater*, by Tychicus, handily, in two heats. It is a matter of deep regret that this noble colt should have shuffled off his mortal coil with honors reeking on his brow. His spirited owner, Col. THOMPSON, than whom there is not a more gallant Turfman, will bear his loss like a man, but there is one other blow hanging over him, which may it please God to avert.

I will now touch upon KENDALL’S races. A more brilliant meeting has perhaps never occurred in this country. It opened with a splendid Sweepstakes, \$1000 entrance, four starting, and was won by the beautiful daughter of Argyle, *Kate Seaton*. She won it handily, in fine time, and the shouts of thousands rent the air, because she was the pet and property of that honor to the turf, and splendid beau-ideal of a gentleman, Col. WADE HAMPTON, of South Carolina. All the colts that started in this race are destined to figure; and Gov. SPRIGG’S beautiful filly is going to eclipse her half sister, *Atalanta*.

For the four-mile day we had a brilliant field of men and horses—such a field as the liberal caterer for public amusement deserved. *Portsmouth* was the favorite at slight odds against the field. *Steel* had his friends, but *the mare from the pine woods of North Carolina*—the turpentine nag, was like a poor boy at a frolic; or more classically speaking, an honest representative of the widow’s pig. *Steel* was stale—he had no foot. *Richard* was not himself. *Vashti* was rather high, and some said soft; yet she was in fine life and well on her feet. *Portsmouth*, alas poor Yorick! looked well, but rather weak—the sequel proved him such. He won the first heat handily; when he came out, there were no symptoms of distress; he sweated well, and for a while every thing appeared right: but his weakness told, for he did not recover well. He should have won the second heat, but he lost it from bad riding and bad management. Had he have taken the track and been allowed to run at a steady lick, they could not have caught him. The foolish rider on him, however, laid alongside the mare, and they went like twin bullets. The gallant colt, accustomed only to run on the inner track, bore hard in—his rider was wrenching him to death to pull him out, destroyed his stroke, maimed him, pulled off two of his plates, and lost him the race.

Vashti, the winner, is a jewel; she places the game of the Leviathans in the front ground; try her her who will, and they will find a rough customer.

The three-mile day is decidedly the best three-mile race on record; the time, and there is no mistake about it, is the best ever made before. Eclipse and Henry made their twelve miles in 7:37, 7:49, 8:24

—23.50; Lady Clifden, Picton, Fanny Wyatt, and Mingo, in 7:44, 7:43½, 7:56½—23:24. This race was made in 5:47½, 5:40, 5:56, 6:01—23:24½; but the extraordinary time of the second heat is what makes the race so splendid. *Argyle*, an aged horse; the sire of a winner on the Turf; carrying 124lbs., struggling hard for a first heat in 5:47½, and then winning a second heat in 5:40, has snatched the topmost laurel from the bush. Gallant old fellow! You richly deserved victory, though you won enough honor in making so close a contest with that extraordinary four-year old, the ill-fated *Wonder*.

That it was the best race I ever saw, I have no hesitation in asserting. That *Wonder* could have won it single handed, I have scarce a doubt; and he out of the way, *Argyle* could have won it. *Master Henry* has won a high place in the niche of fame. He proved himself game to the back bone, and could have run the fourth heat in 5:53 easily. He is a horse of fine action, splendidly bred, of high fame, and as he gets age, is ridding himself of his beefy appearance. I know no reason why he should not be a four-mile star—WHEN HE MEETS BOSTON, there will be howling on the heath.

Truly Yours,

N. OF ARKANSAS.

THE BLOOD HOUND.

EXCEPT those who have attentively studied the subject, few persons entertain a correct notion of the true implication of the term blood hound. If we consider the subject philosophically, we shall perceive that inasmuch as that vital fluid, denominated blood, is the essential principle and the cause of scent, so every variety of the dog which pursues its game by this animal exudation, may be denominated a blood hound; but, as misnomers, inconsiderately applied in the first instance, occasionally (too often) become general, and such being the case in the present instance, I will endeavour to place the subject (the blood hound) lucidly before the reader.

Those inveterate sportsmen, the Normans, introduced the largest of the hound tribe into this kingdom—the first genuine hound indeed known in this country: from which all our varieties of stag hound, fox hound, harrier, beagle, &c., have descended. This dog was not only very tall, but remarkably powerful also, while his head seemed disproportionately large; but, being formed with that sectional union and that general capaciousness for an amazing expansion of the olfactory nerves, his sense of smell became necessarily commensurate, and he was therefore enabled to trace or pursue his game in a manner which has never failed to excite the astonishment of persons unacquainted with physiology.

This dog was not very fleet, nor was it possible that he could be remarkable for celerity of progressive motion, since, as Shakspeare correctly expresses it, he was (and is, for he is not extinct) “Crook-kneed and dewlapt, like Thessalian bulls.” He was employed by the Normans in rousing deer and tracing the wounded game. In course

of time it was discovered that he could trace the human footstep with almost unerring certainty, when he was employed in pursuing thieves. He was used in the pursuit of those northern marauders, called moss troopers, whose retreats through the bogs were unerringly traced by him; and during those sanguinary border feuds which disgraced both England and Scotland a few centuries ago, the dog in question was in a continual state of requisition. At the barbarous period to which I allude, the inveterate and unrelenting clans of the north, were perpetually engaged in broils; the vanquished who fled from the ferocious conflict, were hunted from cave to cave by these hounds and unsparingly slaughtered.

The Cuba, or South American blood hounds, so frequently mentioned, and so frequently confounded with the true line hunting dog precedingly noticed, is a very different animal. Unlike the talbot (for such was the original designation of the Norman hound already described), in the bland, sagacious, and majestic appearance of the countenance, his aspect is fierce and forbidding, his disposition in precise correspondence. The South American, or Cuba blood hound is a large mastiff, remarkable for savage ferocity rather than acute sense of smell, and was taken from Europe to South America soon after the discovery of the western world. These dogs are not uncommon on the continent of Europe at the present day.

In the year 1492, Columbus found his way across the Atlantic, and he and his unprincipled followers robbed the natives of their property in the first instance, and afterwards compelled them to labor in the mines. The unfortunate aborigines, inferior to the European and the more robust races of mankind in bodily strength, sunk under the galling and insupportable yoke of their oppressors. They died by scores, and by hundreds, while others fled to the vast wildernesses of the country, preferring the precarious subsistence and privations of the forest to the merciless slavery of the Spaniards. Acquainted with the woods and wilder parts of these uncultivated regions, they were enabled to elude the pursuit of their persecutors, who at length resorted to the expedient of hunting the miserable fugitives with the mastiffs above mentioned, procured from Europe for the purpose. Thus originated the South American or Cuba blood hound. However, on trial, his sense of smell was found not sufficiently acute, and a smaller dog, something of the terrier breed, was called in to his assistance. Dogs in general are very susceptible of education; and therefore, these active mastiffs soon understood for what purpose the terrier was employed, and eagerly accompanied him; the mastiffs were taught not to tear the unfortunate fugitive to pieces, but to detain him till the "chasseur" (for so the person who attended the dogs was denominated) came up, when he was led back, and again subjected to the misery of the mines.

The natives of this part of the world, it would appear, were altogether unacquainted with dogs prior to the arrival of the Spaniards; and when they found they could be thus successfully pursued, they gave way to despair, and decreased so rapidly, that one-third of them disappeared in the course of a few years.

The Spanish settlers prized these mastiffs very highly, and treated them with much more kindness than they did the natives; and when

at length it was found impossible to continue the working of the mines, and the labor of cultivation by the weak bodied aborigines, negroes were imported from the coast of Africa, who possessing more muscular strength, were better qualified to endure the fatigue. The negroes found their task masters not only unreasonable in their expectations, but heartless and cruel; and in consequence, they absconded, and endeavored to secrete themselves, as their predecessors in slavery had done, beneath the shelter of the forests and fastnesses of the country. But they were pursued by the dogs, and recovered, as a matter of course; and thus a regular system of hunting human beings was established in South America and the West Indian Islands in possession of the Spaniards (if it did not extend further), which has not yet been altogether abandoned.

I now come to the third and last division of the subject. The dog used at the present time in Scotland to pursue the "stricken deer," is a large wiry haired greyhound. Dogs of this description, originated from the Irish wolf dog, were common enough thirty years ago in the north western parts of the kingdom, where they are still to be met with.

A couple of these dogs generally accompany a deer-stalking party in the Highlands of Scotland; and as the sport is conducted upon a system of ambuscade and surprise, the dogs are kept in reserve till the deer has been struck with the rifle ball. If the deer be not wounded, it is useless to slip the dogs, as a vigorous hart is not to be pulled down with such assailants. When, however, he is wounded, these illegitimate greyhounds are slipped, and by teasing the animal bring him to bay, when the sportsmen come up and finish the business. The dogs pursue by sight for the most part, but are able to follow, for some distance at least, upon the scent of a deer (so much hotter than that of any other game), particularly when wounded and the blood dropping from him, though their sense of smell is of a very inferior description.

[London Era.]

T. B. J.

DESTRUCTION OF THE LAST WOLF IN SUTHERLAND.

THE death of the last wolf and her cubs, on the eastern coast of Sutherland, was attended with remarkable circumstances. Some ravages had been committed among the flocks, and the howl had been heard in the dead of night, at a time when it was supposed the villainous race was extinct. The inhabitants turned out in a body, and very carefully scoured the country—carefully, but not successfully, for, after a very laborious search, no wolf could be found, and the party broke up.

A few days afterwards a man, by the name of Polson, who resided at Wester Helmesdale, followed up the search by minutely examining the wild recesses in the neighborhood of Glen-Loth, which he fancied had not been sufficiently attended to before. He was accompanied only by two young lads, one of them his son, and the other an active herd-boy. Polson was an old hunter, and had much experi-

ence in tracing and destroying wolves and other predatory animals : forming his own conjectures, he proceeded at once to the wild and rugged ground that surrounds the rocky mountain-gully which forms the channel of the burn of Sledale. Here, after a minute investigation, he discovered a narrow fissure in the midst of a confused mass of large fragments of rock, which upon examination, he had reason to think might lead to a larger opening or cavern below, which the wolf might use as his den. Stones were now thrown down, and other means resorted to, to rouse any animal that might be lurking within. Nothing formidable appearing, the two lads contrived to squeeze themselves through the fissure, that they might examine the interior, whilst Polson kept guard on the outside. The boys descended through the narrow passage into a small cavern which was evidently a wolf's den, for the ground was covered with bones and horns of animals, feathers, and egg-shells, and the dark space was somewhat enlivened by five or six active wolf-cubs. Not a little dubious of the event, the voice of the poor boys came up hollow and anxious from below, and communicating this intelligence. Polson at once desired them to do their best, and to destroy the cubs. Soon after he heard the feeble howling of the whelps, as they were attacked below, and saw almost at the same time, to his great horror, a full-grown wolf, evidently the dam, raging furiously at the cries of her young, and now close upon the mouth of the cavern, which she had approached unobserved among the rocky inequalities of the place. She attempted to leap down, at one bound, from the spot where she was first seen : in this emergency, Polson instinctively threw himself forward on the wolf, and succeeded in catching a firm hold of the animal's long and bushy tail, just as the fore part of the body was within the narrow entrance of the cavern. He had, unluckily, placed his gun against a rock when aiding the boys in their descent, and could not now reach it. Without apprising the lads below of their imminent peril, the stout hunter kept a firm hold of the wolf's tail, which he wound round his left arm ; and although the maddened brute scrambled, and twisted, and strove with all her might to force herself down to the rescue of her cubs, Polson was just able, with the exertion of his strength, to keep her from going forward. In the midst of this singular struggle, which passed in silence—for the wolf was mute, and the hunter, either from the engrossing nature of his exertions, or from his unwillingness to alarm the boys, spake not a word at the commencement of the conflict—his son within the cave, finding the light excluded from above for so long a space, asked in Gaelic, and in an abrupt tone, " Father, what is keeping the light from us ?"—" If the root of the tail breaks," replied he, " you will soon know that." Before long, however, the man contrived to get hold of his hunting-knife, and stabbed the wolf in the most vital parts he could reach. The enraged animal now attempted to turn and face her foe, but the hole was too narrow to allow of this ; and when Polson saw his danger, he squeezed her forward, keeping her jammed in whilst he repeated his stabs as rapidly as he could, until the animal, being mortally wounded, was easily dragged back and finished.

Scrope.

Notes of the Month.

MAY AND JUNE.

DEATH OF *Consol* AND *Antipater*.—It is with sincere regret we have to register the decease of these two fine horses. The first had acquired an enviable reputation on the turf, and in the breeding stud, while the performances of the latter indicated the possession of all those qualities by which the high mettled racer is distinguished.

Consol died on the morning of the 23d of April, in his eleventh year, after a few days' illness, occasioned by a constipation of the small intestines, producing a high state of inflammation, and a pulse over one hundred. Previous to this attack, he was in high health and doing a fair business; he was justly considered one of the best, if not the very best, son of Lottery, and his stock were showing remarkably well; the oldest of his get were dropped in 1837. *Consol* was imported by E. H. BOARDMAN, Esq., of The Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., the owner of one of the most extensive breeding establishments in the Union.

Antipater died suddenly at Baltimore immediately after his arrival from Washington, where he won a race of two-mile heats, beating a strong field. He was 4 yrs. old; in his 3 yr. old form he won a stake at the Kendall Course in good time, at three heats. He died the property of Col. FRANCIS THOMPSON, of Port Tobacco, Md. *Antipater* was got by Tychicus, the sire of Wonder, Lily, and other good ones, out of Club-foot by Napoleon.

While penning the paragraph above we were informed of the death of the dam of *Medoc*, at the age of 22. She was the property of ROBERT TILLOTSON, Esq., of this city, and was got by imp. Expedition out of Maid of the Oaks by imp. Spread Eagle.

MATCHES.—The following matches have been concluded within a few weeks, but owing to the fact that two of them were made by parties having no control over the horses, it is very doubtful whether they will come off:—

Mr. Hare's *Willis* and Mr. McDaniel's *Vashti*, to run four-mile heats for \$10,000 a side, over the State Course at Raleigh, N. C., at the ensuing Fall meeting.

Col. Hampton's *Kate Seaton* and Messrs. Corbin & Co.'s *Passenger*—to run mile heats for \$10,000 aside, h. ft., over the Fairfield Course, Va., between the 1st and 7th Oct. Also, *Passenger* and Capt. Morgan's imported Priam colt—to run mile heats for \$5000 a side, h. ft., over the same Course at the ensuing Fall meeting.

Capt. Cross's *Mustapha* and Mr. Perry's *Stub-twist*—to run mile heats for \$1000 a side, h. ft., over the Metarie Course, New Orleans, on the day preceding the annual Fall meeting of that Jockey Club.

SALES OF STOCK.—Since our last publication reports of the following sales have reached us, from which it will be seen that neither the demand nor the prices for fashionably bred stock have fallen off:—

Col. Wm. R. Johnson, of Petersburg, Va., has sold *Mary Blunt* to

John C. Rodgers, Esq., of Raleigh, N. C., for \$3000; Mr. R. has sent her to imp. Priam. Mary Blunt is by Sir Charles, out of an Alfred mare—a bay, 6 yrs. old; she was a mare of fine game and speed, and particularly distinguished herself by running a good second to Mingo in 7:47, in a third heat of four miles.

Messrs. Rives & Early, of Richmond, Va., have sold their 3 yr. old colt by Goliah out of a Sir Charles mare, for \$4000, to Mr. James Long, of Washington City. This colt won his first race at Broad Rock, Va., this spring, in fine style.

John C. Rodgers, Esq. has sold an interest of one half of his 2 yr. old black filly *Dolly Thorpe*, by imp. Shakspeare out of Portsmouth's dam, to Wm. McCargo, Esq., of Fredericksburg, Va., for \$2000. Maj. N. T. Green, of Boydton, Va., has sold to the same gentleman an interest of one half of his own sister to *Duane*, for \$1500. This fine filly is 4 yrs. old this spring, and goes to Kentucky to make her debut; she is by Imp. Hedgeford out of Goodloe Washington by Washington.

E. H. Boardman, Esq., of Huntsville, Ala., has sold his imported brood mare *Malibran*, for \$3000, to Charles McLarran, Esq., of Decatur. *Malibran* was foaled in 1830—got by Muley out of Prima Donna by Soothsayer; she is in foal to Imp. Berner's Comus.

The stable of Mr. David McDaniel, of Raleigh, N. C., was recently destroyed by fire—supposed to have been the act of an incendiary. His fine young stallion *Red Wasp*, (by Shakspeare dam by Madison,) perished in the flames. Fortunately, Mr. McDaniel was absent with *Vashti* and his other race-horses; when the fire was discovered the cinders from the roof were falling in, so that every effort to save the horses was unavailing.

DEATH OF MR. COLDEN.—We are called upon to record in this number of the Register, the death of Mr. CADWALLADER R. COLDEN, who expired on the 17th inst., after a short illness, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. The readers of this Magazine hardly need a further notice of this gentleman, than to be reminded of his authorship of the papers which appeared under the signature of "An Old Turfman." His peculiar notions of horses, and his nervous fluent style of composition, have long ago given him a distinguished celebrity as a writer on sporting subjects.

When he withdrew his contributions from the Magazine, having enriched its earlier volumes with articles of great interest and value, he established a magazine of his own in New York, on a more costly plan than any which had before been seen in this country. The sale of the work not reaching the extent of his wishes, he abandoned it, after several months, or rather merged it in another and smaller work, which reached, we believe, two volumes, before its publication was suspended. More recently, and just before his death, he had projected a third work, the plan of which, uniting a Magazine with a weekly paper, he had long cherished as alone feasible. He did not live to see the publication of the Magazine; a single number of the paper appeared before his death, but illness had interrupted his labors upon that number, which gave no evidence of his vigorous thinking.

The turf is indebted to Mr. Colden for originating and successfully establishing enclosed Race Courses at the North, whence the plan has subsequently been so extensively adopted throughout the country. There was no limit to the enterprise of Mr. Colden in projecting Courses. At one time he established a track even in Vermont, where excellent purses were put up for public competition.

He was once largely engaged in Agriculture, and the large fortune which he had inherited, was impaired in his extensive operations. As a breeder, he was not successful, although he had often upon his estate an immense number of horses. Nor was he fortunate in racing, and he used often to say, his writings owed their principal value to his severe lessons of experience.

The favorite principle which he labored to establish, and did establish, is, that "*Blood will tell*,"—that "nothing but the thorough-bred do it quite well." He insisted upon purity in your stock of horses with unyielding pertinacity, and his lessons have proved widely useful. He advocated the importation of English stock with warmth, and foretold the success of the produce of such importations, upon the Turf.

A TURF CONVENTION.—A proposition has been started by a distinguished Turfman of the South West for a National Turf Convention. His communications are addressed to the "*Spirit of the Times*," and are too long to be copied into the Magazine this month. But the proposition is so worthy of attention, that we would bring it earnestly before the readers of the "*Turf Register*," asking for it the deliberate consideration due to its originator, not less than to the proposition itself.

The object is singly the elevation of the character of the Turf in the United States, by the creation of a Club of members chosen from different sections of the country, with a view to the decision of important questions, and to promote uniformity in the rules and practice of the different local clubs. It is almost impossible to state all the objects of such a Convention without entering further upon the subject than our limits can permit this month.

The subscribers to the "*Peyton Stake*," at Nashville, might form the nucleus of such a Convention, joined by such other turfmen as might be pleased to attend. A constitution for a Jockey Club that might be proposed by a Convention composed as this would be, could hardly fail to receive the assent of sportsmen generally. Washington is named by the projector of the plan as a fit place for the meeting, and the month of December next as a fit time. Congress will then be in session, and different political Conventions are to assemble about that time in Northern cities. It is proper to state explicitly that the place and the time for the meeting of the Convention were designated by the same individual, who is himself a resident of the far South West.

Let gentlemen entertain the subject, canvass it with freedom, and in some form give to the public their opinions upon it; and then, whatever the conclusion may be as to the practicability of the plan first proposed, some feasible and useful result will certainly grow out of it. The single end which the first projector had in view, and the sole ground on which we advocate it, is to promote the popularity and the dignity of the Turf in the United States.

Col. Geo. Elliott, of Gallatin, Tenn., has lost an own brother to the celebrated *Sarah Bladen*, by Imp. Leviathan out of Morgiana by Pa-colet. He was engaged in a match for \$5000 a-side, to come off over the Nashville Course next spring, with Mr. Henry Smith's Stockholder colt, *Allen Brown*.

MR. EDGAR'S STUD BOOK.—At a meeting of the RALEIGH (N. C.) JOCKEY CLUB, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted, and ordered to be published in the "Spirit of the Times," and "The Turf Register."

"Whereas, it is known to the American Breeders of the blood horse, that Sir Patrick N. Edgar, of Lynesville, N. C., has devoted a large portion of a long life to the collection and compilation of pedigrees of American bred stock, tracing and connecting them properly, and authentically, with their distant ancestry; and whereas, it is further known, that in the laudable attempt to publish the same as an *American Stud Book*, the author has not only incurred loss and disappointment, even with the first volume, greatly jeopardising the whole collection, without the immediate aid and action of all interested—therefore

"Resolved, that this club purchase of Sir Patrick N. Edgar thirty copies of the first Vol., and that they be ordered immediately, and that the Treasurer is hereby directed to pay for the same out of the funds of the Association.

"Resolved, further, that this club shall subscribe for thirty copies of the 2d Vol. of the said work; and that the Secretary forward a copy of the foregoing proceedings to Sir Patrick."

The Editor is pleased to add that resolutions of a similar character have been adopted by the Cincinnati and other Jockey Clubs. The work in question is one very much desiderated by breeders and turfmen in every section of the Union, and we shall be most happy to learn of Mr. Edgar's receiving such assurances of patronage as may induce him to put the several volumes of his work to press at an early day.

BELSHAZZAR.—In the last number of this Magazine (page 154) was given a brief history of this fine imported horse, who is now making his first season in this country at Nashville, Tenn. Since that article was published, a letter to the Editor, dated March 30th, has been received from WM. ALLEN, Esq., of The Lodge, Malton, Yorkshire, who sold Belshazzar, from which we subjoin the following extracts:—

"About three or four months since, I addressed a letter to F. B. OGDEN Esq., "Tennessee," to say that I was desirous of re-purchasing Belshazzar, and that I could afford to offer Twelve Hundred Guineas for the horse. I have felt a good deal of disappointment at not receiving any kind of answer to my letter, which I much wished to have before I engaged any other horse. To-day, and not before to-day, I have learnt my error, and that my letter should have been addressed to Mr. Ogden, the American Consul at Liverpool. I presume that my letter has been lost in the packet, or by some other means has never reached Mr. Ogden. It has been a grievous disappointment to me, but I certainly have no one to blame but myself. My reason for writing to Mr. Ogden, was from Flintoff's having mentioned that gentleman's name to me as having something to do with the horse, and the impression on my mind that Mr. O. had the ordering, and direction of the horse.

"After *Cara's* winning the Criterion Stake at Newmarket, I had applications from gentlemen from all parts of the Kingdom to send mares to Belshazzar, and universal regret was expressed at his having been sent out of the country. I should be glad if what I have so far stated, could be noticed, that the Americans may see that they have got a horse which probably (and I have no doubt of it,) would have been one of the most celebrated stallions in this country. I am fortunate in having several good colts and fillies of his get, and I flatter myself they will not disgrace their sire."

OMISSIONS IN THE RACING CALENDAR.

1838.

ALEXANDRIA, LA., SPRING RACES.

TUESDAY, Jan. 2, 1838—Purse \$500, ent. \$50, free for all ages, 2 year olds carrying 70lbs.—5, 86—4, 100—3, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Thos. Jefferson Well's ch. m. *Linnat*, by Imp. Leviathan—Object by Marshal Ney, 5 yrs. 1 1
John G. Young's gr. h. *Diamond*, by Diamond, dam by Pacolet, 5 yrs. 2 dist
Time, 3:56½—7:22. The horse did not go round the last heat.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 3—Purse \$800, ent. \$80, free for all ages; weights as above; Three mile heats.

Thomas Jefferson Wells' ch. m. *Extio*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of White Feathers by Conqueror, 5 yrs. 1 1
Velverton N. Oliver's gr. c. *Joe Kearney*, by Medley, out of Kate Kearney by Sir Archy, 4 y. 2 2
F. Henderson's b. c. *Longitude*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Harriet by Sir Archy, 3 yrs. 3 3
Time, 6:10—5:59.

THURSDAY, Jan. 4—Creole Day—Purse \$400, ent. \$25; weights as before; Mile heats.

Josias Chambers' ch. c. *Oscar*, by Ulysses, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs. 1 1
Henry Madden's gr. f. *Grey Maria*, by Abdallah, dam by Potomac, 4 yrs. 2 2
Wm. M. Brown's gr. c. *Rapide*, by Granby, dam by Earl's Pacolet, 2 yrs. dr
Time, 2:05—2:10.

FRIDAY, Jan. 5—Purse \$415, ent. \$25, added, free for all ages, weights as before, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Velverton N. Oliver's gr. c. *Joe Kearney*, pedigree above, 4 yrs. 1 1 1
John G. Young's gr. h. *Diamond*, pedigree above, 5 yrs. 2 2 dr
Thos. J. Wells' b. f. *Wings*, by Bertrand, dam by Potomac, 4 yrs. 3 3 dr
Time, 2:04—2:06.

ST. MATTHEWS, S. C., SPRING RACES.

TUESDAY, Jan. 9, 1838—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs.; 5 subs. at \$100 each, P. P. Two mile heats.

Capt. D. Rowe's b. c. by Argyle, dam by Kosciusko. 1
Powell McRa's ch. f. by Godolphin, out of Sister to Pelham. bolt.
Col. R. Singleton's ch. c. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Phenomena. dist.
Time, 4:08.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 10—Jockey Club Purse \$150; free for all ages; weights, for 3 year olds as above—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—and aged 126lbs.; 3lbs. allowed mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

George Walden's gr. f. *Eliza Riley*, by Director, dam by Bedford, 4 yrs. 1 1
Col. Edward Richardson's ch. f. by Rob Roy, out of Amanda, 3 yrs. 2 2
Capt. J. Colclough's ch. h. *Philip*, by Crusader, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs. 3 3
Time, 4:02—4:04.

THURSDAY, Jan. 11—Jockey Club Purse \$100; free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats.

George Walden's ch. g. *Clodhopper*, pedigree unknown, 5 yrs. 2 1 1
Capt. Donald Rowe's b. c. by Argyle, dam by Kosciusko, 3 yrs. 1 2 2
Capt. J. Colclough's gr. h. *Grey Dragon*, by Crusader, dam unknown. 3 3 dr
Time, 1:57—1:53—2:02. The best time ever made on this track.

FRIDAY, Jan. 12—Sweepstakes, sub. \$5 each, with \$30 added by the Club, feather weights. Mile heats.

Won by Dr. Darty's *Lilla Green*, beating *Gabriella* and a Luzborough filly, in three heats.
Thos. OLIVER, Sec'y.

WASHINGTON, D. C., SPRING RACES.

TUESDAY, May 1, 1838—Match, \$10,000, a-side. Four mile heats.

Col. John Heth's (S. M. Neill's) ch. h. *Decatur*, by Henry, out of Ostrich by Eclipse, 5 yrs. 1 1
110lbs. 2 dist.
40. P. Hare's ch. m. *Fanny Wyatt*, by Sir Cheries, dam by Sir Hal, 6 yrs. 107lbs.
Time, 7:45.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Eight subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Mile heats.

Col. Thompson's (Col. Stonestreet's) gr. f. *Lily*, by Tychicus, out of Laura by Rob Roy. 1 1
Arthur Taylor's ch. c. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Lady Washington by Eclipse. 5 2
Gen. L. Stockatt's br. c. by Sussex, out of the dam of Cippus by Mark Anthony. 2 0
Col. J. M. Selden's ch. f. by Sussex, out of Ann Page's dam by Tuckahoe. 3 0
James S. Garrison's br. f. by Ivanhoe, out of Gabriella by Sir Archy. 4 5
Time, 1:54—1:54.

WEDNESDAY, May 2—Produce Stakes for 3 year olds, weights as before. Eleven subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Mile heats.

Wm. H. Taylor's gr. f. *Czarina*, by Imp. Autocrat, out of Aurora by Arab. 1 1
John M. Botts' b. f. by —, out of Own Sister to Tobacconist. 3 2
Dr. G. W. Duvall's ch. c. by Sussex, out of Thistle by Ogle's Oscar. 2 3
J. H. Sotheron's ch. c. by Tychicus, out of Maid of Patuxent by Imp. Magic. dist.
Time, 1:53—1:52. Won cleverly.

SAME DAY—Second Race—National Jockey Club Plate, value \$500, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 121—7 and upwards 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Arthur Taylor's b. c. <i>Harbinger</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Virginia Taylor by Sir Hal.....	1	1
Dr. G. W. Duvall's br. c. <i>Monbodo</i> , by Imp. Apparition, out of Angeline, 4 yrs.....	2	2
Col. J. M. Selden's b. f. by Eclipse, dam by Sir Charles, 3 yrs.....	dist.	

Time not given.

THURSDAY, May 3—Proprietor's Purse \$500, ent. \$20; conditions as before. Three mile heats.

J. S. Garrison's bl. h. <i>Cippus</i> , by Industry, dam by Mark Anthony, 6 yrs.....	1	1
O. P. Hare's b. h. <i>Spartacus</i> , by Sir Charles, dam by Arab, 6 yrs.....	0	2
Col. Thompson's gr. f. <i>Omega</i> , by Timoleon, out of Daisy Cropper by Ogle's Oscar, 4 yrs.....	0	3
Gov. Sprigg's ch. h. <i>Leesburg</i> , by Red Rover, dam by Tuckahoe, 5 yrs.....	*	*
Hon. D. Jenifer's bl. c. by Emigrant, dam and age omitted.....	*	*
Wm. H. Tayloe's ch. c. <i>Corsair</i> , by Timoleon, dam by Gracchus, 4 yrs.....	*	*

Four others started but their names are not remembered.
Time, 5:49. * Not placed.

FRIDAY, May 4—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, ent. \$30; conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Dr. G. W. Duvall's b. h. <i>Prince George</i> , by Industry, out of Thistle by Ogle's Oscar, 6 yrs.....	1	1
O. P. Hare's ch. c. <i>Willis</i> , by Sir Charles, dam by Imp. Merryfield, 4 yrs.....	2	dr
J. S. Garrison's ch. c. <i>Scipio</i> , by Zingane, out of Corinna by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	dist.	

Time, 8:13.
An imperfect account by a spectator, not the Secretary.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

MONDAY, May 7, 1838—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Nine subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Guild & Peyton's ch. f. <i>Bee's-wing</i> by Imp. Leviathan, out of Black Sophia (Birmingham's dam) by Topgallant.....	1	2	1
Col. Geo. Elliott's gr. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Morgiana by Pacolet.....	2	1	dist.
Maj. A. J. Donelson's b. f. by Stockholder, dam by Constitution.....	3	3	dr

Time, 1:58—1:59½—2:00. Track heavy.

AUGUST MEETING, SAME COURSE.

TUESDAY, Aug. 28, 1838—Proprietor's Purse \$150, ent. \$25 each, free for all ages, 2 year olds carrying 70lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—aged 124lbs.; with an allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. One mile.

Col. Robt. Smith's ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parasol, by Napoleon, 3 yrs.....	1
Wm. Pott's b. c. <i>Old Balls</i> , by Sir William of Transport, dam by Barebones, 4 yrs.....	2
J. Greer's b. c. by Merlin, dam by Bagdad, 3 yrs.....	3
J. Hudgers' ch. m. by Bagdad, dam unknown, 5 yrs.....	4

Time, 1:58.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 29—Proprietors' Purse \$200, ent. \$30, conditions as before. Two miles.

Thos. J. Wells' gr. f. <i>Queen of Trumps</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs.....	1
Robt. Smith's ch. c. <i>Pete Whetstone</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs.....	2

Time, 4:10.

THURSDAY, Aug. 30—Proprietor's Purse \$300, ent. \$40; conditions as before. Three miles.

Thos. J. Wells' ch. c. *The Poney*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs. walked over.

FRIDAY, Aug. 31—Sweepstakes for all ages, weights as before. Four subs. at \$50 each, P. P. One mile.

J. C. Irvine's b. f. by Pacific, dam by Conqueror, 3 yrs.....	1
Col. Robert Smith's bl. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs.....	2
Wm. Potts' b. c. <i>Old Balls</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	3
George Cheatham's ch. f. by Contention, dam by Mons. Tonson, 4 yrs.....	4

Time, 1:58.

SATURDAY, Sept. 1—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, weights as before. Three subs. at \$100 each, P. P. One mile.

O. Hardeman's gr. f. <i>Sally Hilliard</i> , by O'Kelly, dam by Shawnee.....	1
H. Dickerson's b. f. <i>Little Misery</i> , by O'Kelly, dam by Arab.....	2
G. Cheatham's b. f. by John Miller, dam by Conqueror.....	pd.ft.

Time, 2:02.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for all ages, weights as before. Three subs. at \$100 each, P. P. Mile heats.

Wm. Potts' b. c. <i>Old Balls</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	3	3	1	1
J. C. Irvine's b. f. by Pacific, dam by Conqueror, 3 yrs.....	2	1	2	dist.
Robt. Smith's bl. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs.....	1	2	dist.	

Time, 2:01—1:58—2:03½—2:10.

ELKHORN, KY., SPRING RACES.

THURSDAY, May 24, 1838—Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

Sidney Burbridge's ch. c. <i>Limber John</i> , by Kosciusko, dam by Moses, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Sinclair & French's b. f. <i>Mary Ford</i> , by Plato, dam by Whipster, 4 yrs.....	2	2
John C. Herndon's b. h. <i>John Anderson</i> , by Seagull, dam by Albert.....	dist.	
Dr. W. G. Offott's b. c. by Woodpecker, 4 yrs.....	dist.	

Time, 1:57—2:04. Track very heavy.

FRIDAY, May 25—Purse \$150, free for all ages, weights as before. Two mile heats.

James Ford's b. c. <i>Cain</i> , by Brunswick, dam by Prince Richard, 4 yrs.....	3	3	1	1
Benjamin Luckett's b. h. <i>Chilton</i> , by Seagull, out of Hazard by Wonder, 6 yrs.....	1	2	2	2
Robt. Burbridge's b. f. by Woodpecker, dam by Sir William, 4 yrs.....	2	1	3	3

Time, 4:34—4:10—4:10—4:04. Track still heavy.

SATURDAY, May 26—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds that never won a purse ; weights as before—
 Sub. \$25 each, and \$25 added. Mile heats.
 Wm. Buford, jun's b. c. *Brandy*, by Abdalrahman, dam by Tiger..... 1 1
 Robt. Burbridge's gr. c. by Singleton, dam by Whipster..... 3 2
 Lewis Saunders, jun's. ch. f. by Woodpecker, dam by Whipster..... 2 3
 Time, 1:56—1:54.

BEN. LUCKETT, *Proprietor and Secr'y.*

LIVINGSTON, ALA., PICTON COURSE.

TUESDAY, May 29, 1838—Purse \$500, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs. ; with the usual allowance (3lbs.) to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.
 Henry A. Tayloe's ch. c. *Pactolus*, by Pacific, out of Mary Vaughan by Pacolet, 4 yrs..... 1 1
 Lewis J. Kirk's ch. f. *Narcissu Parish*, by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Eagle, 4 yrs..... 2 dr
 Time, 5:57.

WEDNESDAY, May 30—Purse \$300 ; free for all ages ; weights as before ; Two mile heats.
 John Long's gr. m. *Merino Ewe*, by Jerry, dam by Pantaloon, 5 yrs..... 3 1 1
 Henry A. Tayloe's b. c. *Tom Thurman*, by Imp. Fyde, out of Venus by Constellation, 4 y. 2 3 2
 David Conner's b. f. *Taladega*, by Wild Bill, dam by La Fayette, 4 yrs..... 1 2 dr
 James H. Moore's ch. m. *Lucy Benton*, by Stockholder, dam by Timoleon, 5 yrs..... 4 dist.
 Time, 3:55—3:57—4:04.

THURSDAY, May 31—Purse \$200 ; free for all ages ; weights as before ; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
 Henry A. Tayloe's b. c. *Rhinodino*, by Wild Bill, dam by Imp. Dion, 4 yrs..... 3 2 1 1 1
 James S. Jackson's b. f. *Henrietta*, by Bertrand, dam by Tiger Whip, 4 yrs..... 1 1 2 3 2
 Simon Cockerell's s. h. *Chronometer*, by Bertrand, dam by Gallatin, 5 yrs..... 2 3 3 2 3
 Lewis J. Kirk's ch. f. *Narcissa Parish*, pedigree above, 4 yrs..... dr
 Time, 1:58—1:55—1:54—1:56—1:55.

FRIDAY, June 1—Purse \$190 ; free for all ages ; weights as before ; Mile heats.
 James S. Jackson's gr. m. *Alice Grey*, by Pulaski, dam by Bellair, 6 yrs..... 3 1 1
 Daniel Gray's ro. f. *Jararah Helen*, pedigree unknown, 4 yrs..... 1 2 2
 David Conner's b. f. *Taladega*, pedigree above, 4 yrs..... 2 dist.
 Time, 2:02—2:00—2:06.

JOHN J. JEWELL, *Proprietor and Secr'y.*

ROCKY MOUNT, VA., FALL RACES.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 5, 1838—Proprietor's Purse \$100, ent. \$15 ; free for all ages ; 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs. ; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.
 Leonard Phelps' (H. Nowlin's) b. h. *Roley Porter*, by Star, dam unknown, 5 yrs..... 1 1
 B. W. Graves' b. c. *Charleston*, by Sir Charles, dam by Conqueror, 4 yrs..... 2 2
 Time, 4:15—4:20.

THURSDAY, Sept. 6—Jockey Club Purse \$250, ent. \$20 ; free for all ages ; weights as before ; Three mile heats.
 Leonard Phelps' ch. c. *Nick-o'-the-Woods*, by Eclipse, dam by Pulaski, 4 yrs..... 1 1
 Isaac H. Oliver's ch. h. *Genito*, by Eclipse, dam by Packenham, 5 yrs..... 2 2
 Time, 6:01—6:05. JAMES C. TATE, *Secr'y.*

WARRENTON SPRINGS, VA., VICTORIA COURSE.

TUESDAY, Sept. 18, 1838—Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yrs. 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs. ; with the usual allowance (3lbs.) to mares and geldings. Mile heats.
 Wm. Duvall's (Gov. Barbour's) b. f. by Goliath, 3 yrs..... 1 1
 Geo. Henderson's b. h. *Pelham*, by Childers, dam by Duroc, aged..... 2 2
 Wm. Mashon's gr. h. —, 4 yrs..... 3 3
 S. Welsh's ch. c. by John Richards, 4 yrs..... 4 dist.
 Time, 2:08—2:12. Track very heavy.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 19—Purse \$300, conditions as before, Two mile heats.
 Mr. Sappho's b. c. by Industry, out of Ace of Diamonds, 4 yrs..... 3 2 1 1
 Jas. B. Kendall's gr. m. *Molinera*, by Medley, dam by Jones' Arabian, 5 yrs..... 2 1 2 dr
 Wm. Mashon's ch. m. *Leesburg*, by Cliffden, 5 yrs..... 1 3 dr
 Wm. Duvall's b. g. by John Richards, aged..... 4 dr
 Time (about) 4:19—4:16—4:21. Track very heavy.

THURSDAY, Sept. 20—Purse \$500, conditions as before, Three mile heats.
 Wm. Duvall's b. m. *Mary Hutton*, by St. Tammany, dam by Seymour's Eagle, 5 yrs. 1 4 1
 Maj. Doswell's gr. g. *Dandy*, by Medley, dam by Sir Charles, aged..... 4 1 2
 Jas. B. Kendall's b. f. by Snow-storm, dam by Grigsby's Potomac, 4 yrs..... 3 2 3
 Mr. Tyler's ch. f. *Victoria*, 4 yrs..... 2 3 dist.
 Time, 6:26—6:32—6:44. Track heavy.

In the 3d heat, Mary Hutton was hard pressed by Victoria until within 600 yards of the stand in the last mile, when the latter dropped dead—on examination it was found that her heart had burst. She was ordered by the Club to be buried with appropriate honors, under the Judge's Stand, and the course to take its name from her—that of Victoria.

FRIDAY, Sept. 21—Jockey Club Purse \$800, conditions as before, Four mile heats.
 Jas. B. Kendall's b. h. *Master Henry*, by Henry, dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs..... 3 1 1
 Maj. Doswell's b. f. by Pamunky, 3 yrs..... 1 2 2
 Capt. Geo. Terrett's ch. f. —, 4 yrs..... 2 dist.
 Time, 8:28—8:26—8:44. Raining, and track excessively heavy.

JACKSON, TENN., FALL RACES.

MONDAY, Sept. 24, 1838—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs. Eight subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. One mile.

Hon. A. Huntsman & W. B. Miller's gr. c. *Bloody Nathan*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet..... rec'd ft.

From B. Davidson's f. by Bolivar, dam unknown.

E. Spark's f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Timoleon.

N. Perry's c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Jackson.

A. J. Donelson's c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Stockholder.

T. G. Johnson's b. f. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Betsey Baker.

David Journagan's f. by Telegraph, dam unknown.

Maj. Shegog's c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy.

TUESDAY, Sept. 25—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Five subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Mile heats.

H. L. French's b. c. *Joe Mabry*, by Stockholder..... I 1

B. Davidson's (W. Pitcher's) ch. c. by Eclipse..... 2 2

L. Coch's (W. Burton's) b. c. by Melle Melle..... 3 3

D. Journagan's (Cawhorn's) b. c. *Sir Laddin*, by Telegraph..... 4 4

A. J. Henry's c. by Telegraph, dam by Pacolet..... pd. ft.

Time, 1:58—2:00.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 26—Jockey Club Purse \$300, free for all ages, 2 year olds carrying 70lbs. —3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; with the usual allowance to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.

G. C. Hurt's b. c. *Chevalier*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Lady Lagrange by Sir Archy, 4 yrs. 1

Linnæus Coch's b. c. *John Maffit*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Potomac, 4 yrs..... dist.

Time, 6:04—of first 2 miles, 1:58—1:58.

THURSDAY, Sept. 27—Jockey Club Purse \$200, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

L. Coch's b. c. *John Maffit*, pedigree above, 4 yrs..... 1 1

B. Davidson's bl. c. by Telegraph, dam by Bagdad, 4 yrs..... 2 2

G. C. Hurt's bl. c. *Henry*, by Eclipse, out of Polly Hopkins by Sir William, 4 yrs..... 3 dist.

Time, 4:03—4:02.

FRIDAY, Sept. 28—Jockey Club Purse \$400, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

John G. Shegog's ch. m. *Rhoda Crump*, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Alfred, 5 yrs..... 1 1

A. J. Henry's br. m. *Maria Miller*, by Stockholder, dam by Madison, 4 yrs..... 2 dr

Time, 9:25.

SATURDAY, Sept. 29—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, weights as before. Five subs. at \$200 each. One mile.

Linnæus Coch's (Huntsman & Miller's) gr. c. *Bloody Nathan*, pedigree above..... 1

W. L. French's b. c. *Jim Brown*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Mary Burton by Andrew Jackson..... 0

Wm. W. Gift's ch. c. *Gov. Poindexter*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Giantess, by Sir Archy..... 0

Time, 2:00.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Jockey Club Purse \$200, conditions as on Wednesday, Mile heats.

L. Coch's b. c. *Milo*, by Bennahan's Archy, dam by Royal Medley, 4 yrs..... 1 1

G. C. Hurt's b. h. *Carrol*, by Contest, dam by Aristotle, 5 yrs..... 2 dr

Time, 2:15.

C. HENDERSON, Sec'y.

OLYMPIAN SPRINGS, KENTUCKY.

THURSDAY, Sept. 27, 1838—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs. Three subs. at \$50 each. Mile heats.

Thos. J. Young's b. c. *Camden*, by Imp. Sarpedon, out of Cherokee by Cherokee..... 1 1

John James' b. f. by Collier, dam by Bertrand..... 2 2

Time, 1:53—1:55.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Six subs. at \$100 each. Mile heats.

John A. Turner Jr.'s b. f. *Deborah Jackson*, by Mucklejohn, dam by Plenipo..... 1 1

Spencer Boyd's b. f. by Black Hawk, dam by Printer..... 2 2

Chas. Goodpaster's br. f. *Fanny Cropper*, by James Cropper, dam by Whip..... pd.ft.

Time, 1:54—1:55.

FRIDAY, Sept. 28—Purse \$—, free for all horses bred and raised in Bath, Bourbon, Montgomery, Nicholas, Mason, Lewis, Greenup, Carter, Lawrence, and Morgan counties. 2 yr. olds 70lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

John C. Mason's ro. g. *Blue Jim*, by Mucklejohn, dam by King Herod, 4 yrs..... 3 2 1 1

D. B. Boyd's b. f. *Fleta*, by James Cropper, dam by Cook's Whip, 3 yrs..... 2 1 2 2

Thos. J. Young's ch. m. *Milly Lane*, by Rattler, dam by Potomac, 5 yrs..... 1 2 3 dr

Time, 3:59—3:57—3:59—4:00.

The weight slipped on the neck of Milly Lane in the 1st and 2d heats.

CHARLESTOWN, VA. JEFFERSON COURSE.

TUESDAY, Oct. 16, 1838—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at \$100 each, h. ft.

Col. Gibson's (Judge Barbour's) b. f. *Melicent*, by Goliah, dam by Hotspur..... 1 1

J. P. McBrien's gr. f. by John Richards, dam by Sir Charles..... 2 2

Time not given.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, weights as before. Three subs. at \$150 each, \$50 ft. One mile.

Henry Shepherd's imp. b. f. by St. Nicholas, dam by Tramp..... 1

S. Strider's ch. c. by Rob Roy, dam by Rattler..... 2

Time not given. Well contested.

OMISSIONS IN THE RACING CALENDAR.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 17—Purse \$200, free for all ages, 3 yrs. 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—aged. 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Col. Gibson's (Jas. B. Kendall's) gr. m. <i>Molinera</i> , by Medley, out of Algeria by Jones' Arabian, 5 yrs.....	1	1
Maj. Doswell's b. f. by Pamunky, dam by Tarriff, 3 yrs.....	2	2
H. Shepherd's b. g. <i>Malton</i> , by Rattler, dam by Topgallant, aged.....	3	3
Mr. Wiltshire's ch. h. by Sir Charles, dam by Tom Tough, aged.....	4	dist.

Time, 4:03—3:56. A beautiful race.

THURSDAY, Oct. 18—Purse \$150, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Maj. Thomas Doswell's ch. h. <i>Leesburg</i> , by Red Rover, dam by Tuckahoe, 5 yrs..	3	1	1	3	1
Col. Gibson's b. f. <i>Melicent</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs.....	1	3	3	2	2
S. Strider's ch. m. <i>Floretta</i> , by Rattler, dam by Florizel, aged.....	2	2	2	1	3
Mr. Redman's b. f. by Macbeth, dam omitted, 4 yrs.....	4	4	dist.		

Time, 1:56—1:55—1:55—2:00—1:59.

FRIDAY, Oct. 19—Purse \$350, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Maj. Thomas Doswell's gr. g. <i>Dandy</i> , by Medley, dam by Sir Charles, aged.....	3	1	1
Col. Gibson's b. m. <i>Mary Hutton</i> , by Agrippa, dam by Walnut, 5 yrs.....	1	2	2
T. Sappher's b. h. <i>Troublesome</i> , by Industry, dam omitted, 4 yrs.....	2	dist.	

Time, 6:28—6:28—6:32.

FORT SMITH, ARK., FALL RACES.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 24, 1838—Purse \$300, free for all ages, 3 years 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; with the usual allowance (3lbs.) to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.

John Dillard's br. f. <i>Widow Cheerly</i> , by Stockholder, out of Polly Baker, 4 yrs.....	0	1	1
T. T. Tunstall's br. m. <i>Charline</i> , by Pacific, dam by Grey-tail Florizel, 5 yrs.....	0	2	2

Time, 6:11—6:15—6:18.

THURSDAY, Oct. 25—Purse \$200, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

T. T. Tunstall & Co.'s b. f. <i>Eliza Ross</i> , by Marmion, dam by Blackburn's Whip, 3 yrs..	2	1	1
John Dillard's b. f. <i>Own Sister to Lady Nashville</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Strap.....	1	2	2
David Thompson's br. f. <i>Virago</i> , by Citizen, 4 yrs.....			bolt.

Time, 4:03—3:57—4:00.

FRIDAY, Oct. 26—Purse \$200, conditions as before. Mile heats.

David Thompson's ch. f. <i>Proof-Sheet</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Strap, 4 yrs.....	1	1
T. T. Tunstall & Co.'s ch. h. <i>Independence</i> , by Tom Fletcher, 5 yrs.....	2	2
E. W. B. Nowland's ch. f. <i>Cinderella</i> , by Bertrand, 4 yrs.....	3	3
Capt. Wm. Duvall's b. h. <i>Curry</i> , by Young Diomed, 6 yrs.....	4	bolt.

Time, 1:59—2:00.

SATURDAY, Oct. 27—Proprietor's Purse \$25 in Silver, ent. \$50, free for all ages, 100lbs. on each, Mile heats.

David Thompson's <i>Experiment</i> , by Jack Downing.....	1	1
T. T. Tunstall & Co.'s ch. h. <i>Independence</i> , by Tom Fletcher, 5 yrs.....	3	2
Theron Duvall's <i>Tom Thumb</i> , by Tiger.....	4	3
Mr. Craven's —, by Sir William.....	2	bolt.

Time, 1:59—1:58.

BARDSTOWN, Ky., FALL RACES.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 24, 1838—Proprietor's Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yrs. 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; with the usual allowance to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

S. Davenport's ch. m. <i>Althea</i> , by Archy Montorio, dam by Doublehead, 5 yrs.....	1	1
S. T. Drane's b. f. <i>Mary Ann</i> , by Lance, dam by Cook's Whip, 3 yrs.....	2	2
G. Stapp's b. f. <i>Mary Bernham</i> , by Archy Montorio, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs.....	3	3
W. T. Ward's ch. c. <i>Wild Cat</i> , by Waxy, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs.....	4	4
G. Gregory's ch. c. <i>Bertrand</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Curtius, 4 yrs.....	5	5
C. S. Hawkins' ch. f. <i>Thecia</i> , by Waxy, dam by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs.....	dist.	
V. Thompson's ch. f. by Frank, dam by Voltaire, 3 yrs.....	dist.	
Wm. Ferrell's b. g. by Tiger Whip, dam unknown, 3 yrs.....	dist.	

Time, 1:55—1:56. Track heavy.

THURSDAY, Oct. 25—Jockey Club Purse \$150, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

W. T. Ward's b. f. <i>Wazetta</i> , by Waxy, dam by Kennedy's Diomed, 4 yrs.....	1	1
G. Stapp's b. c. <i>Collier Jr.</i> , by Collier, dam by Cook's Whip, 4 yrs.....	2	2
S. T. Drane's b. f. <i>Diana Crow</i> , by Mark Anthony, dam by La Fayette, 3 yrs.....	3	dist.
W. Bowman's (G. K. Sloan's) gr. c. <i>Tom Macon</i> , by Waxy, dam by Tiger, 4 yrs.....	dist.	

Time, 3:46—3:56.

FRIDAY, Oct. 26—Jockey Club Purse \$300, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

W. T. Ward's b. f. <i>Mary Vaughan</i> , by Waxy, out of Betty Bluster by Imp. Bluster, 4 yrs...	1	1
S. T. Drane's ch. f. <i>Davidella</i> , by Arab, dam by Cook's Whip, 4 yrs.....	3	2
S. Davenport's f. <i>Mary Gold</i> , by Sir Leslie, dam by Sumpter, 3 yrs.....	2	3

Time, 6:11—6:01.

SATURDAY, Oct. 27—Jockey Club Purse \$100, with \$20 added by the Proprietor for the 2d best conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

G. Stapp's b. c. <i>Collier Jr.</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	3	3	1	1	1
S. Davenport's ch. m. <i>Althea</i> " " 5 yrs.....	1	2	2	2	2
T. J. Crul's ch. c. <i>Cavalier</i> , by Shakspeare, dam by Spot, 4 yrs.....	4	4	4	3	dist.
W. T. Ward's (T. Lee's) ch. h. <i>Bald Eagle</i> , by Cherokee, 5 yrs.....	2	1	3	4	dr
S. D. Scott's b. g. <i>Dart</i> , by Trumpator, dam by Medley, 4 yrs.....					dist.

Time, 1:52—1:53—1:54—1:56—1:55. T. P. LINTHICUM, Sec'y.

GREENSBORO, ALA., FALL RACES.

TUESDAY, Oct. 30, 1838—Sweepstakes for all ages, 2 year olds carrying 70lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Four subs. at \$50 each, P. P., with \$100 added by the Proprietors. Mile heats.
 R. W. Withers' b. f. *Henrietta*, by Bertrand, dam by Tiger Whip, 4 yrs. 4 1 1
 J. R. Head's ch. c. *Tishimingo*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs. 1 2 3
 Henry A. Tayloe's (H. O. Pegram's) ch. g. *Dick Beasley*, by Marion, d. by Virginian, 6 y. 2 4 2
 Daniel Gray's ro. f. —, pedigree unknown, 4 yrs. 3 3 dr
 Time, 1:57—1:55—2:00.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 31—Proprietor's Purse \$300, ent. \$20, conditions as before, Two mile heats.
 Tayloe & Johnson's Imp. bl. f. *Maria Black*, by Filho da Puta, dam by Smolensko, 4 yrs. 1 1
 Smith & Head's ch. f. *Harpalyce*, by Collier, dam by Sea Serpent, 4 yrs. 2 2
 R. W. Withers' gr. m. *Alice Gray*, by Pulaski, dam by Bell-air, 6 yrs. 3 dist.
 James Langford's b. f. *Certelza*, by Bennehan's Sir Archy, dam by Arabian Bagdad, 4 y. dist.
 Time, 3:53—3:50.

THURSDAY, Nov. 1—Jockey Club Purse \$800, ent. \$30, conditions as before, Four mile heats.
 Tayloe & Johnson's ch. c. *Pactolus*, by Pacific, out of Mary Vaughan by Pacolet, 4 yrs. 2 1 1
 Head & Smith's ch. c. *Pete Whetstone*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs. 1 2 3
 James Langford's b. m. *Liz*, by Gohanna, dam by Sir Alfred, 5 yrs. 3 3 2
 Time, 8:04—8:10—8:17.

FRIDAY, Nov. 2—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.
 John Long's b. f. *Cleopatra*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab. 1 2 1
 R. W. Withers' b. f. by Imp. Fyde, dam by Frantic. 4 1 3
 Tayloe & Johnson's gr. f. *Czarina*, by Imp. Autocrat, dam by Arab. 3 3 2
 Head & Smith's b. c. *Capt. McHeath*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Imp. Boaster. 2 4 dist.
 Time, 1:55—1:59—2:01.

SATURDAY, Nov. 3—Proprietors' Purse \$300, ent. \$20, conditions as on Tuesday. Mile heats best 3 in 5.
 Smith & Head's ch. f. *Harpalyce*, by Collier, dam by Sea Serpent, 4 yrs. 1 1 1
 Tayloe & Johnson's b. c. *Rhinodino*, by Wild Bill, dam by Imp. Dion, 4 yrs. 2 2 dist.
 John Long's ch. f. by Stockholder, dam by Timoleon, 3 yrs. 3 3 dist.
 Time, 1:56—1:58—1:50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, FALL MEETING.

TUESDAY, Nov. 6, 1838—Ladies' Purse (value \$200), free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed mares and geldings. Mile heats.
 Capt. J. D. Edmond's (S. Burbridge's) b. f. *Mary Brennan*, by Singleton, dam by Hamiltonian, 3 yrs. 2 1 1
 H. Spencer's (Thos. Lynch's) ch. f. *Queen Dido*, by Mucklejohn, dam by Bertrand, 4 yrs. 1 2 2
 George N. Sanders' b. f. *Countess Bertrand*, by Bertrand, out of Budget of Fun by Kassino, 3 yrs. 3 3 3
 Walker Thurston's (A. Haralson's) ch. f. *Maria Duke*, by Medoc, out of Cherry Elliott by Sumpter, 3 yrs. 4 4 4
 James Ryan's ch. g. *Jack Strat*, by Randolph, dam omitted, 4 yrs. 5 dr
 Maj. James F. Conover's (James Pryor's) ch. c. *Ben Franklin*, by Woodpecker, dam by Franklin Beauty, 3 yrs. dist.
 William P. Hughes' (Wm. F. Hunt's) ch. c. *Rothsay*, by Archy Montorio, dam by Sweeper, 5 yrs. dist.
 Time, 1:59—2:00—2:07. Track heavy.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$55, conditions as before, Mile heats.
 Geo. H. Sinclair's b. f. *Sally Burns*, by Robert Burns, dam by Alexander, 4 yrs. 1 1
 Geo. N. Sanders' b. f. *Brighton Lass*, by Bertrand, dam by Alonzo, 3 yrs. 3 2
 Wesley Fisher's b. f. *Lady Hamilton*, by Boxer, dam by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs. 2 3
 Time, 2:00—2:01. Track heavy.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 7—Citizens' Purse \$1000, conditions as before, Four mile heats.
 Wm. Marshall Anderson's b. m. *Lady Hope*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Osc r, 5 yrs. 1 1
 Geo. N. Sanders' (Maj. E. S. Revill's) b. c. *Lorenzo*, by Bertrand, dam by Alonzo, 4 yrs. 2 2
 H. E. Spencer's (S. Burbridge's) b. c. *Tarleton*, by Woodpecker, dam by Robin Gray, 4 yrs. fell.
 Time, 8:58—9:24. Track knee deep.

THURSDAY, Nov. 8—Purse \$100, conditions as before, Two mile heats.
 M. W. Dickey's (Thos. Lynch's) b. f. *Lady Bertrand*, own sister to West Florida, 3 y. 2 4 1 1
 Maj. J. F. Conover's (Wm. P. Hunt's) ch. f. *Betty White*, by Alonzo, dam by Mercury, 3 yrs. 3 1 2 2
 G. Coffeen's Jr's bl. c. *Orient*, by Trumpator, dam by Florizel, 4 yrs. 4 2 3 r.o.
 Geo. N. Sanders' (Maj. E. S. Revill's) ch. c. *Red Hawk*, by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 3 yrs. 1 3 dist.
 Time, 4:31—4:31—4:33—4:37. Track very heavy.

FRIDAY, Nov. 9—Purse \$500, conditions as before, Three mile heats.
 M. W. Dickey's (Thos. J. Robinson's) b. h. *Jim Allan*, by Archy Montorio, dam by Hamiltonian, 6 yrs. 1 1
 G. H. Sinclair's gr. f. *Victoria*, by Sir Kirkland, dam by Tippoo Saib, 3 yrs. 2 dist.

SATURDAY, Nov. 10—Purse \$300, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.
 S. Burbridge's b. f. *Mary Brennan*, pedigree above, 3 yrs. 3 1 1 1
 Thos. Lynch's ch. f. *Queen Dido*, " 4 yrs. 4 2 4 2
 Maj. E. S. Revill's b. c. *Lorenzo*, " 4 yrs. 2 3 3 3
 M. W. Dickey's ch. f. *Jenny Willing*, by Medoc, 3 yrs. 1 4 2 4
 Time, 2:06—2:06—2:03—2:08. Track very heavy

TARBORO', N. C., FALL RACES.

TUESDAY, Nov. 6, 1838—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Edward J. Wilson's b. c. *Portsmouth*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Polly Peachem by John Richards..... 1 1
J. S. French's ch. f. *Fleta*, by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Rasselas..... 2 2
Thomas Christmas' ch. c. by Contest, dam by Sir William..... 3 dist.
Dr. Thomas Payne's (Henry Macin's) b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian..... pd.ft.
Time, 1:56½—2:02. Track 46 yards over a mile.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 7—Jockey Club Purse \$200, ent. \$15, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Otway P. Hare's ch. m. *Fanny Wyatt*, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal, 5 yrs..... 1 1
E. J. Wilson's b. h. *Stockton*, by Eclipse, out of Iris by Sir Archy, 5 yrs..... 4 2
Dr. J. J. Daniel's gr. f. *American Maid*, by Eclipse, out of Eliza Splotch by Sir Archy, 4 y. 3 3
J. M. Newby's gr. g. *Hard Heart*, by Mercury, out of Chuck-a-luck, aged..... 5 4
David McDaniel's b. c. *Henry King*, by Eclipse, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs..... 2 dist.
Time, 4:07—4:07. Track heavy, and 46 yards over a mile.

THURSDAY, Nov. 8—J. C. Purse \$350, ent. \$20, conditions as before, Three mile heats. Edward J. Wilson's gr. f. *Omega*, by Timoleon, out of Daisy Cropper by Ogle's Oscar, 4 y. 1 1
David McDaniel's b. f. *Vashti*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Slazy by Bullock's Mucklejohn, 3 y. 2 2
Time not given. Run during a violent storm of rain.

FRIDAY, Nov. 9—Handicap Purse \$150, ent. \$10, free for all ages, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Mr. Newby's gr. g. *Hard Heart*, pedigree above, aged, 116lbs..... 1 1 1
Henry Macin's b. f. *Sky Rocket*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Peggy Madee by Sir Hal, 4 yrs. 97lbs..... 2 5 2
E. J. Wilson's b. h. *Stockton*, pedigree above, 5 yrs. 107lbs..... 4 6 3
Robt. Wynn's b. f. *Polly Cary*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Imp. Bluster, 4 yrs. 97lbs. 6 3 4
D. McDaniel's b. h. *Henry King*, pedigree above, 4 yrs. 106lbs..... 5 2 5
Gen. Williams' b. f. *Mary Moody*, by Mons. Tenson, dam by Conqueror, 4 yrs. 97lbs.. 3 4 dist.
Time, 2:02—2:02—2:02. Track 46 yards over a mile.

GRAND GULF, Miss., WATERLOO COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 7, 1838—Purse \$200, for horses bred or owned in the Counties of Claiborne, Jefferson, Copiah, and Warren; free for all ages, 3 year olds taking up 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

L. F. Norris' ch. f. *Sarah Harrison*, by Frank, out of Eliza Wharton by Blackburn's Whip, 4 yrs..... 1 1
T. B. Magruder's b. c. *Blacklock*, by Lance, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs..... 2 2
Time, 2:14—2:20.

THURSDAY, Nov. 8—Purse \$400, conditions as before, Two mile heats. John H. Walker's ch. f. *Mary Jones*, by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs..... walked over.

FRIDAY, Nov. 9—Purse \$1000, conditions as before, Four mile heats. Wm. J. Minor's c. *Sir Ariss*, by Trumpator, out of Ophelia (Grey Eagle's dam) by Wild Medley, 4 yrs..... 2 1
Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. m. *Angora*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Patty Puff by Pacolet, 6 y. 1 *
H. Johnson's gr. h. *John Anderson*, by Pacific, out of Matilda by Florizel, 5 yrs..... 3 dist.
John H. Walker's *Woodsman*, pedigree omitted..... 4 dist.
Time not given.

* Angora broke down badly in both fore legs in the 2d heat, after winning the 1st, and it is doubtful if she ever comes on the track again.

SATURDAY, Nov. 10—Purse \$—, (the entrance of previous days), conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Wm. J. Minor's b. f. *Tellie Doe*, by Pacific, out of Matilda (Country Maid's dam) by Grey-tail Florizel, 3 yrs..... 1 1 1
Col. A. L. Bingaman's (John Routh's) imp. b. f. *Matilda Routh*, by Merchant, out of Mandelina (dam of Esprit, Musee, etc.) by Cervantes, 3 yrs..... 2 dr
H. Johnson's gr. h. *John Anderson*, pedigree above, 5 yrs..... *
Time, 1:55—1:57. * Stopped in first heat.

GREENWOOD, NORTH CAROLINA.

TUESDAY, Nov. 13, 1838—Jockey Club Purse \$200, ent. \$15, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 121—7 and upwards 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

A. H. Arrington's b. c. *Sam Johnson*, by Giles Scroggins Jr., out of Betsey Baker by Sir Charles, 4 yrs..... 4 1 1
E. J. Wilson's b. f. *Polly Carey*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Imp. Bluster, 4 yrs..... 3 3 2
J. M. Newby's gr. g. *Hard Heart*, by Mercury, out of Chuck-a-luck, aged..... 2 2 dr
Time, 3:59—3:59—4:04.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 14—Jockey Club Purse \$200, ent. \$15, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

E. J. Wilson's b. h. *Stockton*, by Eclipse, dam by Sir Charles, 5 yrs..... 1 1
Dr. Payne's ch. c. *Cyrus*, by Marion, dam by Director, 4 yrs..... 3 2
A. H. Arrington's gr. f. *American Maid*, by Eclipse, out of Eliza Splotch by Sir Archy, 4 y. 2 dist.
John White's ch. f. by Andrew, dam by Gallatin, 3 yrs..... 4 dr
Time, 4:02—4:05.

THURSDAY, Nov. 15—Handicap Purse \$125, ent. \$10, added, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

E. J. Wilson's (Mr. French's) b. f. *Fleta*, by Sarpedon, dam by Rasselas, 3 yrs. 83lbs... 1 1 1
J. M. Newby's gr. g. *Hard Heart*, pedigree above, aged, 111 lbs..... 2 3 2
Dr. Payne's br. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian, 3 yrs. 86lbs..... 4 4 3
John White's b. f. *Polly Carey*, pedigree above, 4 yrs. a feather..... 3 2 4
Time, 1:53—2d heat not kept—3d, 1:55.

PELOUSAS, LOUISIANA.

THURSDAY, Nov. 8, 1838—Sweepstakes for all ages. Three subs. at \$200 each. One mile.
E. V. Davis' gr. f. *Mary Taylor*, carried a catch..... 1
Capt. Parish's ch. g. *Wilson*, 90lbs..... 2
Lane & Andrews' b. g. *Stagg*, a catch..... 3

Time, 2:04. Track heavy.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$100, for pure blooded (and mixed Spanish) Creole horses.
Catch weights. One mile.
C. Monton's d. g. *Pumpkin*..... 1
F. P. Petre's b. g. *Doctor* (the winner of last meeting)..... 2
Capt. Parish's ch. g. *Poney*..... 3

Time, 2:17.

FRIDAY, Nov. 9—Purse \$250, for Creoles of the State, or colts introduced into the State six months previous to their becoming 2 yrs. old; 3 yrs. 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.
John F. Miller's gr. c. *Lord of the Isles*, by Napoleon, dam by Elliott's Jerry, 3 yrs..... 1 1
Montfort Wells' b. c. *John F. Miller*, (formerly *George Elliot*), by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Lorenzo, 5 yrs..... 2 2

Time, 2:14—2:13. Track heavy.

SATURDAY, Nov. 10—Purse \$350, conditions as before, Two mile heats.
Montfort Wells' b. h. *John F. Miller*, pedigree above, 5 yrs..... 1 1
John F. Miller's gr. c. *Lord of the Isles*, pedigree above, 3 yrs..... 2 2

Time, 4:43—4:40. Track quite heavy.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$450, conditions as before, Three mile heats.
Montfort Wells' ch. g. *Dick Chinn*, by Sumpter, out of Lucy by Orphan, 6 yrs..... 1 1
John F. Miller's b. h. *Jasper*, by Columbus, out of Caroline by Kennedy's Diomed, 5 yrs..... 2 2

Time, 6:40—6:41.

MONDAY, Nov. 12—Proprietor's Purse \$100, entrance added, conditions as before. Mile heats best 2 in 5.

Montfort Wells' b. h. *John F. Miller*, pedigree above, 5 yrs..... 2 1 1 1
John F. Miller's ch. f. *Janet Elliott*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs..... 1 2 2 2
W. Wickoff's b. m. *Lady Woodlawn*, 5 yrs..... 4 3 3 dist.
E. W. Taylor's *Mary Taylor*, pedigree unknown, 5 yrs..... 3 dist.

Time, 2:05—2:04—2:13—2:20.

E. W. TAYLOR, Sec'y

SELMA, ALABAMA.

TUESDAY, Nov. 13, 1838—Purse \$350, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.
Col. R. B. Harrison's b. c. *Pollard Brown*, by Wild Bill, out of Hippy by Pacolet, 4 yrs..... 1 1
Head & Smith's ch. c. *Tishamingo*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Lilac's dam by Sir Archy, 4 y. 2 2
Gen. T. B. Scott's b. f. *Reville*, by Bertrand, out of Sally Melville by Virginian, 4 yrs..... 3 3
C. Sprowl's ch. g. *Dover*, by Talleyrand, dam by Bailey's Gallatin, 4 yrs..... dist.

Time, 3:58—4:02.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 14—Purse \$550, conditions as before, Three mile heats.
Henry A. Tayloe's Imp. b. f. *Maria Black*, by Filho de Puta, dam by Smolensko, 4 yrs..... walked over.
Mr. TAYLOR tendered \$100 of the above purse to be run for by any horse, carrying catch weights. HEAD & SMITH won the purse with ease with a 3 yr. old filly.

THURSDAY, Nov. 15—Proprietor's Purse \$800, conditions as before, Four mile heats.
Henry A. Tayloe's b. m. *Zelina*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 5 yrs..... 1 1
Head & Smith's b. f. *Frances Tyrrell*, by Bertrand, dam by Rockingham, 3 yrs..... 2 dist.

Time, 8:52—8:33. Track very heavy.

FRIDAY, Nov. 16—Purse \$300, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.
Head & Smith's ch. f. *Harpalyce*, by Collier, dam by Sea Serpent, 4 yrs..... 1 1
Col. R. B. Richardson's ch. g. *Gilderoy*, by Talleyrand, dam by Virginian, 3 yrs..... 2 dist.
I. Woodward's b. h. *Tom Walker*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Quaker Girl, 6 yrs..... 3 dist.

Time, 2:02—2:02. Track heavy.

TUSCUMBIA, ALA., FALL RACES.

TUESDAY, Nov. 20, 1838—Jockey Club Purse \$—, free for all ages, 3 yrs. carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; with the usual allowance (3lbs.) to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.
Davis & Ragland's bl. h. *Othello*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 6 yrs..... 1 1
Capt. John Connally's gr. f. *Cotton Plant*, by Bertrand, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs..... 2 2

Time, 6:42—6:46.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 21—Jockey Club Purse \$—, conditions as before, Two mile heats.
Davis & Ragland's ch. m. *Piony*, by Count Badger, out of Pocahontas by Alfred, 5 yrs..... 1 1
Col. W. Wynn's ch. m. *Victoria*, by Eclipse, out of Catherine Warren by Virginian, 5 yrs..... 2 2
F. Sherrod's b. c. by Wild Bill, dam omitted, 3 yrs..... dist.

Time, 4:06—4:05.

THURSDAY, Nov. 22—Jockey Club Purse \$—, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.
Col. Leonard P. Ckeatham's b. f. by Imp. Fylde, dam by Eclipse, 4 yrs..... 5 4 1 1 1
Davis & Ragland's ch. f. *Honey-dew*, by Count Badger—Timoura by Timeoleon, 3 y. 2 3 3 2 2
Col. J. T. Sykes' gr. f. *Wild Goose*, by Jerry, dam by Timeoleon, 3 yrs..... 1 1 2 fell.
Mr. Moore's ch. f. *Belle of Winchester*, by Shakspeare, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs..... 3 2 4 dr
Mr. ———'s gr. f. ———, pedigree omitted, 3 yrs..... 4 5 dr
F. Sherrod's bl. f. by Wild Bill, 3 yrs..... 6 dist.

Time not given.

FRIDAY, Nov. 23—Jockey Club Purse \$—, conditions as before, Four mile heats.
Col. Wm. Wynn's b. m. *Mary Wynn*, by Eclipse, out of Flirtilla by Sir Archy, 5 yrs..... 1 1
Davis & Ragland's b. c. *Scipio*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Kitty Clover, by Sir Charles, 4 y. 2 2

Time not given

TURF REGISTER.

*Blood Stock of JOHN LAMAR, Esq.,
Macon, Georgia.*

No. 1. B. m. KITTY FISHER (full sister of Maria, the dam of Wild Bill, Charles Kemble, Wehawk, Carrol, &c.); got by old Gallatin, out of Pigeon by Imp. Bedford, grandam by the great four mile horse Debonnaire, g. g. dam by Imp. Wildair, g. g. g. dam—a thorough blooded Grey Diomed mare, purchased in Virginia some sixty years since by the late Amos Whitehead of Burke county, Geo., and cost then \$600. Kitty Fisher was bred by the Hon. A. J. Lawson. She was sold at 13 years old for \$1600. See vol. 8, No. 10 of "Turf Register," also No. 2 of "Spirit of the Times."

No. 2. B. c. A. J. LAWSON by Imp. Hedgeford out of No. 1. Foaled March, 1836.

No. 3. Ch. f. PRINCESS VICTORIA by Imp. Rowton, out of No. 1. Foaled 29th March, 1837.

No. 4. Ch. f. GEORGIANA, foaled March 16, 1837; got by Johnson's Andrew, out of Virginiana by La Fayette, by Virginian; grandam Flora (full sister of the distinguished racers Defiance and Revenge), by Ball's Florizel, g. g. dam the famous Miss Dance by Roebuck, (she was also the dam of Pet, the dam of Miss Medley,) g. g. g. d. by Independence, g. g. g. g. d. by Imp. Centinal or Flimnap, g. g. g. g. d. by Imp. Janus. She is large and fine, and resembles her sire very much.

No. 5. MARIA BENNETT, bred by Wm. Bennett, Esq., of Mecklenburg county, Virginia, on the Roanoke; she is a rich bay, 15½ hands high, without white, now 12 years old; got by old Sir Archy, dam by the famous horse old Madison, grandam by Imp. Bedford—Imp. Dare Devil—Imp. Shark—Indian Queen by Meade's Pilgrim (she was the g. dam of Mucklejohn and Sir William, and g. g. dam of Henry)—her dam by Imp. Janus—Imp. Jolly Roger—Imp. Valiant. She is large and fine and has several promising colts, especially one by Margrave. She is now with Priam. She was purchased of John W. Trotter, Esq.

No. 6. GEORGIA MAID, got by old Contention, out of Kitty by Imp. Whip, grandam Queen of May, by Thomas Celer (son of old Celer). She was a winner of 17 out of 18 races at all distances; the only time she was beaten was by old Black Maria, the grandam of Hon. B. Peyton's Black Maria, in a ce-

lebrated four mile race at Augusta, Geo. She out of a mare by Imp. Shark—Rockingham (by Partner, out of Imp. Blossom)—Matchless by Fearnought—Imp. Jolly Roger, &c. She is the dam of Humphrey Clinker, Paul Pry, and other good ones. She is a rich bay, without white, black legs, mane, and tail, 15½ hands high, of fine bone and strength, now with Imp. Tranby. She is 14 years old this spring.

No. 7. B. c. PICKINS, by Bertrand Jr., out of No. 6. Foaled April 6, 1838.

No. 8. B. c. MIRABEAU, foaled 16th last March, by Imp. Emancipation, out of No. 6. He is much admired—is large and well made.

No. 9. Br. m. SUSAN WATKINS, bred by old Col. John Watkins, of Elbert co., Geo., fully 15 hands 3 inches, and well formed; got by Imp. Leviathan, out of Arabella by Arab; she out of the full sister of La Fayette by Virginian—old Sir Archy—Imp. Sir Harry—old Chanticleer—old Mark Anthony—old Celer, son of Imp. Janus—Imp. Flimnap—old Imp. Jolly Roger, out of Imp. Mary Grey, &c. She is now four years old. From accidentally having got in foal when 2 years old she has never been trained. Now stunted to Imp. Tranby.

No. 10. Ch. m. FENELLA, bred by Wm. D. Taylor, of Virginia, 13 years old this spring; got by Smith's Alfred, dam by Bungannon—Nimrod (son of Imp. Medley)—Ball's Florizel—Imp. Hamilton—Imp. Dare Devil—Bell-air (son of Imp. Medley)—Symmes' Wildair—Lady Willis by Imp. Janus—Imp. Jolly Roger—Imp. Shock—Imp. Sober John. See Edgar's Stud Book. She is the dam of a fine Eclipse filly that ran well in Mississippi; of a fine filly by South Carolinian, which her owner has presented to H. G. L. She is now heavy in foal by Imp. Coronet, and will be served by Imp. Tranby.

No. 11. Ch. c. BALTIMORE, by York, out of the hard bottomed old mare Potatoc by old Gallatin, her dam by Blount's Diomed, g. (son of Imp. Diomed, out of the dam of Topgallant by old Gallatin), grandam a blooded mare brought to Georgia from Virginia by the late Lewis Wimberly, of Jones co., certified to by Hon. James Wimberly, of Houslin, Geo. This colt is fine, and is said to resemble his grandsire old Gallatin. For York's pedigree see "Turf Register."

No. 12. B. f. BETSEY CROWELL, foaled 12th of April, 1838, of fine shape; got by Bascombe, out of old Sal by Cook's Whip—Cunningham's Bedford (son of Imp. Bedford)—Imp. Spread Eagle—Richardson's Royalist (son of Imp. Royalist)—&c.

Nos. 6, 7, 10, 11 and 12 for sale, at a fair price.

Macon, March 24, 1839.

Blood Stock of ROBERT WM. WITHERS, Esq., of Greensboro', Ala.

No. 1. Ch. h. PULASKI, by Virginian, out of the dam of Lady Lagrange by Constitution, etc. [The handbill of this fine stallion in which his pedigree is given at length was not received with the list of Dr. W.'s stock.]

No. 2. SALLY HARWELL, by Virginian, dam by Warbler, &c.

Her Produce.

1834. PUCKLER MUSKAU, by Alonzo, 5 years old. Won his Sweepstakes at Greensboro', and shortly after broke his thigh.

1836. *Chesnut filly*, 3 years old, by Pulaski. Now at Springfield.

1839. *Bay filly* foal (now by her side), by Chateau Margeaux.

No. 3. ANNA, by Arab, dam by Virginian, grandam Bedford, &c.

Produce.

1836. *Chesnut filly*, by Pulaski; in foal to Chateau Margeaux.

No. 4. ALICE GREY, by Pulaski, dam by old Bell-air. [Her dam was 26 yrs. old when shewas foaled.] Sent to Stockholder.

No. 5. *Bay mare*, by Bertrand, dam by Josephus. Stinted to Pulaski.

No. 6. Ch. m. BETSEY BERTRAND, by Bertrand, dam the best brood mare of Thos. Clendenin, of Ky., but not yet ascertained.

Her produce.

1837. *Chesnut colt*, by Consol.

1823. *Chesnut filly*, by Pulaski.

1839. Missed. Stinted to Pulaski.

No. 7. Ro. m. SALLY SMITH, by Bertrand, dam by Old Pacolet, grandam by Oscar, &c.

1839. Stinted to Pulaski.

No. 8. FYLDINA, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Frantic, 4 years old. [Split her hoof and taken out of training for the present.]

No. 9. *Brown filly*, 4 years old, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, grandam by old Citizen, &c. Untried, but very promising.

No. 10. *Chesnut filly*, 2 years old, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Oscar, he by Wonder, he by Diomed; Oscar's dam Rosy Clack, by Imp. Saltram—O'Kelly's Eclipse, &c.

No. 11. Gr. m. SALLY WALKER, 14 years old, by Old Pacolet; dam thoroughbred, but the certificate lost. In foal to Pulaski.

No. 12. *Brown mare*, 5 years old, by Trumpator, dam by Winter's Arabian.

No. 13. *Chesnut mare*, 4 years old, by Dion, dam by Pacolet. Stinted to Pulaski.

No. 14. *Bay mare*, by Baronet, dam by Hunt's Dragon—Dæmon, &c.

Her produce.

1838. *Bay filly*, by Pulaski.

Besides these I have a Medley, a Whip, and a Cherokee mare, but their pedigrees are not sufficiently authenticated—so that you see I am getting "in condition" to raise horses though a Cotton Planter.

I remain, very respectfully,

Your obd't serv't.

ROBERT W. WITHERS.

Greensboro', Ala., March 22, 1839.

Addition to the Stock of THOMAS ALDERSON, Esq., of Nashville, Tenn.

LADY BASS, bay, bred by Col. James Bass, then of Va.; foaled in 1820; got by Conqueror; her dam by Ball's Florizel—Gray Diomed, son of Imp. Medley—Symme's Old Wildair—Imp. Flimnap—Imp. Valiant—&c.

Her produce.

1828. B. c. by Imp. Janus.

1829. Missed to ditto

1830. B. f. Betsey Rusheleau (quere Rochleau) by Arab.

1831. B. c. Kinlock by Havoc.

1832. B. f. by Sir Richard.

1833. B. f. by ditto.

1834. Missed to Havoc.

1835. B. c. by Imp. Luzborough.

1836. B. f. by Havoc.

1837. Missed to O'Kelly.

1838. In foal to Imp. Philip.

The colt by Janus was bred with the rest of her produce in Rutherford county, Tenn. He was a horse of fine form. Betsy Rusheleau was sold South, and ran successfully at various distances. Kinlock was a colt of extraordinary speed, and with proper management would have been a racer of the first order; he has been turned into the Stud, and his produce are very fine. The Richard filly was also put in the Breeding Stud. The others are in training.

THOS. ALDERSON.

Nashville, Jan. 15, 1839.

Blood Stock of JAMES M. HENDERSON and DAVID MYERS, of Maybinton, Geo.

No. 1. B. h. BILL AUSTIN, 8 years old this spring, got by Bertrand, dam by Timoleon, grandam by Sir Archy. If his pedigree is not as long and rich as

some others, his performances on the Turf will justify his being registered among the best. He stands this spring at the Bertrand Course, Montgomery, Ala., at \$60, and \$50 if paid within the season.

No. 2. Gr. m. MISS TOMKINS, 13 years old, by Pacolet, dam by Florizel, he by old chesnut Diomed, grandam by Citizen. The above mare was bought from Joseph Rudd and John Tomkins, of Galatin, Tenn.

No. 3. Ch. m. SALLY HALIFAX, foaled June 20, 1831, by Timoleon, out No. 1.

No. 4. Gr. m. CRIPPLE, 5 years old this spring, by Bertrand, out of No. 1.

No. 5. Gr. c. ENOREE MATER, 3 years old this spring, by Alborax; out of No. 1. For Alborax see "Turf Register."

No. 6. Gr. c. SNOW STORM, foaled 17th March, 1838, by Imp. Rowton, out of No. 1, which I sold to Mr. George Ashford for \$300.

No. 7. Ch. f. JANE AUSTIN, foaled March 19, 1838, by Bill Austin, out of No. 2.

No. 8. JENNY DAW, for pedigree see "Turf Register," vol. 6, No. 6, p. 313.

No. 9. Ch. f. NANCY DAW, foaled 3d April 1837, by Bertrand Jr., out of No. 8.

All the above, except Sally Halifax and produce, belong to David Myers and myself.

JOHN GUEDRON will stand at Newberry C. House and Maybinton under my charge, at \$30 the season.

Yours, JAMES M. HENDERSON.

Maybinton, Feb. 24th, 1839.

Blood Stock of JOHN WOOLFOLK, Esq., of Cusseta, Muscogee Co., Ga.

No. 1. VIRAGO, ch. m. 11 years old, by Wildair, her dam Desdemona by Imp. Hamilton, g. dam by Imp. Spread Eagle. Wildair by Ajax, his dam by Imp. Dare Devil, out of Atalanta—she by Hart's old Imp. Medley, out of Pink, and she by Lee's old Mark Anthony, g. dam by Imp. Jolly Roger—Jenny Cameron, &c.

Her produce.

1835. B. f. MISS TRUFFLE, by Gov. Barber's Imp. Truffle.

1836. Ch. c. CUSSETA CHIEF, by Johnson's Andrew.

1837. Ch. f. KITTY BARNETT, by Robin Hood.

1838. Ch. f. SOPHIA, by John Richards, Jr., by John Richards, out of an Archy mare.

No. 2. VIXEN, b. m. 13 years old, by American Eclipse, out of the dam of Robin Hood, her dam by Hickory, he by Imp. Whip, her g. dam by Tippoo Sul-

tan, he by Tippoo Saib, g. g. dam by Potomac, g. g. d. by Imp. Sour Crout, g. g. g. g. d. by Imp. Figure, g. g. g. g. d. by Bashaw, g. g. g. g. g. d. by Wildair. Vixen, now dead, was raised by Nelson Lloyd, Esq., of Lloyd's Neck, L. I., the breeder of Post Boy, Robin Hood, and other fine stock.

Her produce.

1836. Ch. c. JIM BOY, by Mons. Tonson.

1837. B. f. LITTLE VIXEN, by Bertrand, Jr.

No. 3. LADY PACOLET, gr. m. 7 yrs., by Puckett's Grey Pacolet, her dam by old Pacolet, g. dam by Moloch, he by old Archy.

Her produce.

1836. Gr. f. PICOLATA, by Johnson's Andrew.

No. 4. JOHN RICHARDS, JR., ch. h. 4 yrs. old, by John Richards, dam by old Sir Archy. JOHN WOOLFOLK.

Cusseta, Ga., Oct. 27, 1838.

Pedigree, &c. of DAHLIA.—The ch. m. sold by me on the 9th of this month to R. C. Ambler and F. E. Brooke, was got by Old Timoleon; her dam Florinda by Imp. Jack Andrews; her grandam Hurry'em by Imp. Precipitate; her g. g. dam Pill-box by Imp. Pantaloon; her g. g. g. dam by Burwell's Traveller, who was by Moreton's Traveller out of a Janus mare; her g. g. g. g. dam by Mark Anthony, who was by Partner, his dam by Othello, his g. dam Imp. Moll Brazen (Partner was by Moreton's Traveller out of Col. Tasker's Imp. Selima); her g. g. g. g. g. dam by Imp. Aristotle; her g. g. g. g. g. g. dam by Imp. Jolly Roger, out of Imp. Bonny Lass.

This is to certify that the above described mare was raised by me, and that her pedigree was copied from the Stud Book of my father, Judge John Tyler, who raised the celebrated race mare Pill-box, the g. grandam of the above filly. Given under my hand this 15th day of February, 1839. (Signed.)

WAT. H. TYLER.

State of Virginia, }
City of Richmond. } To Wit.

This day personally appeared before me a magistrate, of said city, Walter H. Tyler, and made oath that the above certificate to which his name is appended is a statement of facts. Given under my hand this 16th day of February, 1839.

(Signed.)

RICHARD D. SANXAY, J. P.

Dahlia is stunted the present season to Imp. Priam, and was foaled in 1835.

Respectfully,

PHILIP ST. GEO. AMBLER.